

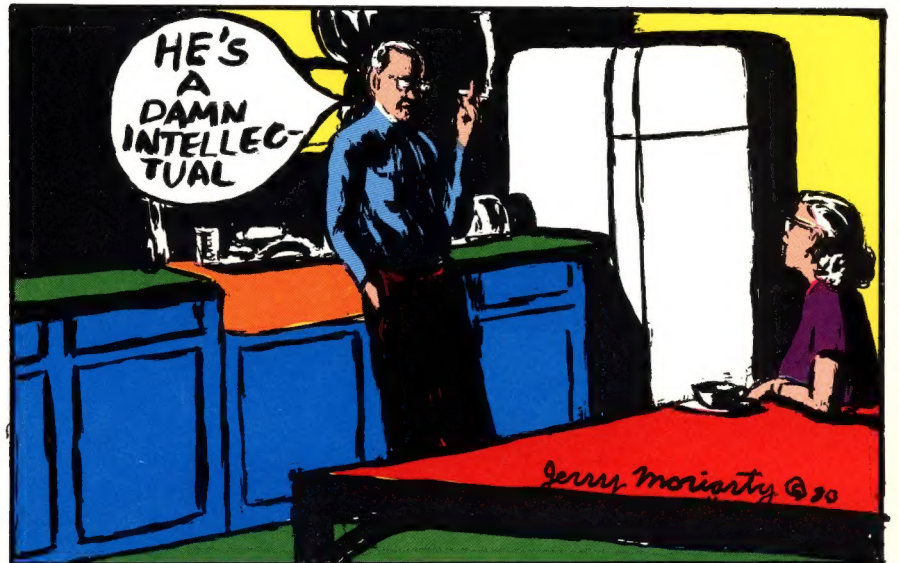
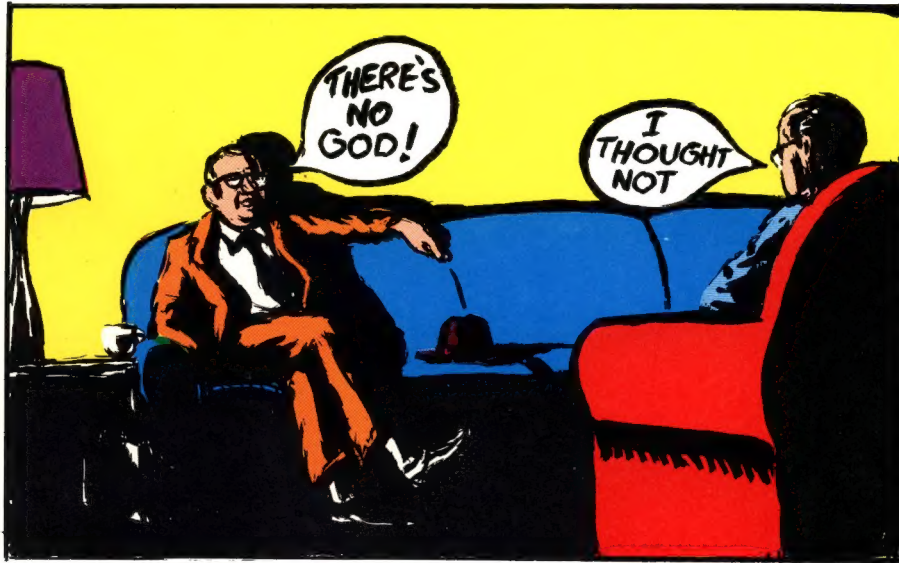
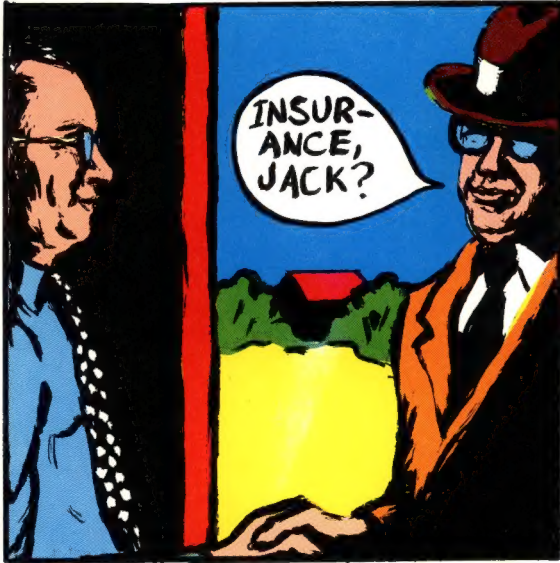
RAW
NUMBER 2
\$4.00

THE NEW A ENTERTAINMENT
BY DAVID LEVY
MAU: A SURVIVOR'S TALE
BY ART SPIEGELMAN
THE CLOCK STRIKE
BY JOOST SWARTE



THE GRAPHIX MAGAZINE FOR DAMNED INTELLECTUALS

JACK SURVIVES



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RAW

N U M B E R T W O

The Graphix Magazine
for Damned Intellectuals

RAW DATA: BEYER, MARK. Allentown, Pa. Recent work in *File* magazine. Upcoming in *Wet*. Broke. Send money... **BLONDE, DOM.** NYC. Illustrator/musician (sax). Band: *Broadway*. Album: *Dave's Corner* from Island records... **D'ACHE, CARAN.** Russian born. Dead cartoonist. 1859-1909. Pseudonym for Emmanuel Poiré... **FRIEDMAN, DREW.** NYC. Bruce Jay Friedman's boy makes good. Contributor to *Screw*, *High Times*... **GEARY, RICK.** San Diego. Regular contributor to *National Lampoon*. Nifty self-published stuff from: Geary, P.O. Box 99835, San Diego, Ca. 92109... **GILLIS, SCOTT.** NYC. Illustrator/musician (guitar and bass). Band: *Broadway* (see Blonde, Dom.)... **GRIFFITH, BILL.** San Francisco. Creator of renowned pinhead: Zippy. Pinhead ran for President in 1980. Won. New book: *ZIPPY 3* (\$2.25 from Last Gasp, P.O. Box 212, Berkley, Ca. 94701)... **KATCHOR, BEN.** NYC. Artist/typesetter. Currently working on self-published *Picture Story* no. 2... **KAZ.** NYC. Regular contributor to *NY Rocker*, *Impulse*, *Swank*... **LEVY, DAVID.** Montreal. Journalist/Film Instructor: McGill University. Overly fond of telephone... **MARISCAL.** Barcelona. Textile designer/illustrator... **MEULEN, EVER.** Brussels. Alias Eddie Flippo. Completing anthology of work from *Soldes* magazine, Holland's *Tante Leny*, et. al... **MILLET, CATHY.** Paris. Book of new work, *Show*, from *Le Dernier Terrain Vague*... **MORIARTY, JERRY.** NYC. Painter/Instructor: School of Visual Arts. Admires Ernie Bushmiller... **NEWGARDEN, MARK.** NYC. Former author of fortunes for Goldberg Fortune Cookie Co... **SPIEGELMAN, ART.** NYC. See *Masthead*... **SWARTE, JOOST.** The Hague. Warped stepchild of Hergé (*Tintin*) and McManus (*Bringing Up Father*). Impressive color anthology, *Modern Art*, from Real Free Press, Dirk van Hasseltsteeg 25, Amsterdam, The Netherlands... **TILLMAN, LYNNE.** NYC. New Book: *Weird Fucks*, complete in *Bikini Girl* 6. \$3.00 from P.O. Box 319, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY 10009... **WILSON, S. CLAY.** San Francisco. Zap Comix artist. Creator of *Checkered Demon*, *Captain Pissgums*, other childhood favorites.

Subscriptions are not available, but our next issue, or additional copies of our current issue, or *RAW 1* (limited supply) may be ordered from the publisher for \$4.00 each, plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

RAW is interested in receiving text/art submissions. They must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Payment in contributor's copies. Original art and copyright, of course, remain the contributor's property.

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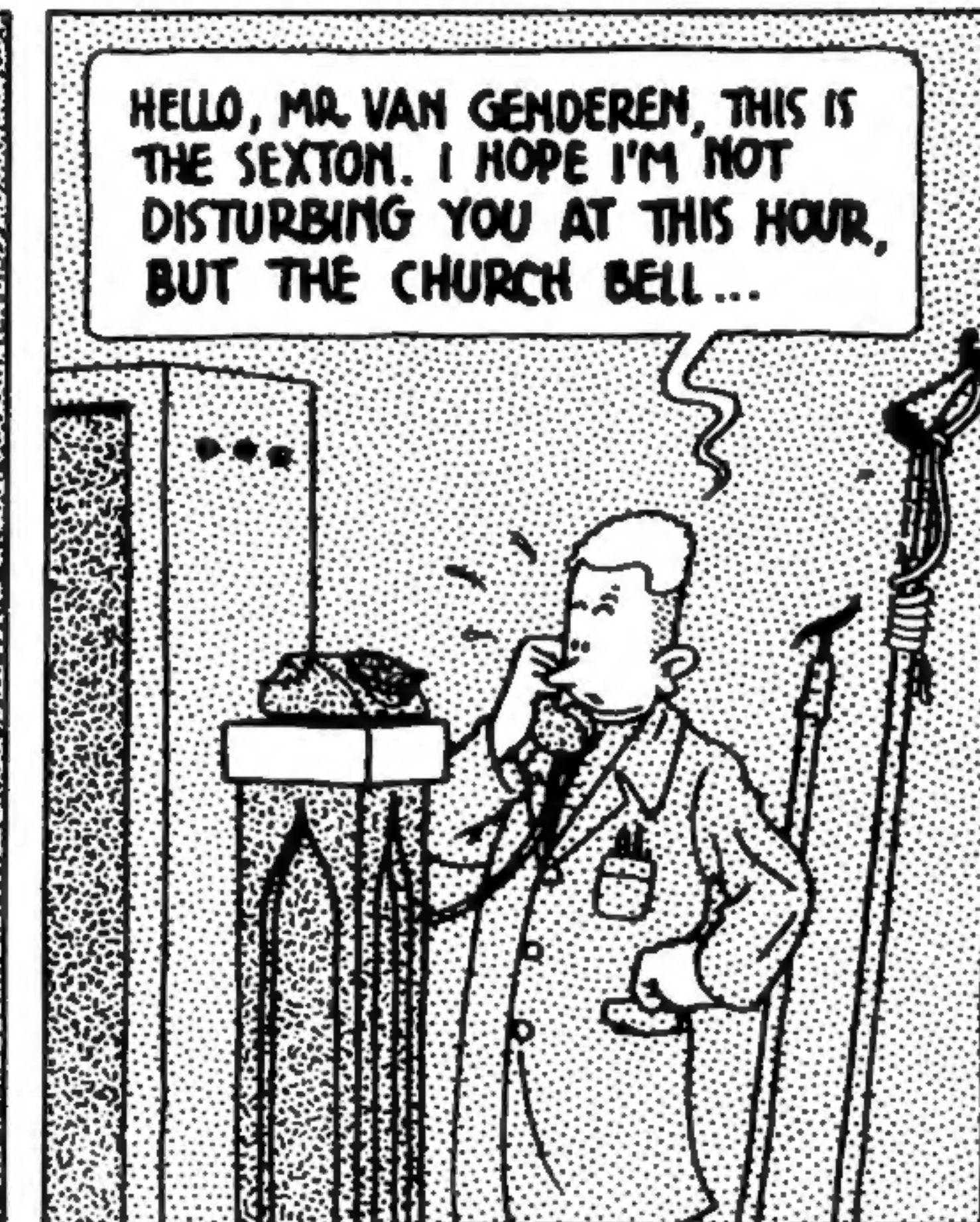
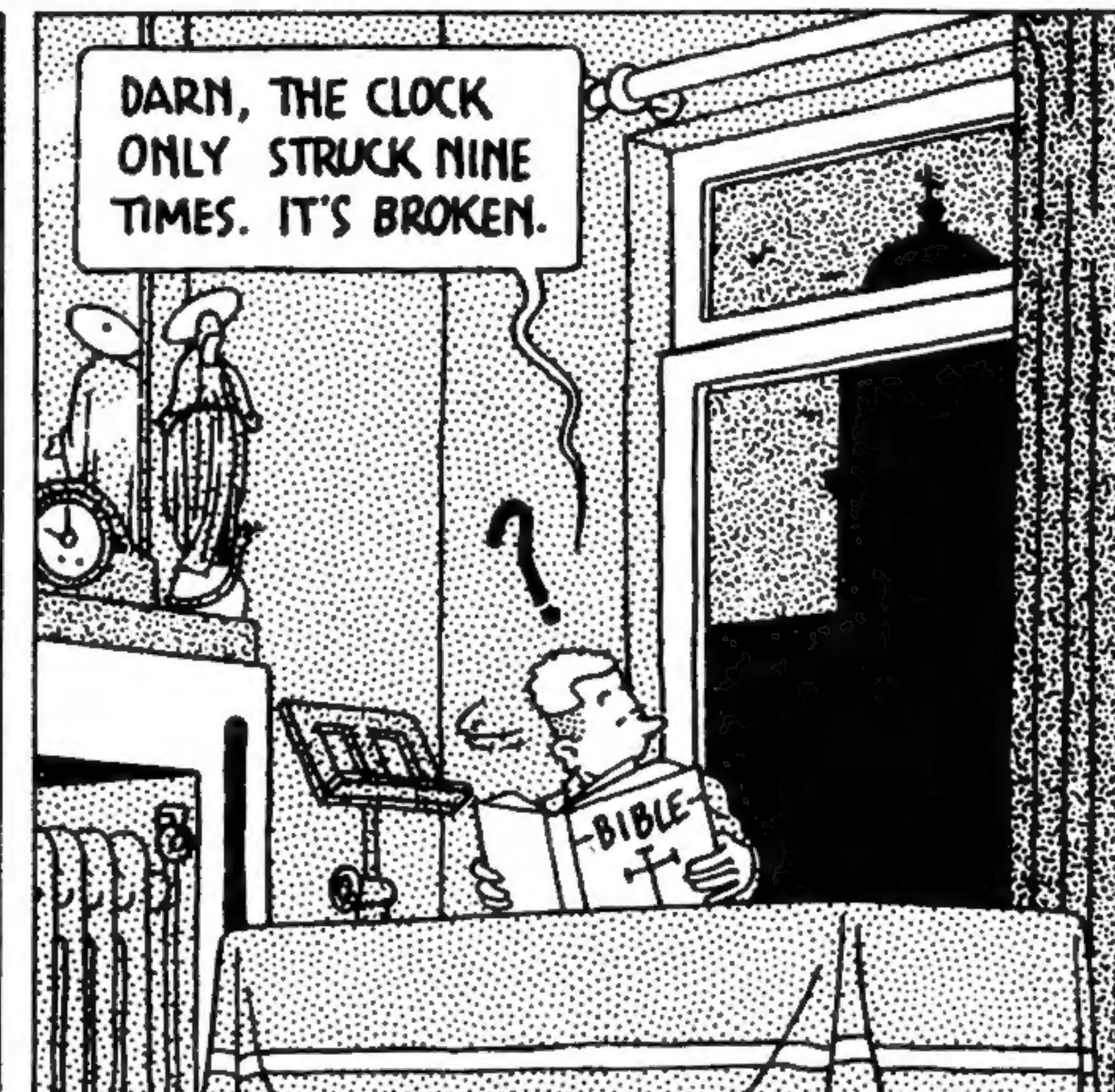
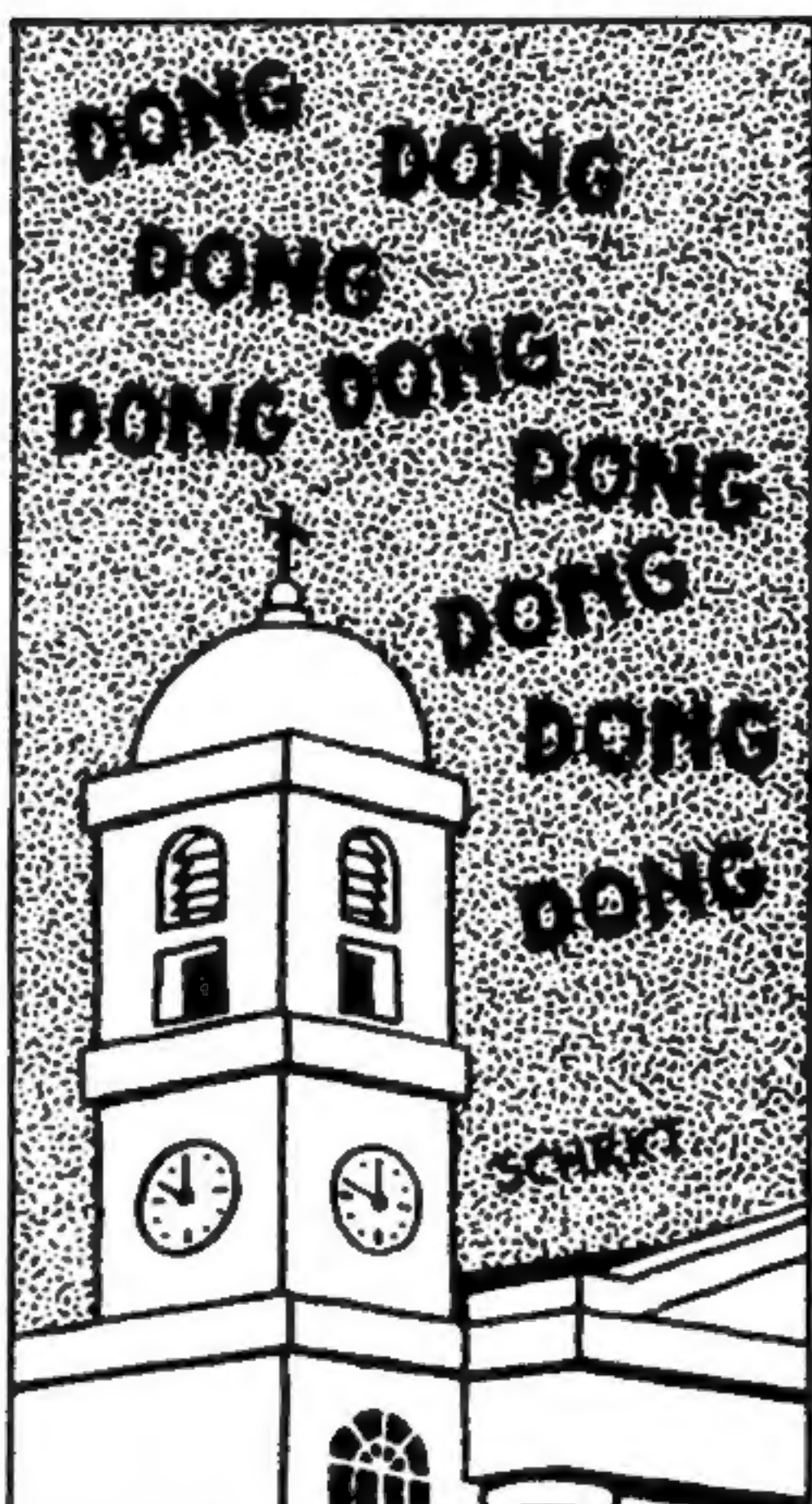
A number of *RAW*'s contributors and staff members are students, faculty or alumnae of the *School of Visual Arts* in NYC. We gratefully thank the school for partially subsidizing this issue and for their support in general.

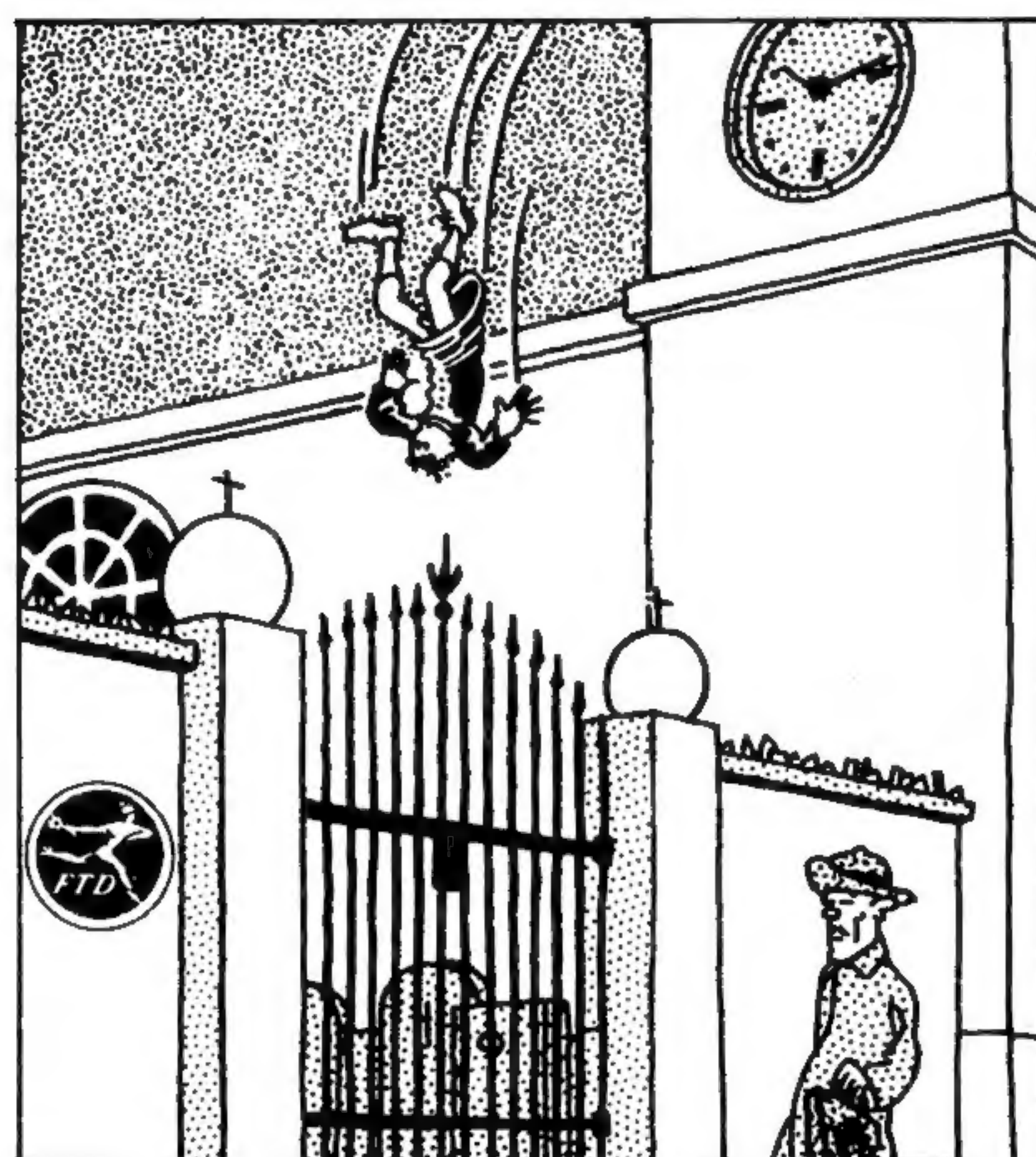
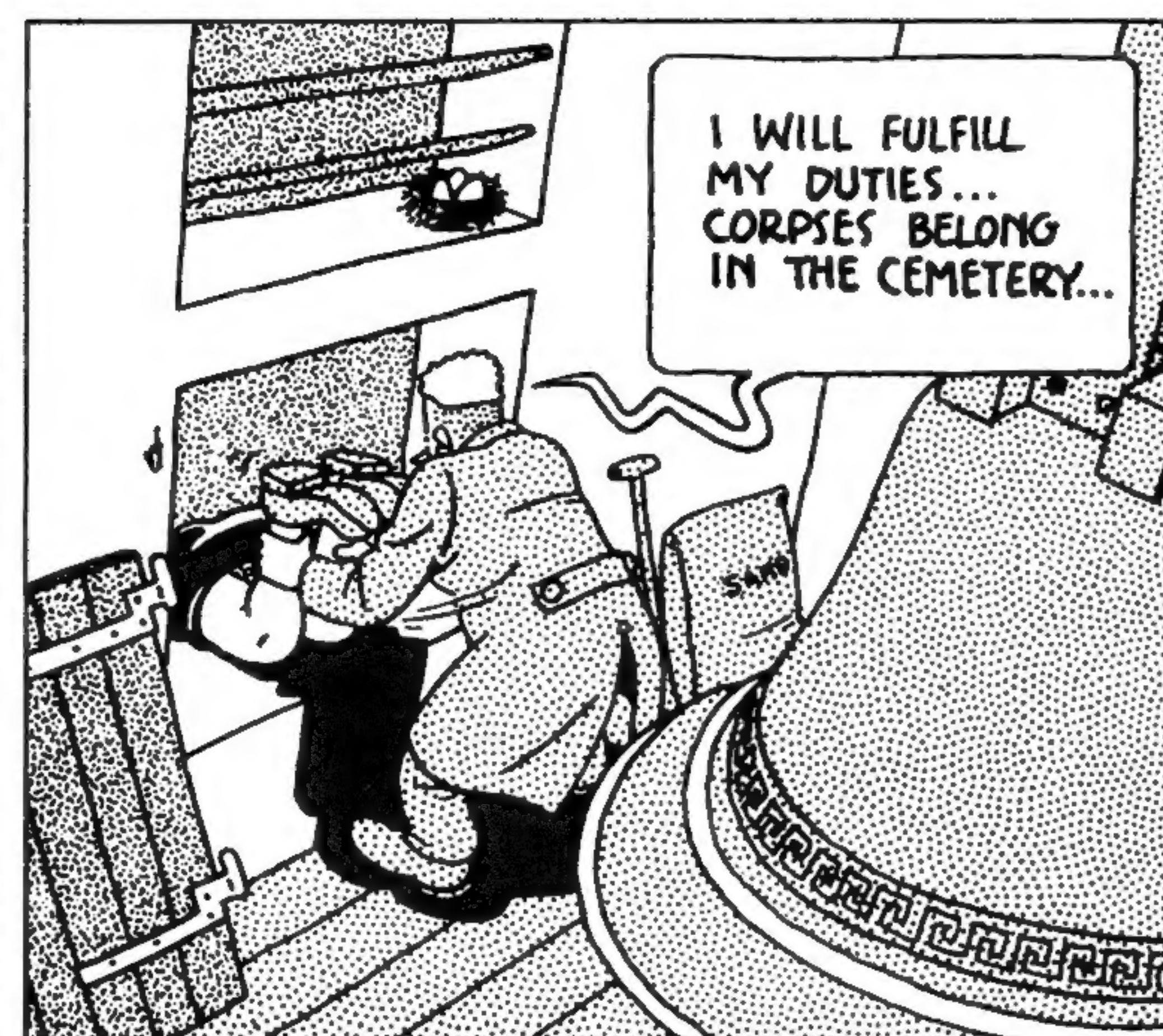
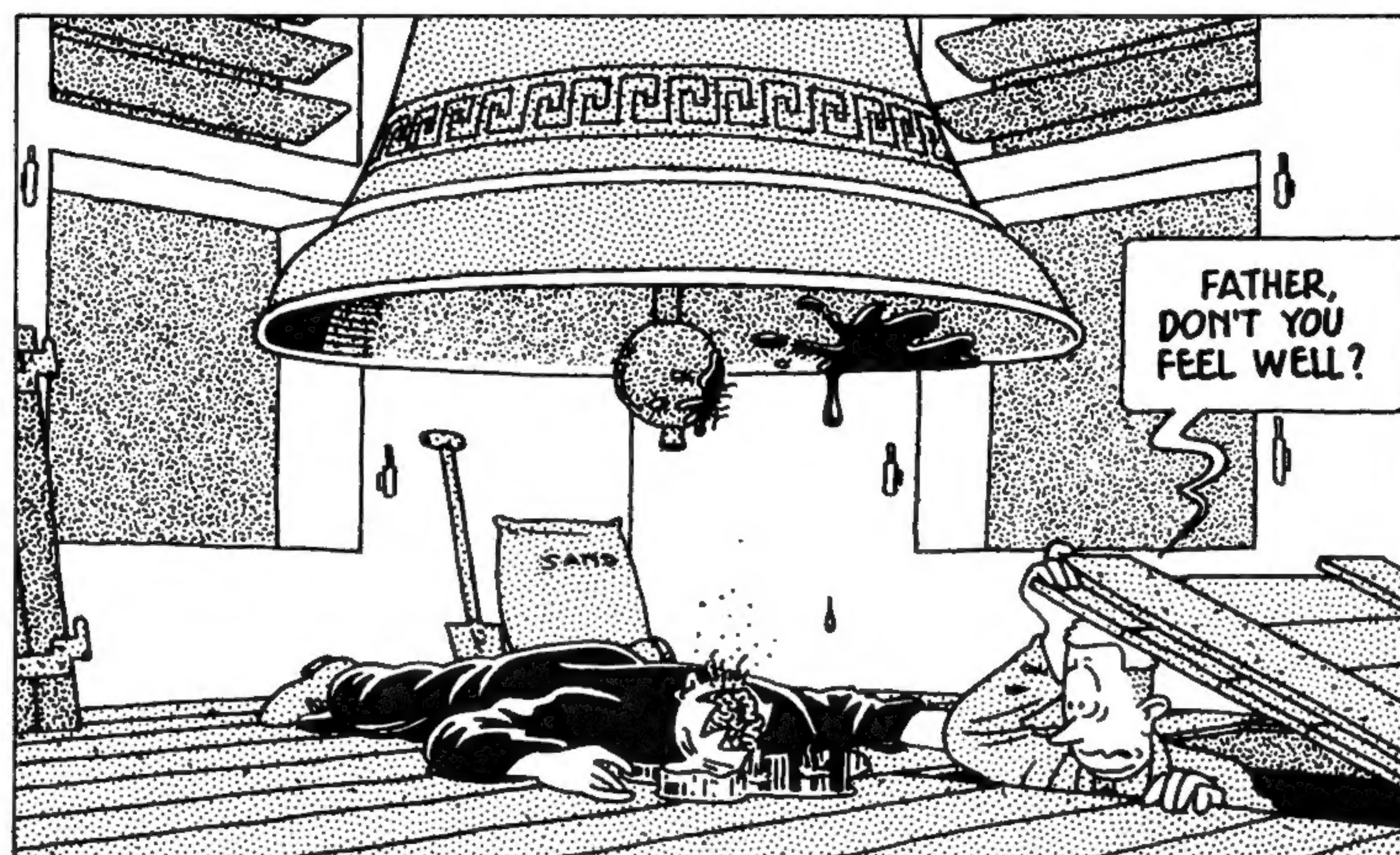
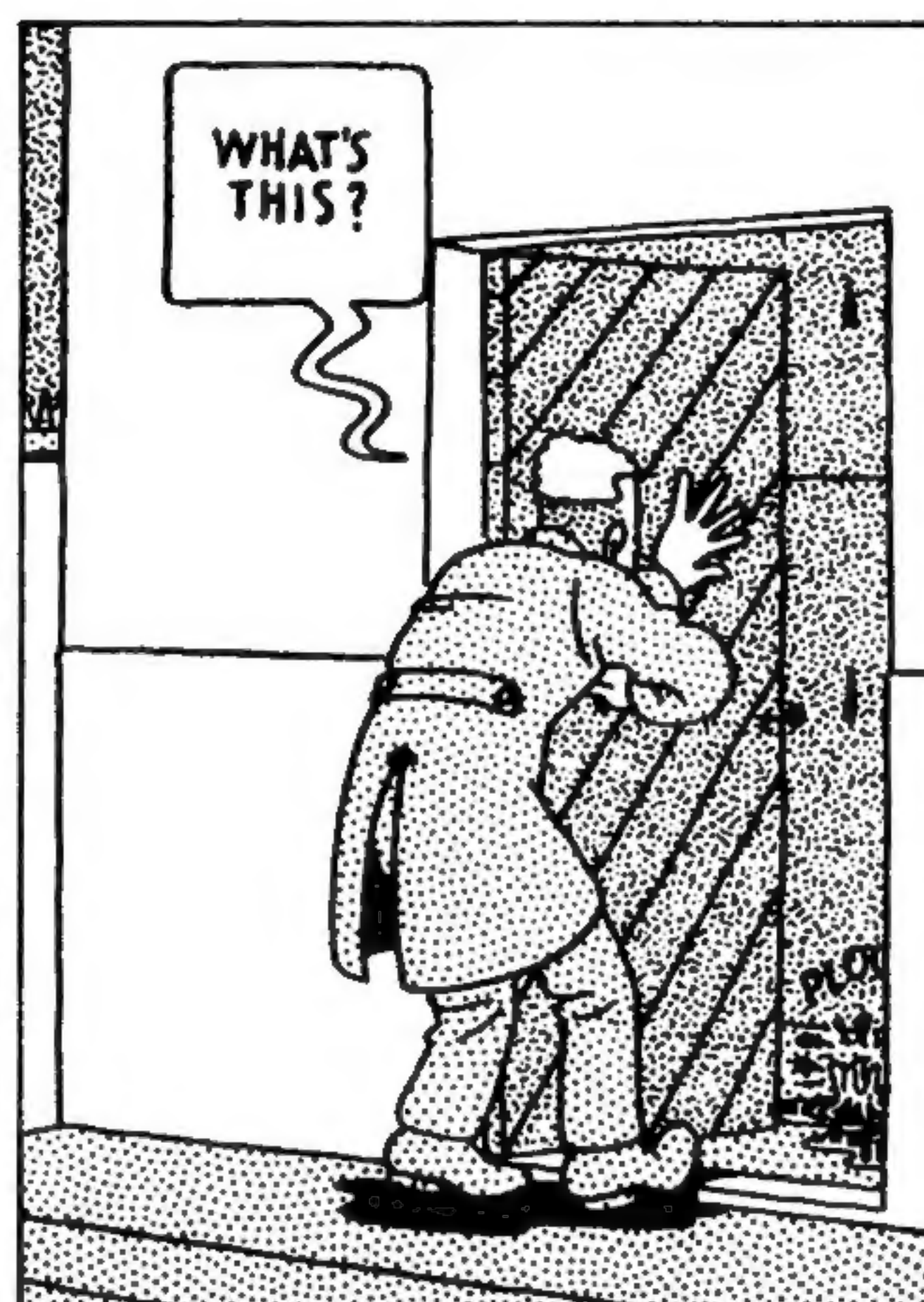
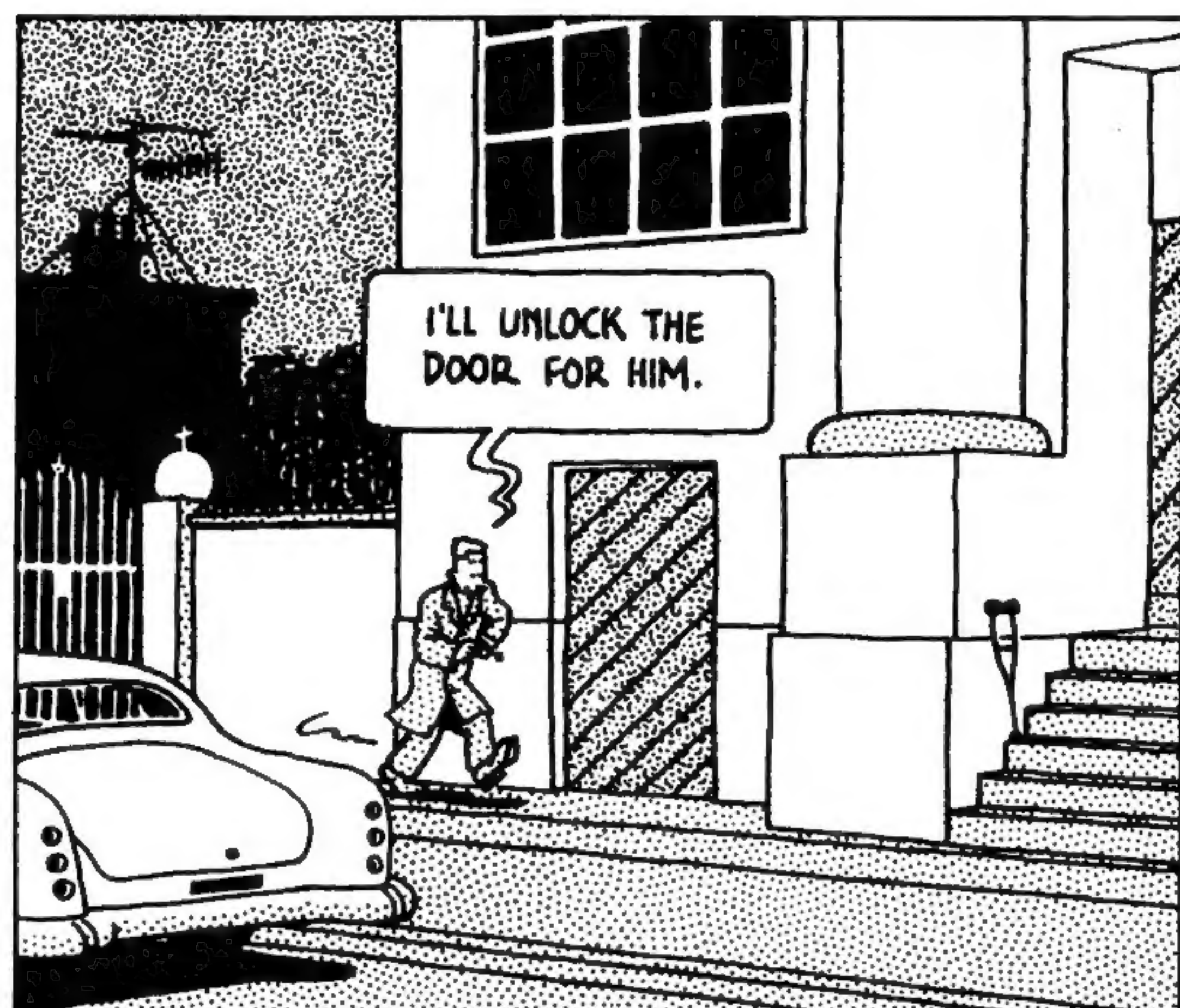
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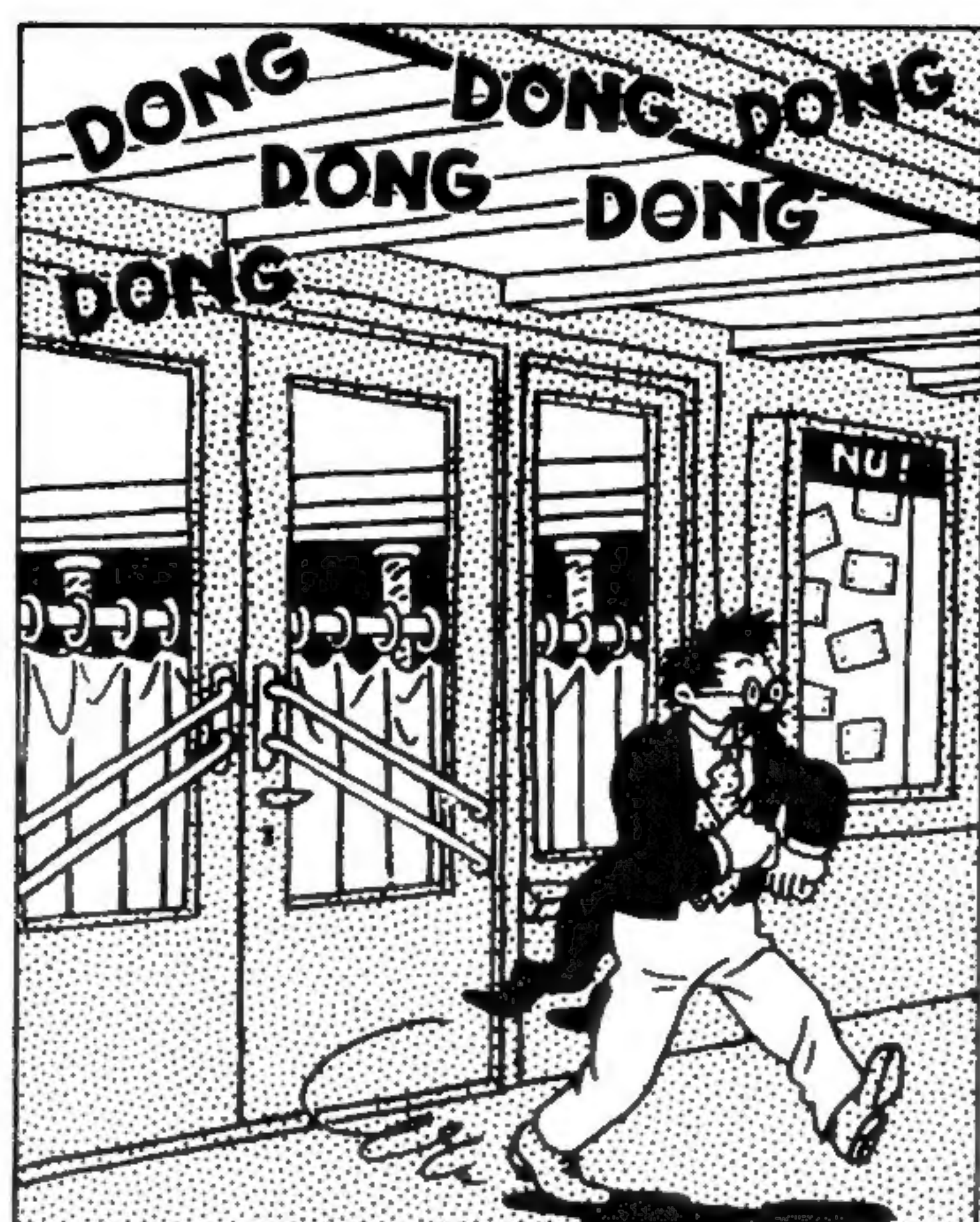
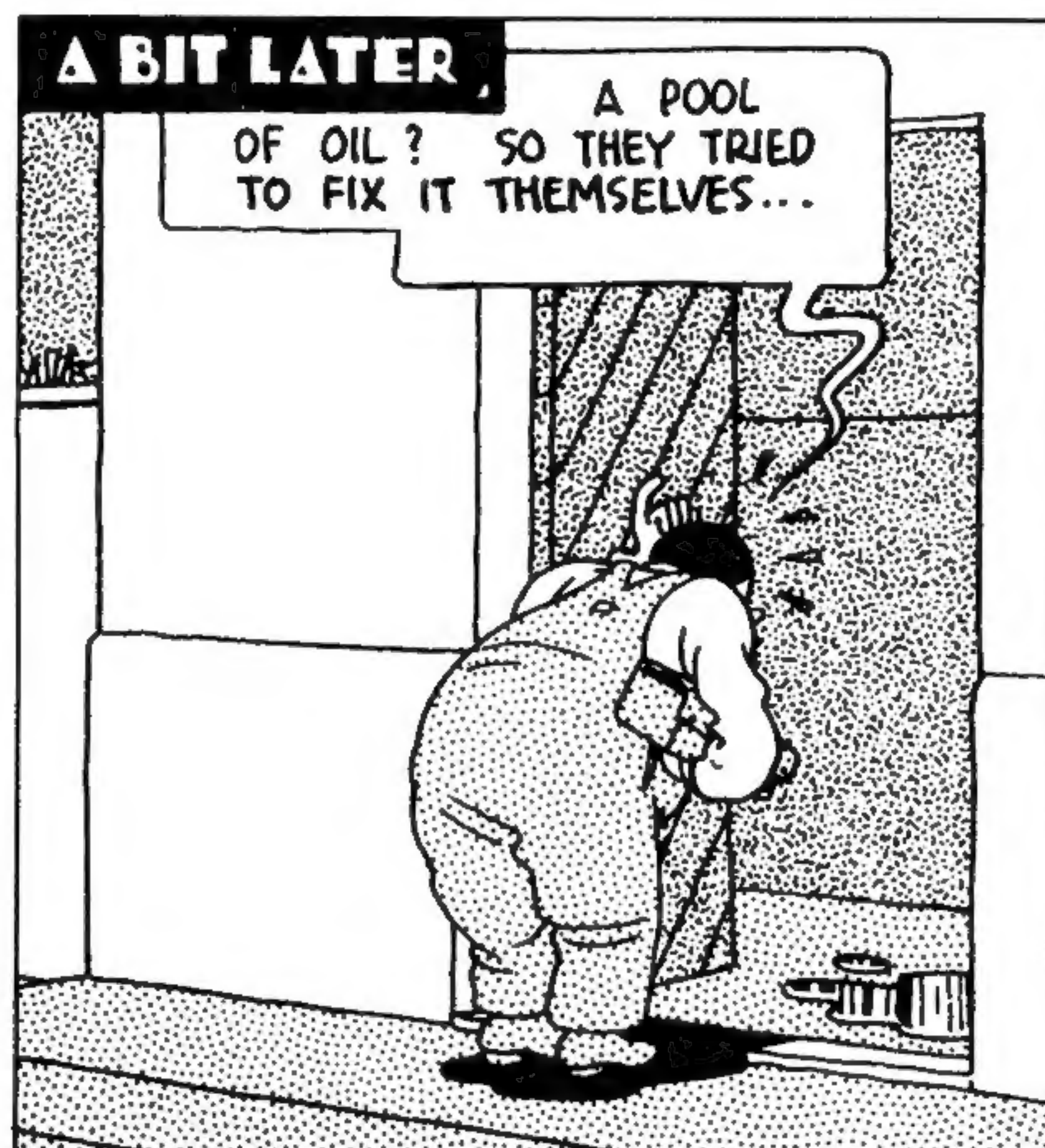




THE CLOCK STRIKES WITH





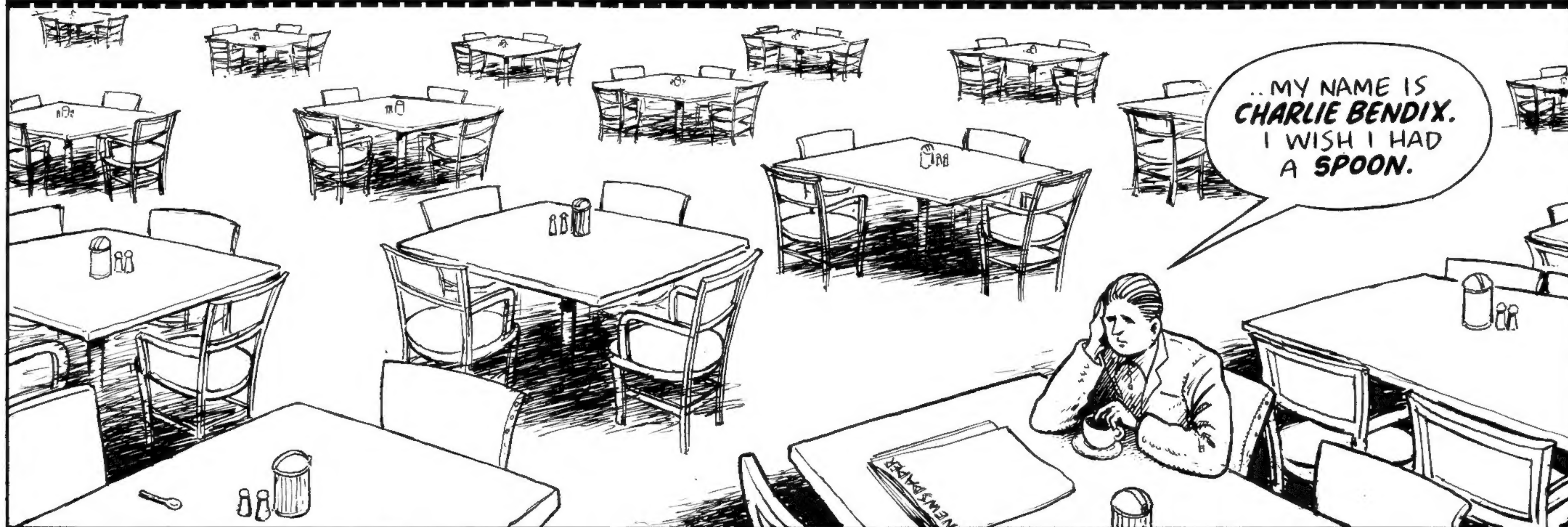


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THE PLOT THICKENS

©1980 BILL GRIFFITH

IT WAS A COLD, CLEAR AFTERNOON. CHARLIE BENDIX STIRRED HIS COFFEE WITH A FINGER AS HE CONTEMPLATED HIS NEXT MOVE. THE CAFETERIA WAS EMPTY. IN FACT, IN THAT VAST CAVERN OF TABLES AND CHAIRS, CHARLIE WAS THE ONLY THING STIRRING. THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE PAPER. CHARLIE BENDIX WAS 36. HE STIRRED HIS COFFEE WITH A FINGER AND HE SAID TO HIMSELF:



THEN SHE CAME INTO HIS LIFE. SHE WAS A REPORTER FOR A BIG CITY NEWSPAPER. ON THE SIDE SHE DID "NEON SCULPTURE". SHE LOVED CATS. SHE LOVED DOGS. SHE LOVED PIZZA & SHE LOVED CHARLIE BENDIX.



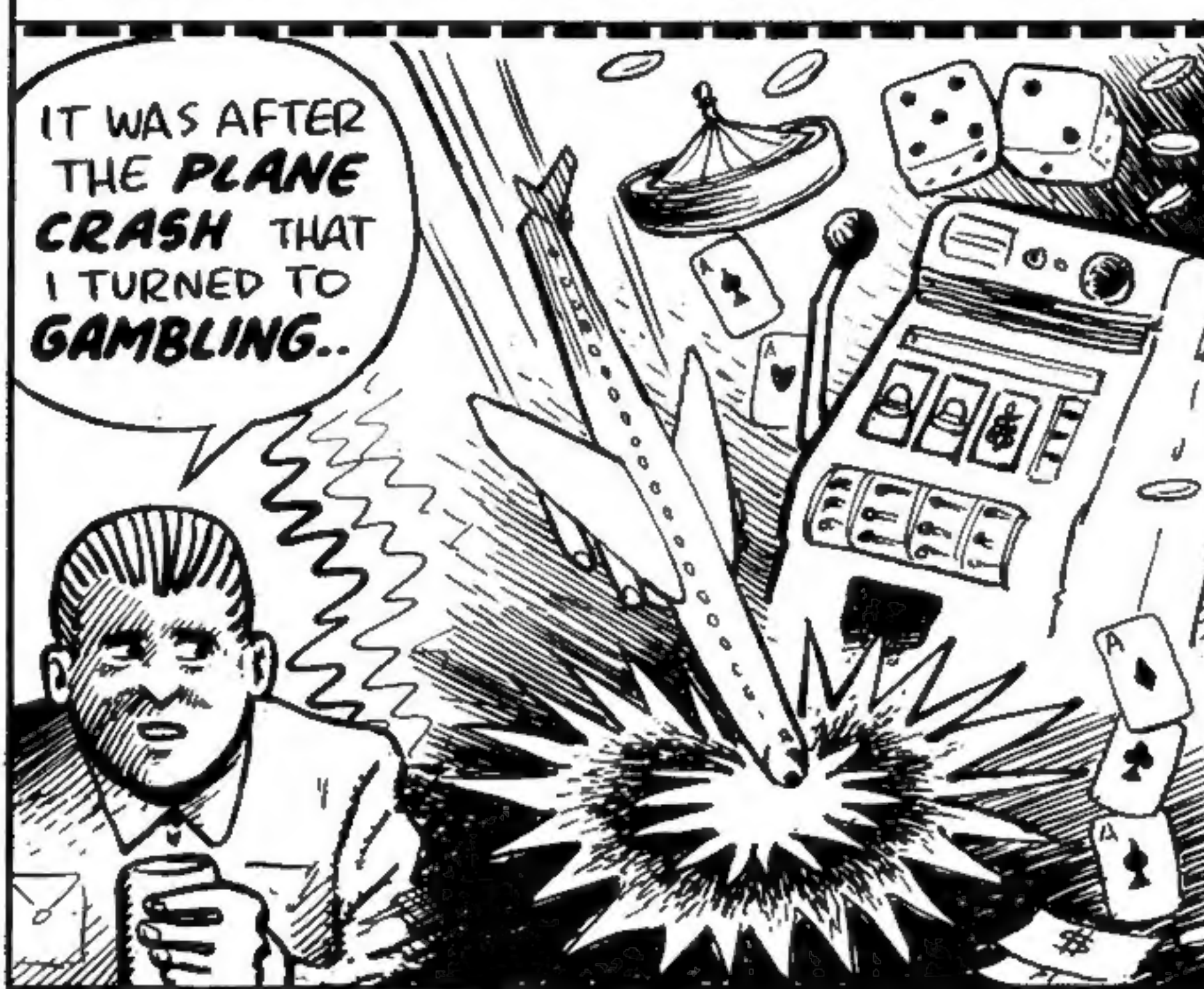
TEXAS WAS ALIEN TO CHARLIE. HE MISSED THE OCEAN... HE DIDN'T LIKE COWBOY HATS. HE DIDN'T LIKE LONE STAR BEER. HE DIDN'T LIKE THE WIDE, OPEN SPACES. AND HE DIDN'T LIKE LESTER.



LESTER MISTOOK CHARLIE'S DEFERENCE FOR FRIENDSHIP. CHARLIE MARRIED SHIRLEY. THEN ONE DAY:



CHARLIE MISTOOK LESTER'S HOSTILITY FOR PATHOS. HE RELATED AN INCIDENT FROM HIS PAST.



ACTUALLY, CHARLIE WAS LYING. IT WAS HIS 2 YEARS IN THE PRIESTHOOD THAT LED HIM TO THE CRAPS TABLE.



LESTER FINALLY TOLD SHIRLEY ABOUT THE BABY. SHE TOOK IT VERY HARD.



SHIRLEY'S FATHER COULDN'T STAND THE SHOCK. HE EXPIRED IN THE ARMS OF A WHORE



AT THE READING OF THE WILL, IT WAS CHARLIE'S TURN TO BE SURPRISED.



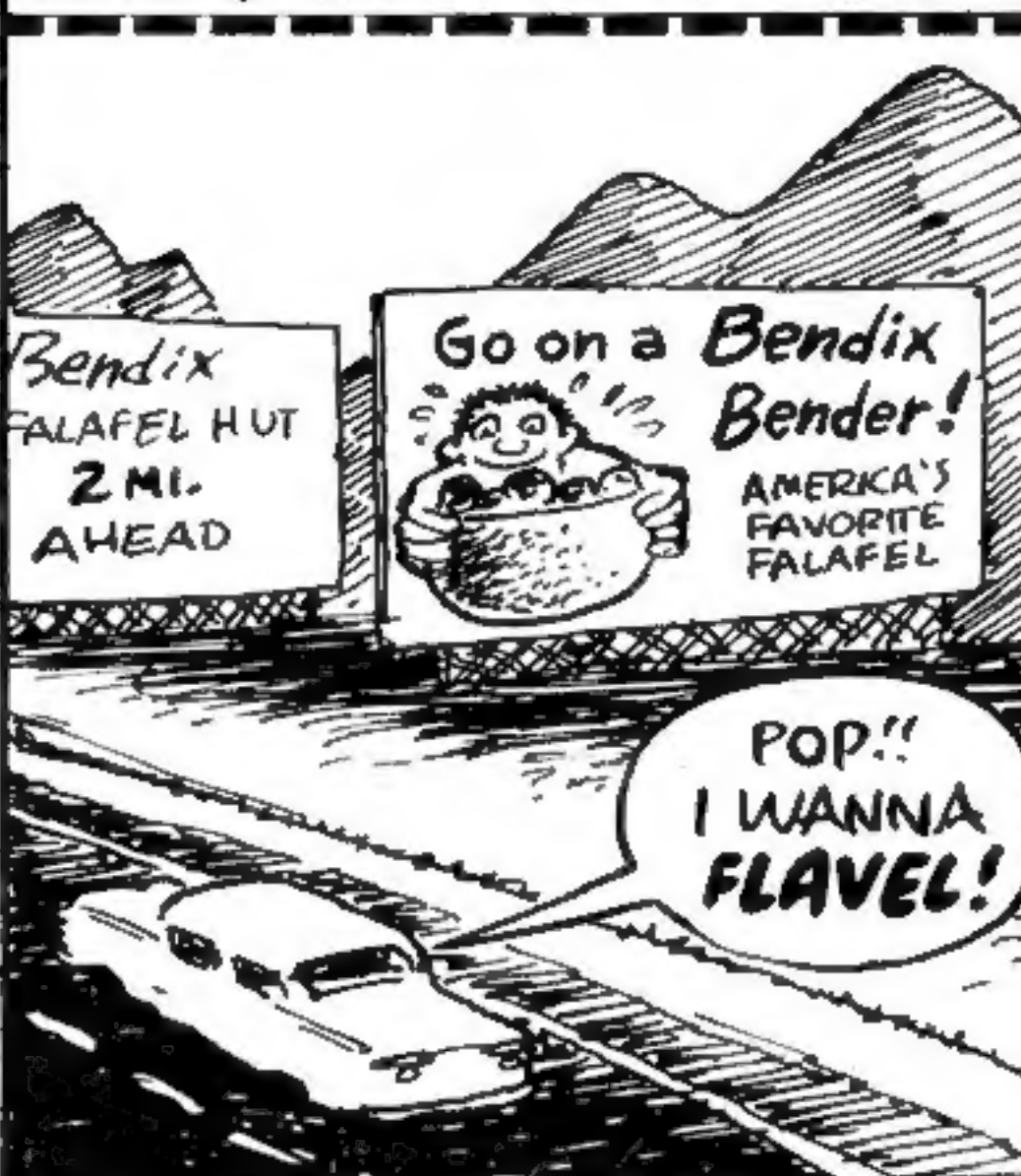
CHARLIE WAS NOW A WEALTHY MAN. HE WAS HAVING LUNCH ONE TUESDAY WHEN:



BENDIX FALAFEL HUTS SPROUTED UP ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.



CHARLIE SANK MILLIONS INTO A BIG AD CAMPAIGN.



AT FIRST, SALES WERE GOOD. THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED.



IT WAS AUNT NORLEEN. SHE FELT CHEATED OUT OF HER INHERITANCE



BENDIX FALAFEL HUTS WERE BANKRUPT. CHARLIE WAS RUINED.



HE USED HIS LAST BAD CHECK FOR A TICKET TO SWITZERLAND.



CHARLIE GRADUALLY DRIFTED DOWN TO MONTE CARLO.



WORKING IN A CASINO WASN'T ALL THAT BAD.



YOU GOT TO SEE ALL SORTS OF INTERESTING PEOPLE.



LESTER COULDN'T RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO GLOAT.



SO LATER THAT NIGHT CHARLIE DID WHAT HE HAD TO DO.



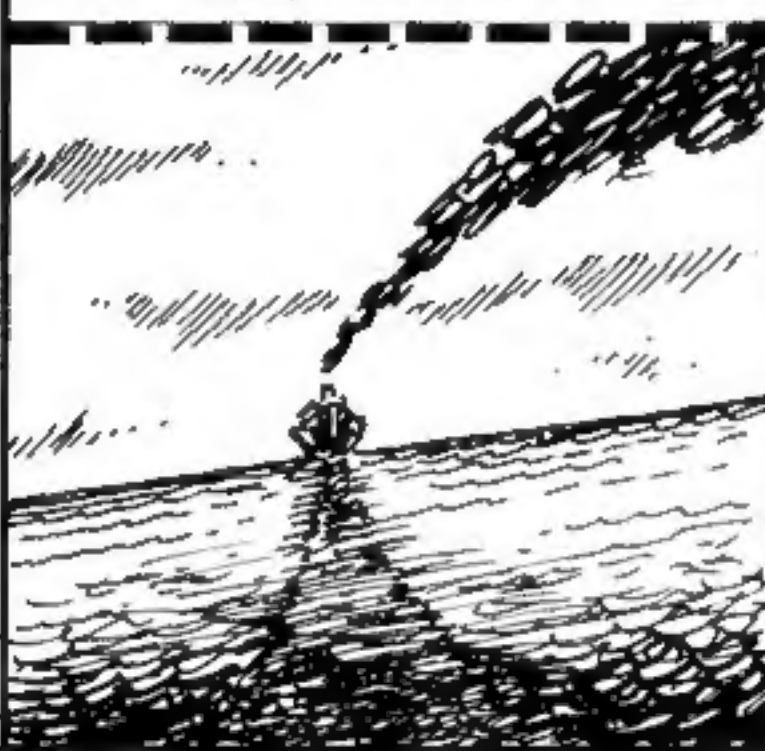
HE FIGURED IT WAS A SERVICE TO HUMANITY.



OLD MAN LAMONT TURNED IN HIS GRAVE & GRINNED.



CHARLIE GOT OUT OF THE COUNTRY UNDETECTED.



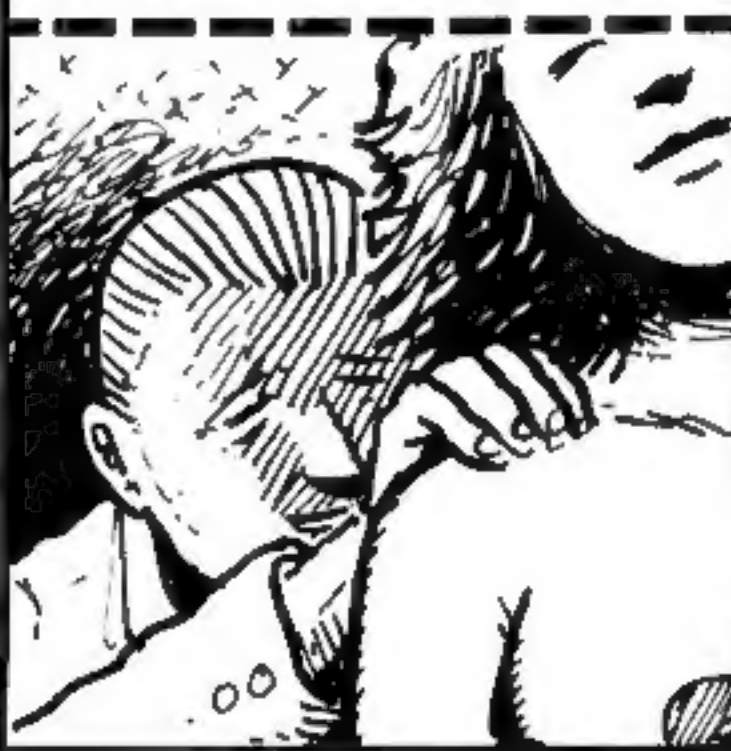
HE TOOK A FURNISHED ROOM IN SAN FRANCISCO.



YEARS PASSED. CHARLIE PLAYED PIANO ON BUSH ST.



SHE WAS 19. THEY DID THINGS FOR EACH OTHER.



THEY WERE MARRIED. BUT IT WAS INEVITABLE.



CHARLIE LISTENED. AND KEPT QUIET.



... VERY QUIET.



... WHERE WERE YOU ALL NITE?



TRouble ENSUED.



DRUGS DIDN'T HELP.



NEITHER DID WORK.



SOME TRIED RELIGION.



IT WORKED...



... BUT SOON



CHARLIE BECAME



A VEGETABLE.



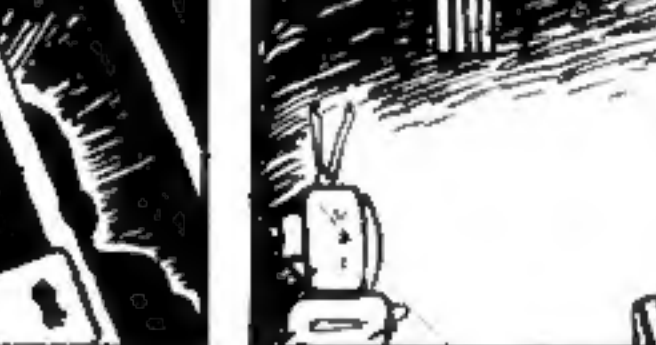
UNTIL ONE DAY.



IT HAPPENED.



... PRISON WAS OK.



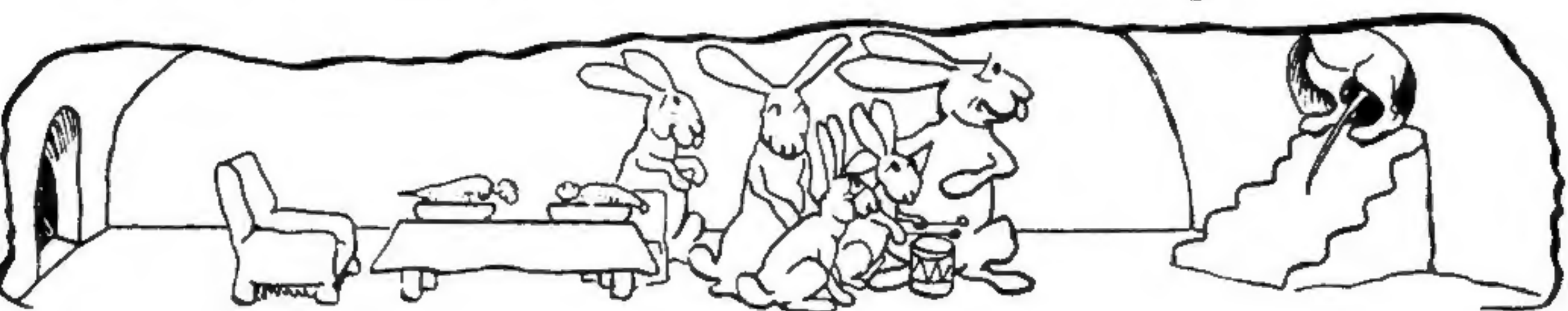
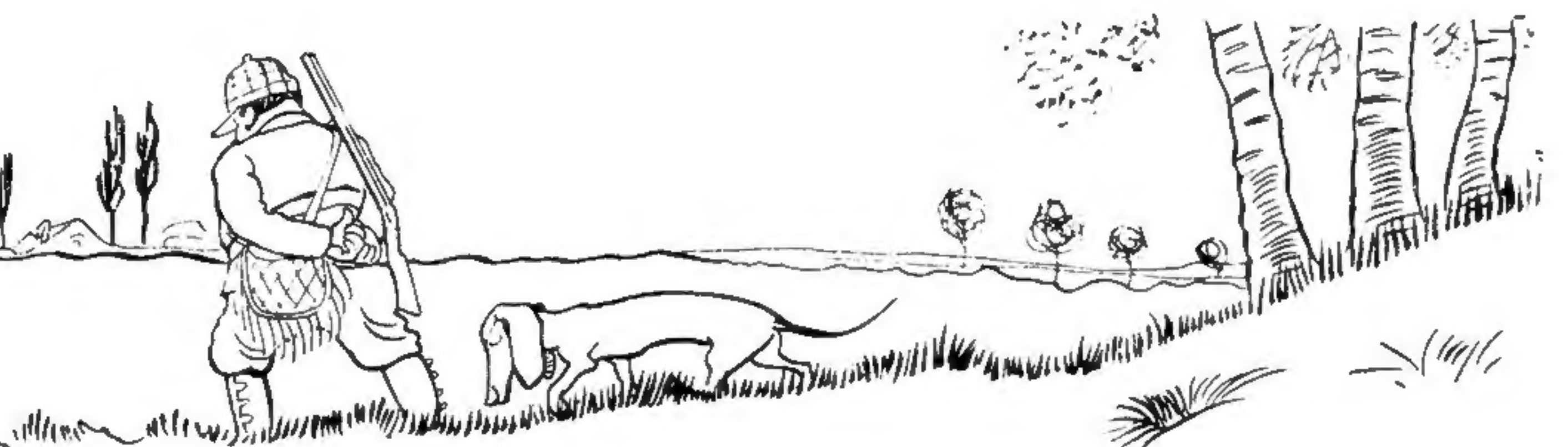
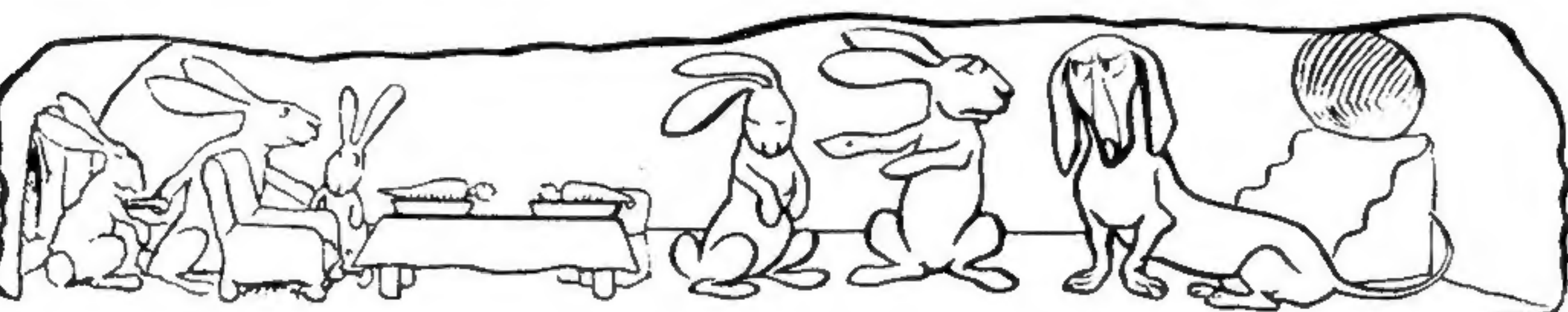
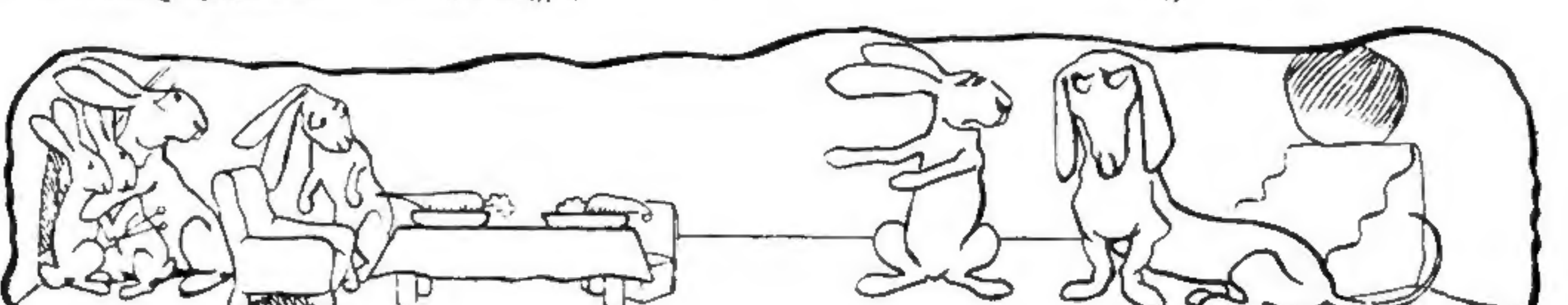
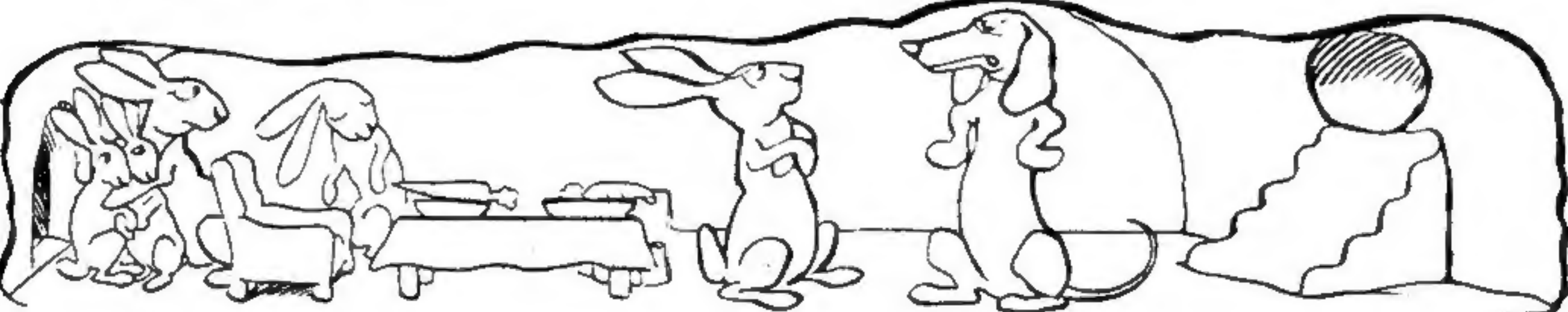
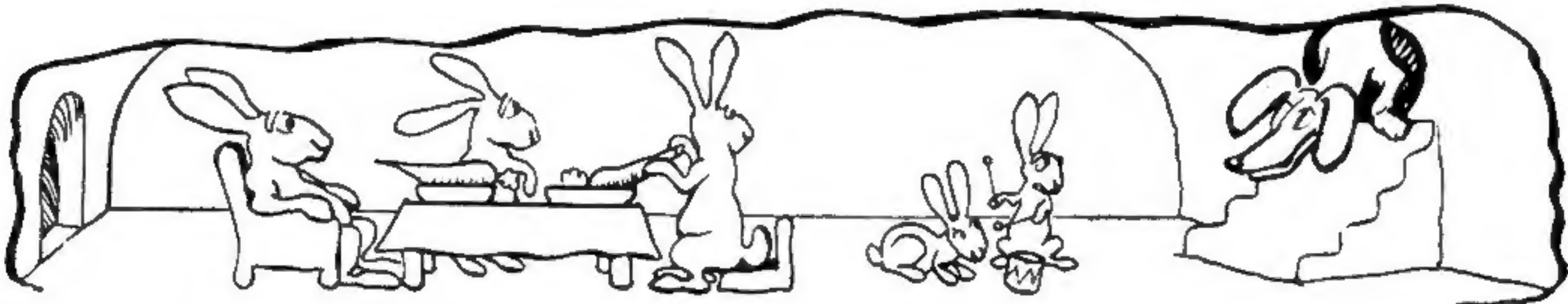
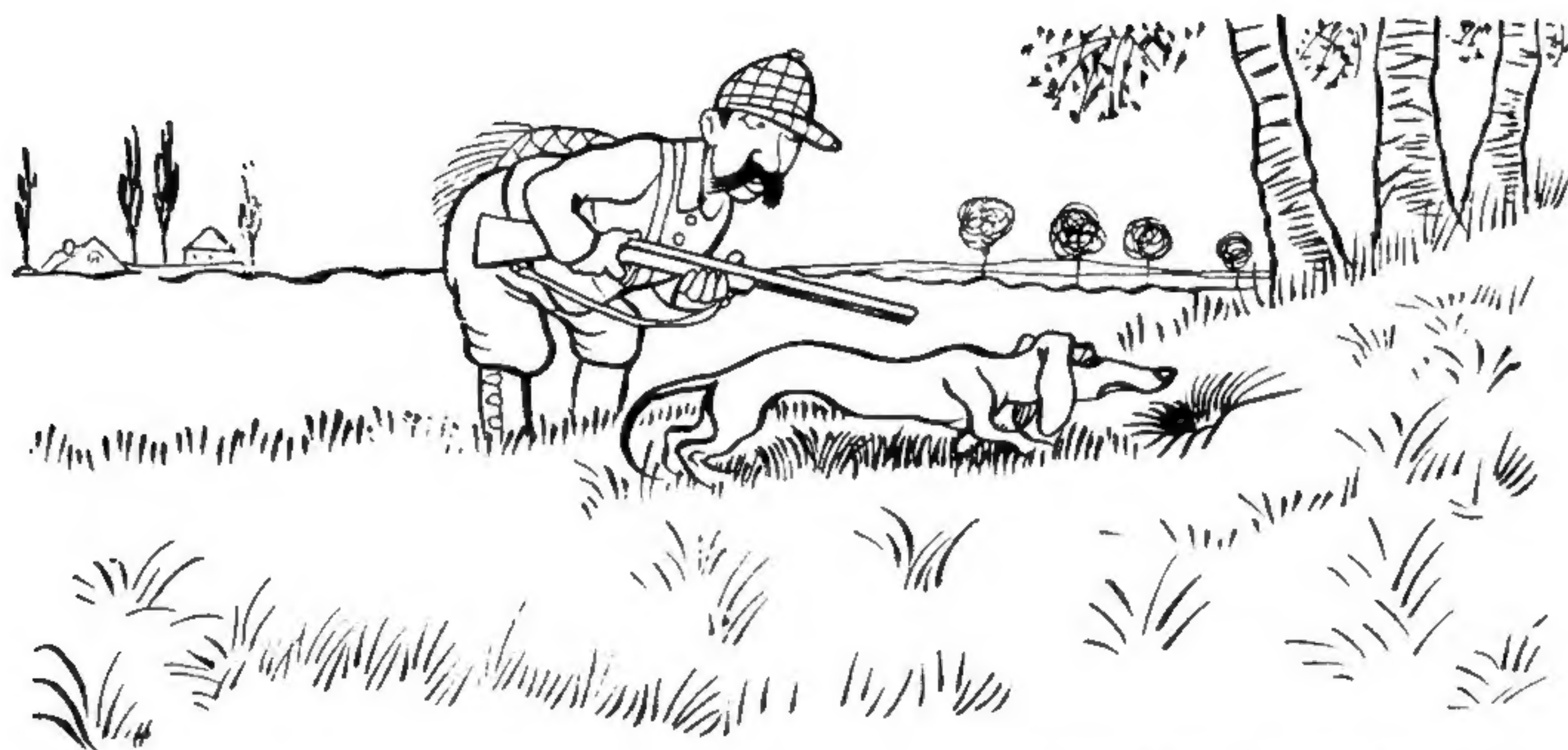
BUT EVENTUALLY



HIS LAWYERS

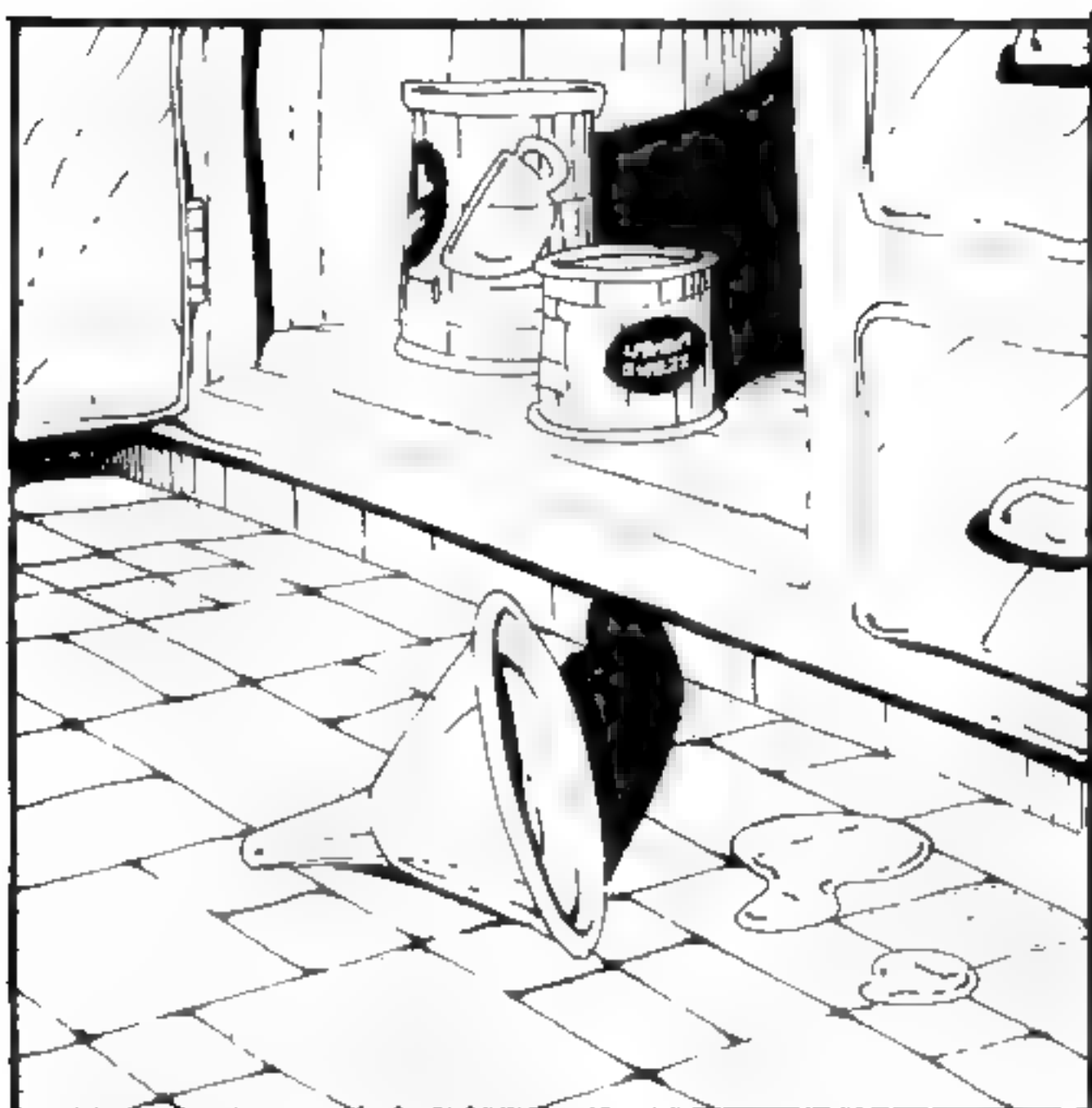
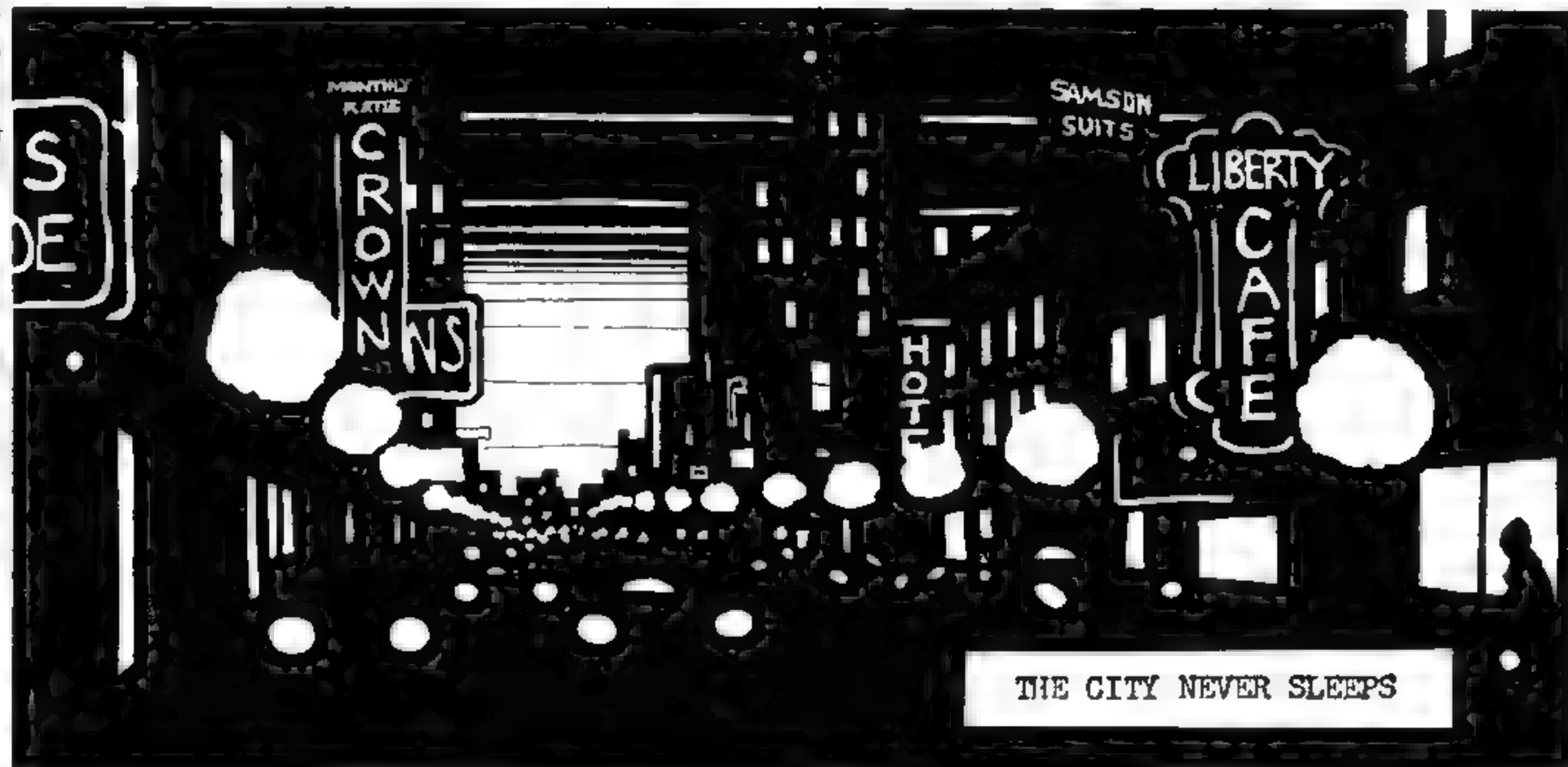


A LITTLE WHITE LIE

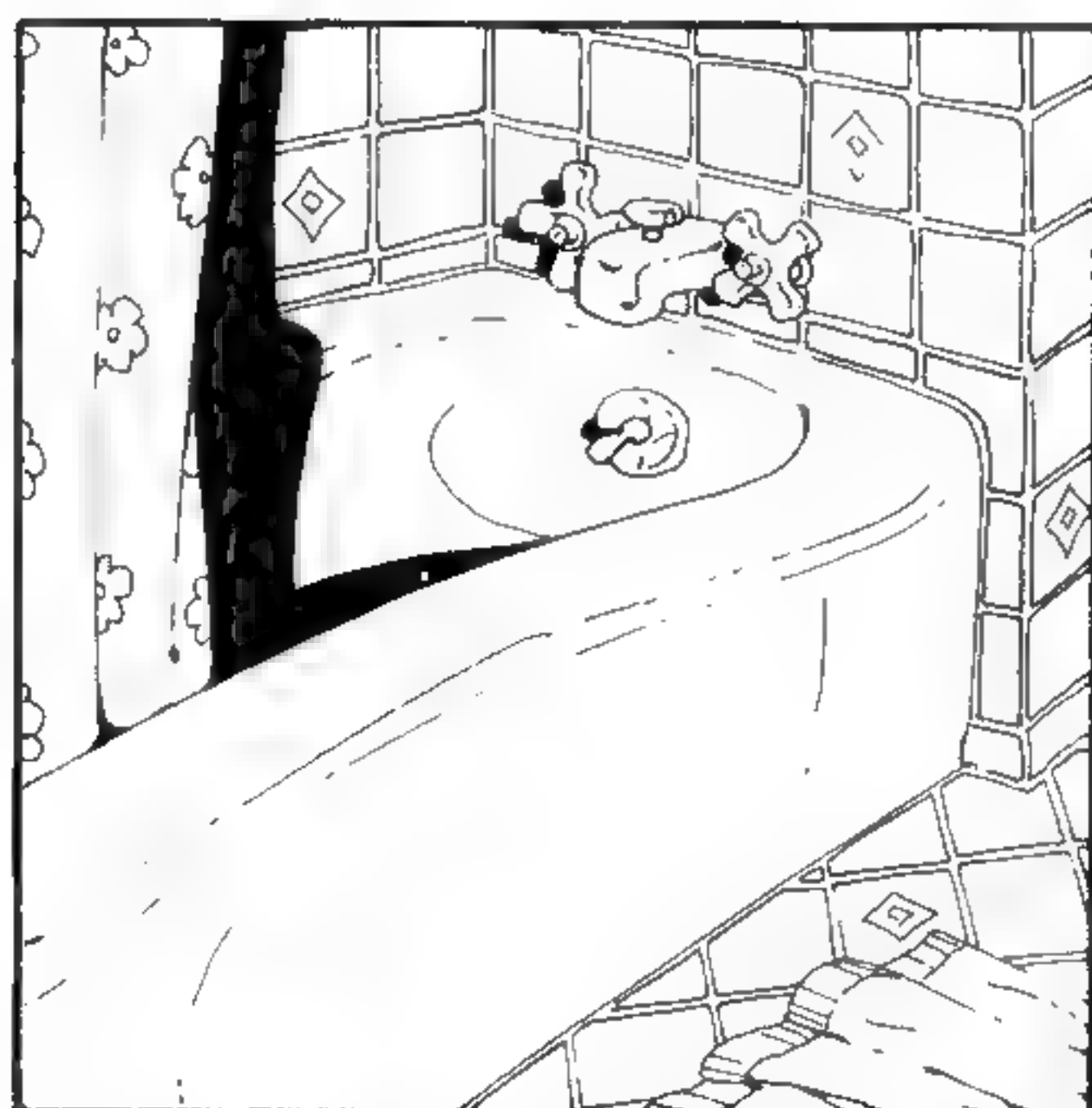




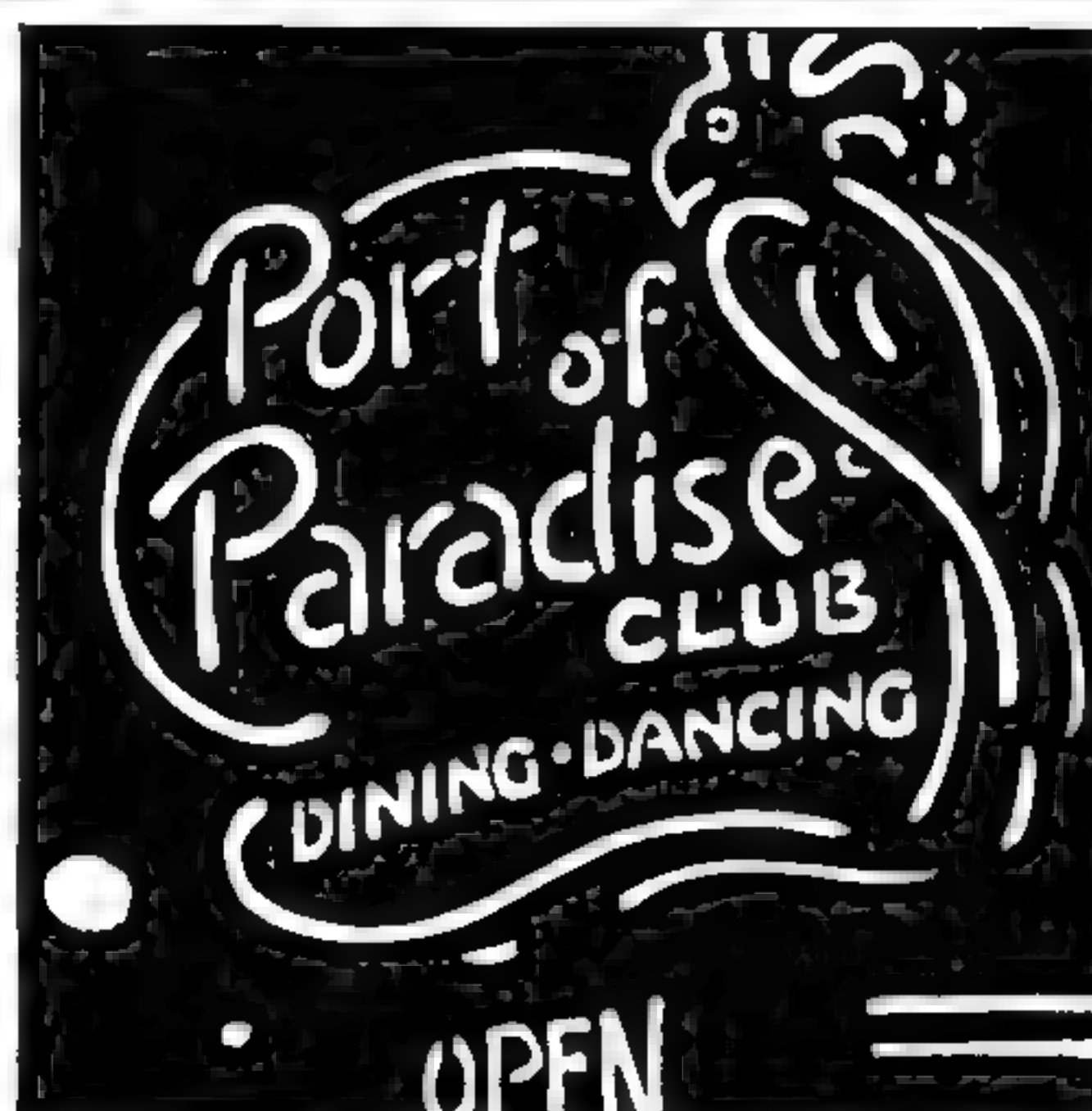
Rick Geary © 1978

FRED STUBBLEFIELD
Reporting

A 30-year-old man told police he drank 14 oz. of ANTI-FREEZE because of frustrating marital problems.



A 73-year-old woman complained to police that SOMEBODY enters her home and takes baths in her tub. She has not caught them but found the ring left in the tub.



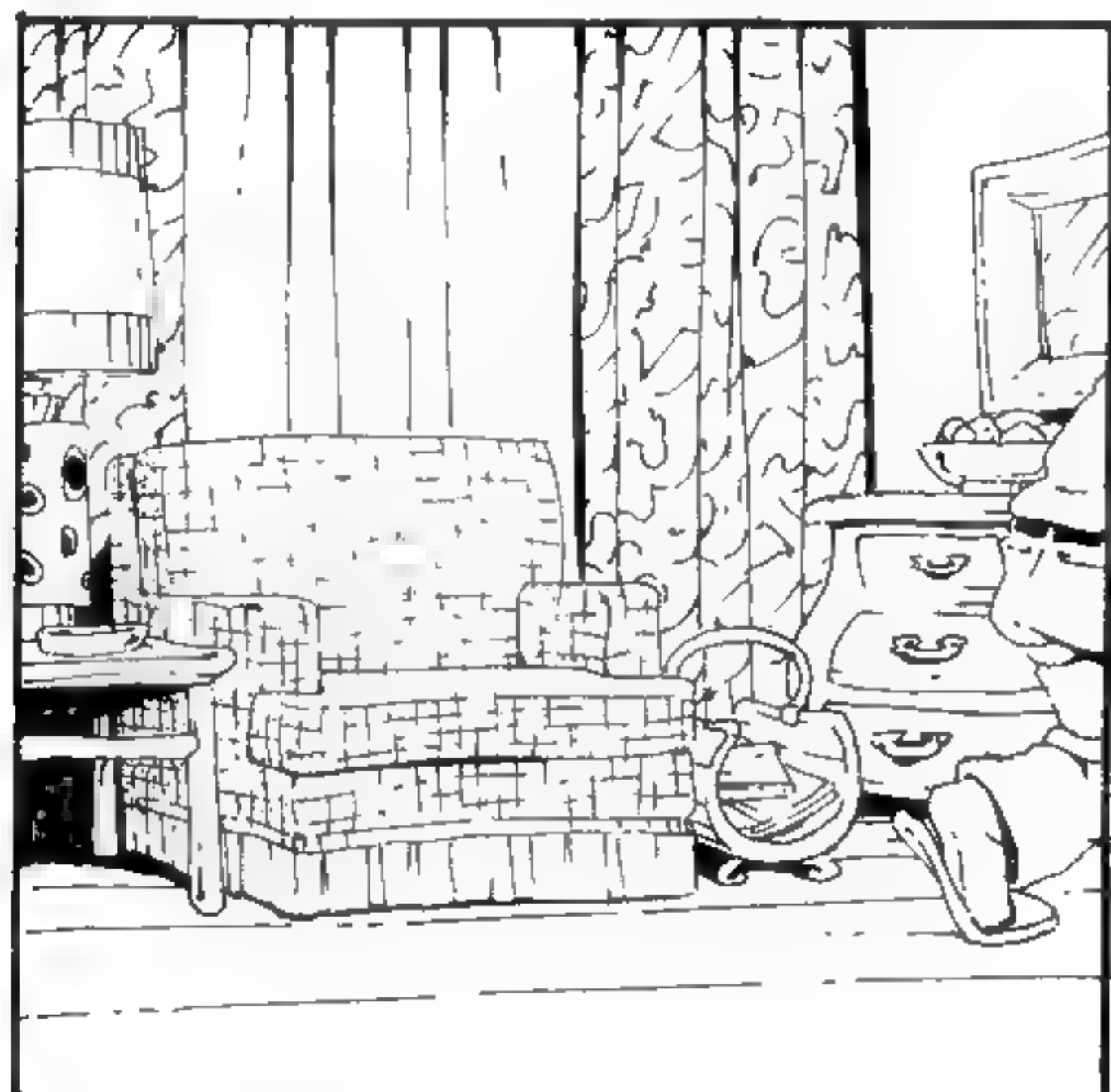
A FIRE DANCE by the hula dancer named "Fire Flower" highlights the floor show at the Port of Paradise.



A 22-year-old woman complained to police that a 30-year-old neighbor woman had LOOKED AT HER IN A VINDICTIVE MANNER.



A 37-year-old man who claimed to be ST. PHILLIP acted in a very irrational manner and made threats to a female police lieutenant.



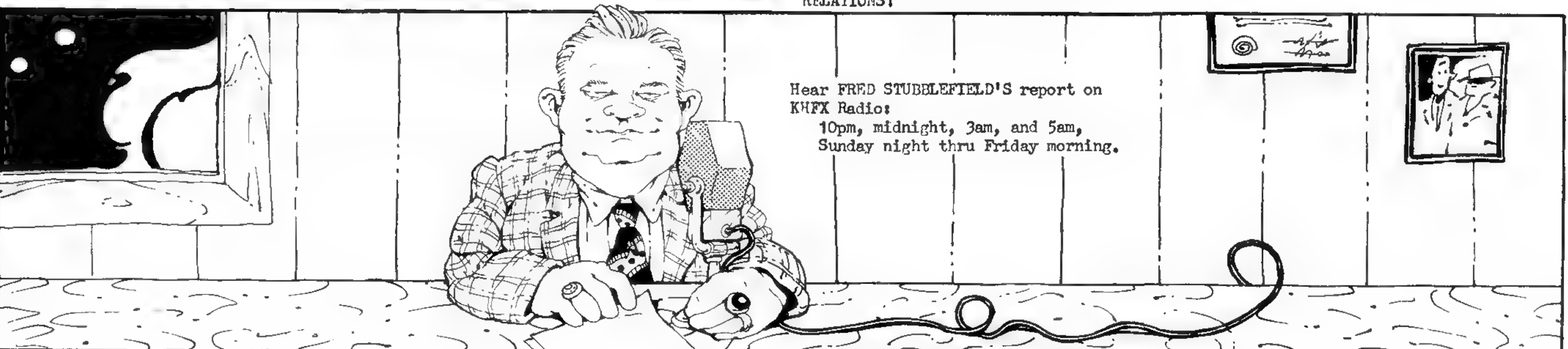
A 52-year-old woman called police to complain that her husband had just walked away and gone to bed WHILE SHE WAS STILL TALKING TO HIM.

ALL-NITE MARKET
Holly & Lulu

ONIONS to the waitress at Denny's on East 54 who refused to serve potatoes on a dinner order because there was spaghetti on the same plate. "You can't have both," she said. POOR PUBLIC RELATIONS!



A 62-year-old man was found by police making his home in a Salvation Army drop box.



Hear FRED STUBBLEFIELD'S report on KHFZ Radio:
10pm, midnight, 3am, and 5am,
Sunday night thru Friday morning.

Honk! Honk!



The Evening Graphic, nicknamed the Pornographic, specialized in "composographs" when a photographer couldn't get to the scene. above: The 51-year-old real estate millionaire, Edward "Daddy" Browning and his child bride, 15-year-old "Peaches," made hot copy in 1927.

HISTORY AS SOAP OPERA; THE NEWS AS ENTERTAINMENT

by David Levy and art spiegelman

In the late summer, in Manhattan, forty people stand by while a wino is brutally stabbed and set on fire. Is it just another TV show?

In 1910 the Pathé company established the world's first regular newsreel—as a vaudeville house attraction. For the next fifty years, newsreels, ever faithful to their origins, created a pictorial Coney Island of contrived action, impersonation, inanity, violence and sensationalism. Each weekly installment was carefully stripped of controversy or intellectual ambiguity.

Today's TV version of News On the March, flashing across the little screen in snappy nitely segments, is still packaged for fast and easy consumption. Distortion and trivialization are inevitable. But the sense of hopeless unreality generated by the evening news is not only due to the character of the information, or even its packaging. It is the unending, torrential flow of the information that leaves us too limp to respond to the stories of torture, institutional abuse and scheming cold-bloodedness. The facts are available, but we feel impotent in the face of so many facts.

Frustration, disappointment, boredom, depression and fatigue—in that passive state we no longer register information content, but settle for theatrical form.

I. BURNING BABIES: BROUGHT TO YOU BY COMPÖZ.

A local news show broadcasts a live birth segment. Viewers lose little time writing in to complain that such a disgusting item has been shown while people were eating.

Another station—at one time deluged with mail criticizing its nightly coverage of the Vietnam war—receives thousands of condolence telegrams and wreaths after the broadcast of a funeral for a fictitious soap opera character.

During Jimmy Carter's 1980 campaign tour, he greets a nine-year-old girl who comments: "He looks a lot older in person than in Real Life."

In the autumn of 1979, a New York news crew was assigned to travel through Indo-China to cover the now almost-forgotten Boat People story. Nine hours of footage was edited to appear as part of five nightly five-minute installments. Describing the assign-

It's the bonk!

ment, a member of the crew pointed out that, "we'd go to a refugee camp during the day and crawl around among the malaria and people dying on the island and then go back to a \$200-a-day hotel suite."

"It was to be shown during the sweeps, to increase ratings—lets look around the world and see what crisis will generate the most attention. News people went there upset, full of indignation. Two months later they're no longer upset. The Boat People story was suddenly dumped for the Hostage Crisis in Iran, with no follow-up. What happened? Did the problem go away?" The Boat People sank in the Nielsens.

The news photographer described an incident in one refugee camp they visited: "We were talking to this woman who started crying... I went in very tight on her face—not to sensationalize her, but to make the frame so tight that people could not help but confront her pain. The reporter wanted to comfort her. You see a cup of tea being slipped into the frame and his hand wiping her eyes... To me that was very dramatic. But when the producer saw the footage he went berserk, screaming 'Why didn't you wind down to a two-shot to show him getting the tea and wiping her face, and his reaction?'"

The documentary, as it was broadcast, was at least as much about the reporters' *presence* among the refugees as it was about the refugee problem itself.

Cameras make things happen. It is no coincidence that there are usually less news events on the weekends when a local station may operate with as few as two crews instead of ten; or that *The New York Times* is always

thinner on Labor Day. Since the public's appetite for news is far greater than the supply of "hard" facts, the news industry's primary task is to manufacture dramatic "stories."

Recently, in England, an old woman called a newspaper in distress. She thought she had seen a flying saucer and was afraid she was hallucinating or going mad. Rather than check with the government air base to see if the sighting was explainable the paper decided to run the story. Then they checked with the airbase and determined that the "saucer" was indeed something the airforce had sent up. The next day the paper was able to run a "human interest" piece on how relieved the old lady was to discover she was not crazy—two stories where there was barely one!

Determining what stories are newsworthy is a subjective decision. When a man lost his hand in a recent factory accident in New York the news team was sent to interview his wife, to find out how she felt. She was calm, relaxed and hopeful, saying that she believed in God and that He would protect her husband. It was an unusual response. Rather than accepting it as such, the reporter called the studio and said, "This is terrible. the woman didn't cry... I can't use it!"

In November 1980, a news crew was sent to interview Con Ed officials about proposed energy rate increases to cover the losses caused by the shutdown of the Indian Point nuclear reactor. When their truck pulled up in front of New York's Con Ed building they saw a fight in progress between a black man brandishing a long knife and another fending him off with a club.



A half-tone photograph packs a wallop. left: UPI news photo. right: *Police Gazette*, 1889.



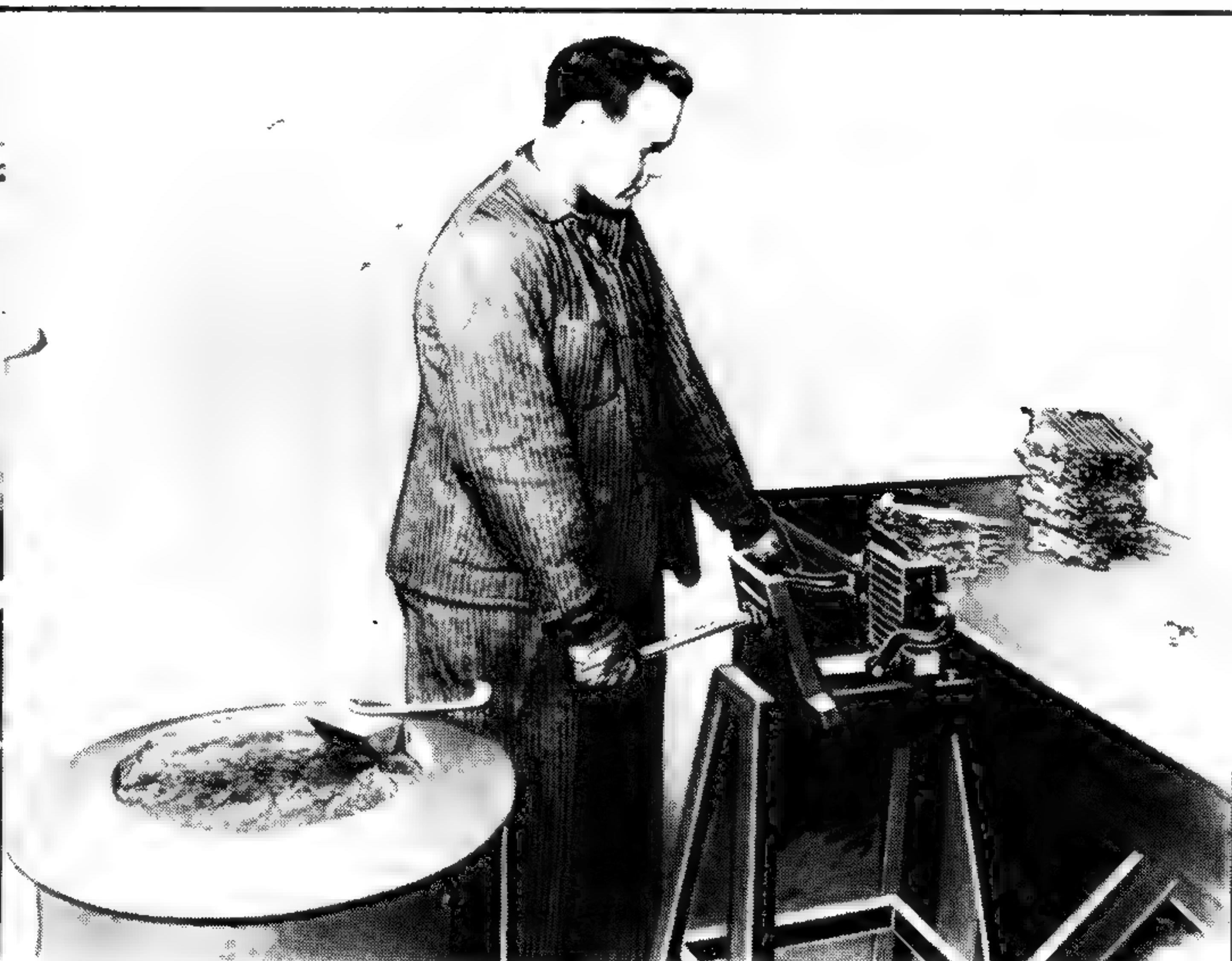
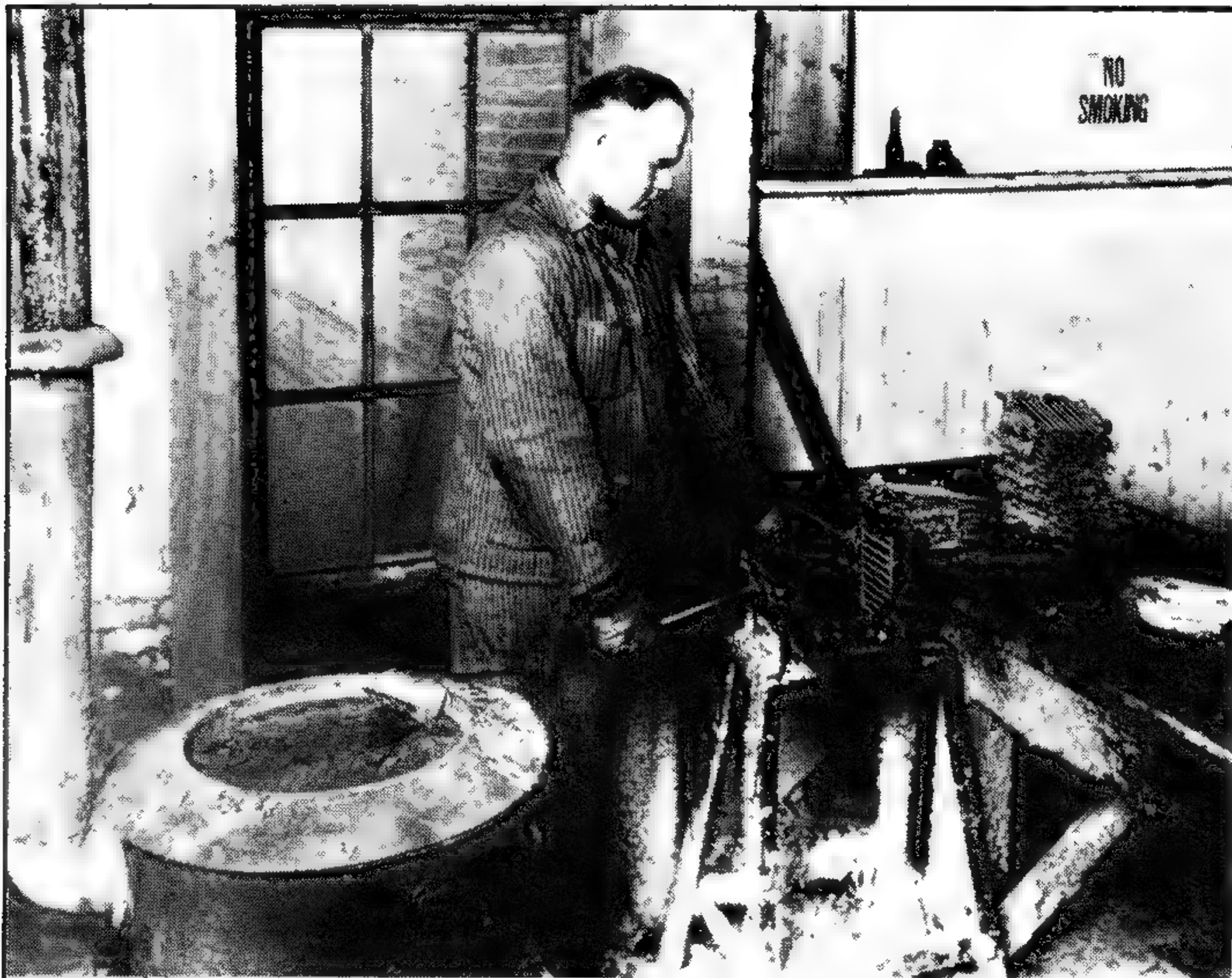
One member of the news team shouted, "It's the Slasher!" (The Slasher is one more colorful news personality knifing and killing New Yorkers on the streets of the city, at large as of this writing.) The cameras were whipped out and eagerly began to grind, until one member of the team pointed out that the Slasher had been described as a much bigger fellow than this knife-wielder. The reporters lost interest, packed up and continued upstairs to their interview without even contacting the police.

One of the most common statements news crews hear in the streets, no matter what has brought them to the scene, is "Put me on TV. I want to be on TV." CBS recently sent a crew out to cover a murder in Queens. "A cop had just gotten his head blown off," the news photographer recalled. "It was witnessed by a lot of people. When I got there his brains were all over the street and there was a crowd.

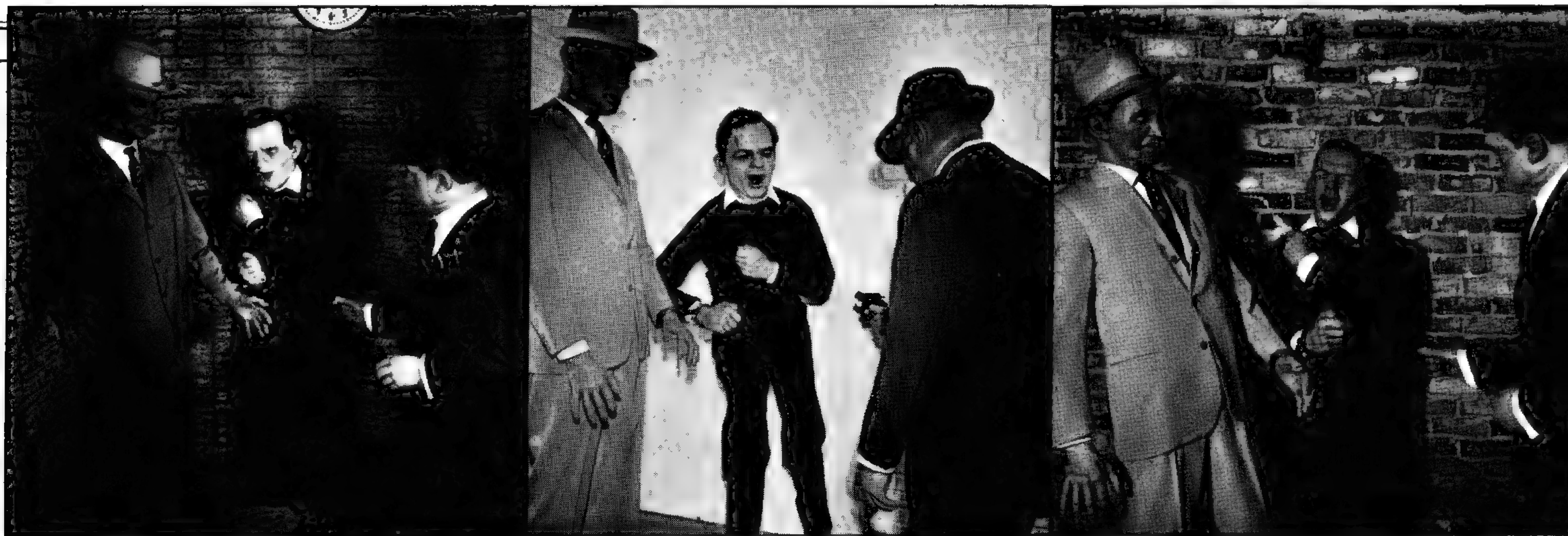
As soon as we took out the camera they started jumping up and down in front of it, in the guys brains... to be on television. They were completely unaware of what was in the street; they just forgot about it."

When the Son of Sam murders were hot news the mother of one of the victims became notorious among the news crews. She spent most of her time putting on make-up and eagerly talking, crying, performing for the cameras. Maybe her daughter's death sent her into shock, and the cameras simply provided a distraction from the grim reality. Or, perhaps she succumbed to the Gong Show thrill of having one's life and grief displayed for the casual attention of millions of anonymous viewers.

The job of news director merges with that of talent co-ordinator. Reality becomes an audition studio, and the news becomes a pilot for a potential TV series.



An airbrush cleans up a Louisville factory. Gives haircuts too. from *Real Life*. Louisville in the Twenties. ©1976 Michael Lesy.



OSWALD DIES A THOUSAND DEATHS. Three wax tableaux: American Heritage Wax Museum; Scottsdale, Arizona. Madame Tussaud's, St. Petersburg, Fla. Ville Marie Wax Museum, Montreal, Quebec.

Courtesy Charles Wright

II. THE NEWS WAS BORN IN A TRUNK.

The concept of news as a species of show-biz predates the invention of television. From the beginning of the 19th century spectators flocked to exhibit halls (almost as ubiquitous as movie houses today) to see the latest Panoramas, Dioramas and Cyclo-ramas. Inside, huge realistic paintings on a continuous surface enveloped the viewers to give them the sensation of being present at a specific place, historic moment or battle.

As the century progressed toward the invention of the movies, these constructions became more elaborate as well as larger and more topical; they were embellished with subtle lighting effects, sounds, projected photographs and 3-D props blended into the *trompe l'oeil* perspective. A scene would change from night to day, smoke would rise from a soldier's campfire, muskets would gleam in the distance, the sounds of bugles and gunfire would be heard. The "anchor-man" would give dramatic information and possibly point with pride to especially well-crafted details of reconstruction. At "The Crucifixion of Altotting," for example, the guide would urge his audience to admire a painted stone stairway: "The first three steps are reality, the others are art."

At the turn of the century, audiences thrilled to one of the later panoramas that recreated the Chicago fire of 1871 using projections and colored lights. But that Panorama couldn't hold a candle to another contemporary *tour de force* of re-enactment—the *Fighting the Flames* exhibit at Coney Island. This "cast-of-hundreds spectacular" was described in a Coney Island brochure:

In the vast expanse of ground a square of a city has been built, showing houses and streets with a hotel in the foreground. Four thousand firemen inhabit, permanently, this set; they are recruits of the fire departments of this and nearby cities who know their business thoroughly...An alarm rings; the men will leap from their beds and slide down the brass poles...The hotel in the foreground is on fire and there are people inside it. The flames, discovered on the first floor of the hotel, cut off

their escape. People throng the square, shouting and gesticulating; the engines arrive, the water tower, horse wagons, extension ladder truck, the battalion chief and an ambulance which runs over a man in its race of relief. The flames creep up the next story. The inmates at the windows are driven from story to story by fire and smoke. When they reach the top floor an explosion is heard and the roof of the building falls in... The hysterical guests are saved, the fire put out and the city block prepared for its next performance.

The spectators were able to enjoy from a distance a menace that, in that period, was as likely as not to engulf their own lives. *Fighting the Flames*—the *Towering Inferno* of its day—was resoundingly popular.

A similar evolution toward fuller representations of reality can be observed in the progress of the wax museum. Originally these were painted sculptures of historical heroes or important personages. By 1900, the Eden House in Manhattan was using filmed backgrounds for the wax displays. The zenith has been reached in our time by Disneyland/Disney World's audio-animatronic robot presidents. These are so convincing that when the Lincoln android finishes his speech and teeters back into his seat, the audience instinctively applauds. The Disney robots are the "real" version of Raymond Roussel's literary inventions of the 20's, cadavers electrically wired to re-enact the most important moment of their lives.

In situations where Disney's technology is unavailable, hiring famous people to play their own part in a staged re-enactment has long been an effective way to convey a sense of historical reality. Between 1883 and 1916 Col. William "Buffalo Bill" Cody toured North America and Europe with his Wild West Show, recreating his legendary deeds. (In a television docudrama, *Sophia Loren: Her Own Story*, the actress plays not only herself but her mother.) Cody's show was so renowned that when Teddy Roosevelt sailed for Cuba to charge up San Juan Hill, he shrewdly borrowed the term "Rough Riders" from the top-billed feature of the spectacle. Cody returned the compliment by incorporating a Spanish-American War routine into his travelling act, billed as a "Heroic Charge Up San Juan Hill" presented by some of the "Genuine participants in the famous battle." (This interface between the performing

arts and world affairs has culminated in the election of a movie star to the presidency. Before the 1980 presidential debates, then-candidate Reagan was asked if he was nervous about sharing a stage with the President of the United States. "No," he responded. "I've been on the same stage as John Wayne.")

In any case, Panoramas, Wax Museums and theatrical re-enactments were too elaborate to keep up with current events. That was the realm of the newspapers, especially those with illustrations.

Since the camera was neither an efficient nor a portable instrument for reporting events in the middle of the last century, a new class of journalist, the Special Artist, provided these illustrations. He traveled from war to war with a sketchpad; a good war would sell more copies of a picture paper than any other kind of event. Throughout the century at least one a year could be counted on. When Frederick Remington, a celebrated Special Artist, was sent to Havana by William Randolph Hearst, one of the inventors of the media event, all was peaceful. Remington sent a cable saying, "It is quiet here. There is no trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return."

Hearst wired back his immortal response: "Please remain. You furnish the pictures. I'll furnish the war."

By the time of the Boer War, faster film and improved lenses permitted photographers to compete with the artists. Simultaneously, the new half-tone method, a breaking down of the photograph's continuous tones into dots, made printing those photographs possible. But an art editor for *The New York Herald* was fired in 1893 for even suggesting that photographs could be regularly printed in the paper. Publishers were worried that their readers would dismiss the halftones as a cheap substitute for the classy "drawing produced by a staff artist," although those drawings were often based on photographs. However, by 1919, when the first tabloid, *The New York Daily News*, was published, photographs were firmly established in newspapers.

Having learned their lessons from Hearst, the tabloids sought ever more garish shades of yellow. Hearst looms large in any study of the Truth as Silly Putty. In 1934, for example, Hearst banded together with the Hollywood film studios to smear Upton Sinclair, the Socialist writer who was the Democratic candidate for Governor of California. Sinclair's plan to end poverty in California by taxing the moguls and possibly even nationalizing the film industry, led Hearst papers to

greater frenzy than usual. A news photo showed a menacing mob of hobos and grimy vagrants hopping off a freight. The caption explained that this army of bums had arrived in Los Angeles to launch Sinclair's revolution and help themselves to some private property. The photo included Frankie Darrow and other popular stars; it was a still from the Warner Brothers film *Wild Boys of the Road*.

But if the news photographer's camera was an accomplished liar, the motion picture camera had the advantage of being able to lie 24 times a second.

The Lumière brothers, inventors of the movies, filmed a train pulling into the Ciotat station, which showed the massive, steam-driven vehicle lumbering toward the viewer. This shot created a brand new relationship between audience and image: the viewer was no longer the dispassionate connoisseur of an artfully arranged diorama, but an intimately involved participant. Audiences hungered for "actuality" footage—everything from scenes of prizefights to the electrocution of a rogue elephant.

Encouraged by vaudeville house operators, film cameramen of the period believed that they were more than able to solve the problem of amusing the crowds with action footage from on-going wars and related disasters in remote corners of the world. Immediately they were confronted



with two related predicaments: what to do when they couldn't get their apparatus to an event, and the even more baffling problem of what to do when they could.

When W.K.L. Dickson, an ex-Edison studio employee, hauled his cameras to the Boer War he found high-ranking officers extremely obliging. Some of them would even go so far as to volunteer secret battle plans which permitted him to set up at the right place in advance. Even so, there were problems. Without careful and deliberate staging, the military encounters turned out to be dull stuff. War was a mindless grind without coherence, romance or heroics; it had to be converted into a visual drama of clear-cut action. Some sort of formal compensation was in order.

What to do? The public that Adolf Zukor would later claim was never wrong, was eager to see battlefield action. Edison, and other studios, staged a number of Boer War reconstructions far more believable than the real thing. Edison's war was conducted in a field in New Jersey, not far from where Orson Welles' Martians landed.

The key to an effective reconstruction was to simulate the compositional effect of a newsreel cameraman accidentally there in the midst of an uncontrollable event: action moving out of the frame depth toward the camera, exits into the bottom corners of the frame, frame edge cut-offs and objects moving between the action in focus and the camera.

Some fakes were not that meticulously crafted. When a perplexed movie-goer wrote into a trade publication questioning the authenticity of a filmed battle he had seen, he was advised that "when one sees gentlemen with tall hats accompanied by ladies, apparently looking on, common sense would at once pronounce the film of a sham order." But the audience rarely used common sense to question the material. The bogus footage was generally accompanied by a voice-over delivered by a music-hall lecturer to instruct the audience about what they thought they were seeing.

Indeed, common sense would hardly have been sufficient to aid viewers of Mexican Revolutionary newsreels starring Pancho Villa. There, though some of the footage was "authentic," the events were not all "genuine." After



TRICK OR TREAT: Good Guy/Bad Guy imagery shapes perceptions. Polio victim, FDR, heads a winning team in a 1934 *Vanity Fair*. upper right: FDR as "Evil Demon" on a Japanese magazine cover. Yellow journalism?

capturing Juarez, Villa approached cameramen covering the event to offer "exclusive rights" to the war. In January 1914, a contract was signed between Villa and the Mutual Film Corporation that gave Villa \$25,000 up front and fifty percent of the profits earned from the exhibition of the film.

In exchange the battles were to be conducted in the best lighting conditions and only when the cameramen were in position. It was agreed that if no satisfactory pictures were made in battle, Villa would stage one. Many of the battles were faked for the cameras and prisoners were set up as live targets. The venture proved highly profitable. If Francis Ford Coppola could have come to similar terms with the United States government, perhaps *Apocalypse Now* could have been shot several years earlier and come in under budget.

Once producers realized how much easier it was to produce thrilling fakes than to risk their necks for footage lacking in vaudeville dramatics, they often took the former road. Blackton and Smith of the American Vitagraph company soon gave up trying to shoot

the Spanish-American War on the spot and retreated to Manhattan. There they staged a fake of the war's final and decisive naval encounter at Santiago Bay, a battle that had taken place two days after their departure. Employing large photographs of American and Spanish ships, a table topside down, cut-outs and cigar smoke, they created a "newsreel" that played to cheering houses.

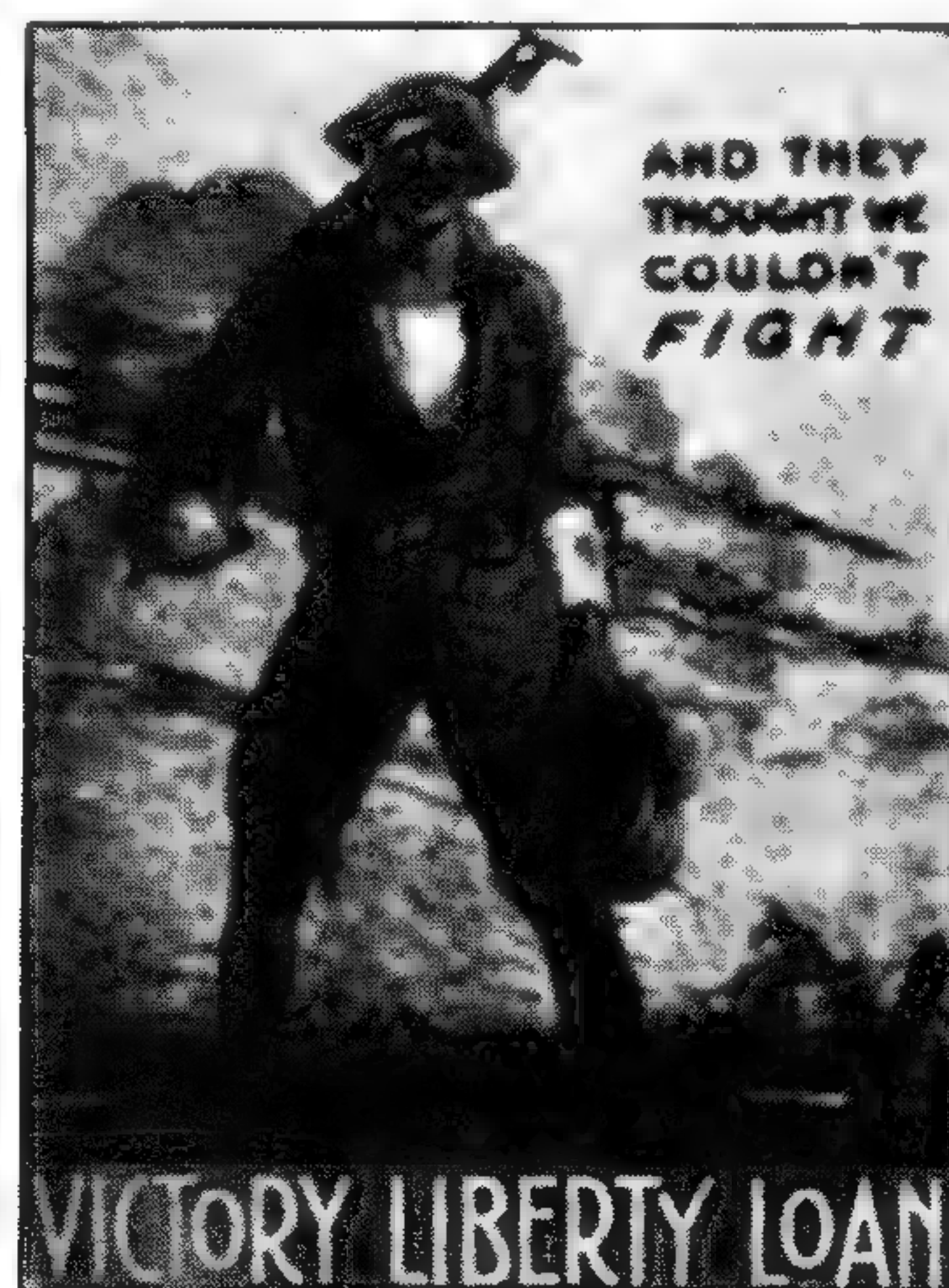
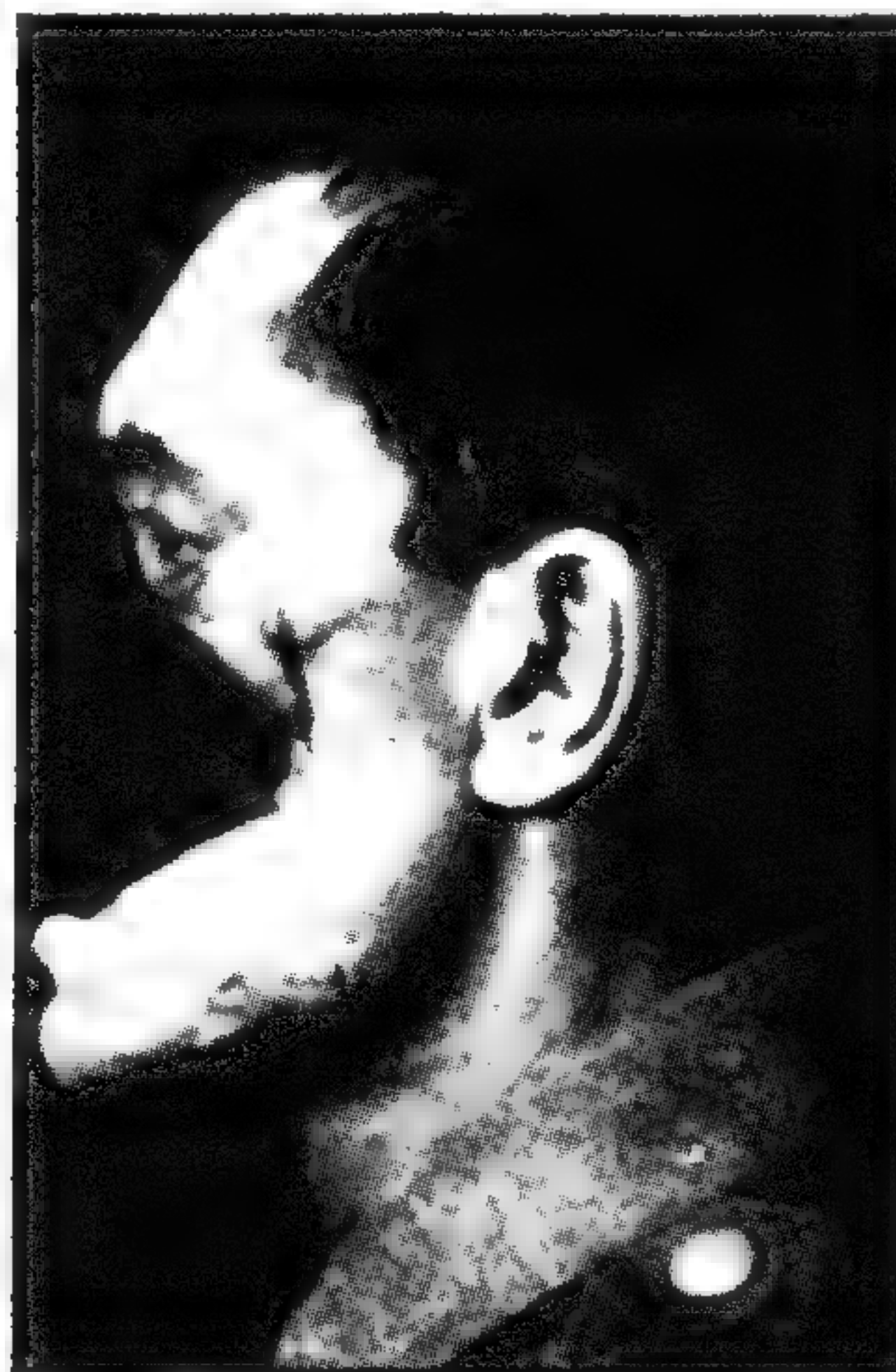
At the beginning of World War I, war newsreels were a box office hit. Audiences demanded news from the front lines though fear of espionage led to a ban on cameras at the front. Movie houses tried to oblige, often with deceptively titled footage of practice maneuvers and shots from earlier wars. A typical one, *The War of Wars*, was peddled as "the Franco-German invasion of 1914—the kickiest two-hour show ever."

The films not only set out to inform or entertain but to persuade. One 1915 film with the delirious oxymoronic title, *The Battle Cry of Peace*, was effectively designed to generate war fever among neutral Americans. It was not a reconstruction of the events in

Europe—but a "preconstruction" of the nightmares that might await a passive America. It depicted a United States occupied by unspecified invaders who, in spite of the fact their helmets were simply derbies with the brims cut off, were clearly identifiable as the dreaded Huns. Theodore Roosevelt, acting as unofficial casting assistant, donated 2500 marines to the production free of charge.

Many of the period's films imaginatively pictured leering Huns beating women and rounding up civilians for torture and mass murder. These propagandistic excesses, which were seen as such after the war, helped immunize the public against believing the true reports of Nazi atrocities in World War II.

Nevertheless, in 1914 the *American Moving Picture World* could unblinkingly say that only the camera could decisively determine if alleged German atrocities actually took place: "The only incorruptible neutral in the war is not type, but the film...the camera would render a service to humanity by giving a true and honest account of things."



left: WW I casualties, from *War Against War*. Berlin, 1924. upper right: Wounded Ally in Wonderland. poster circa 1917.

III. THE END OF THE WORLD AS A SONG AND DANCE ROUTINE.

Nonfiction. The movies made fiction so convincing that this negative definition of facts as a departure from fiction became necessary. The earliest usage of the word only dates back to 1910. Since then Drama and Documentary have become mere modifiers of each other.

News events must be shaped to fit within our notion of drama. A group of French journalists recently discovered just how culturally determined this notion is when they supplied some Afghan rebels with video cameras and a modicum of training. Since the Soviets prohibited Western professionals from shooting the story of the invasion, and thereby amplifying world attention, the journalists hoped that the Afghans could do the job themselves. The rebels sent back material that included a full sixty-minute cassette of one tank burning and, fascinated by the magnifying power of the camera lens, an endless series of zoom close-ups of feet and rocks. The Afghans had no idea of how to frame their struggle in spectacular terms with an obvious good-guy/bad-guy structure.

The white hats versus the black hats is a tried and tested crowd pleaser, even when the battle being waged is the one against cancer. In 1971, a University of California pathologist, Dr. Russell Sherwin, produced a time-lapse motion picture showing the activities of body cells called lymphocytes defending against invading cancer cells. The film compressed many hours of cellular activity into a few minutes. Moreover, the sequences possessed important scientific value. They revealed the action of a scavenger cell, called a histiocyte, that attacked healthy lymphocytes as well as exhausted ones, thus lowering the body's resistance to the disease. After an enormous struggle a lymphocyte managed to escape the clutches of its biological foe. The roomful of medical professionals watching the film responded with a terrific cheer.

Perhaps it was the lack of any clearly identifiable Good Guys that got Peter Watkins in trouble with his 1968 preconstruction, *The War Game*. This simulated *cinema-verité* style television film about the results of a nuclear attack on Britain was financed by the BBC. Though described by Kenneth Tynan in the *National Observer* as "what may be the most important film ever made," it was deemed by the BBC as "too horrifying," and the Director General of the BBC concluded that its verisimilitude posed a menace to public safety. It was felt that people watching the food riots and radiation victims on their small screens might assume that the atomic



British Docu-comic: *Hitler, Dark Victory*. ©1977 Mercocomics. left: At the end of the war Hitler arranges his escape while right: the Nazi elite prepare for *Götterdämmerung*.



holocaust was at hand. To avoid a replay of the panic following the Welles broadcast, they forbade its appearance on television; a ban which is enforced to this day.

Watkins film, using hand-held cameras and non-professional actors could have used the comforting presence of a Walter Cronkite to make it palatable. When the Bomb *does* drop, let us hope that *YOU ARE THERE* with Cronkite, as you were in that popular 1950's TV series of reconstructions in which Walter anchored hot on-the-spot reports from the Salem witch trials or the Hindenberg disaster.

The walls separating Fact and Fiction have crumbled; television has transported us into a Phantom Zone of myth. Even the moon landing was seen by many, like Bill Kaysing, author of *We Never Went to the Moon*, as a film studio hoax. (This was the premise of the 1978 movie, *Capricorn One*.) At the conclusion of any of the Abscam tapes, would anyone be surprised if Allen Funt appeared and asked the Senators to "Smile?"

While the news is an extension of the drama, the Docudrama has made the

converse equally true. Though historical reconstructions and *biopix* have a long pedigree, the docudrama—yesterday's news semi-digested in ever more heightened form—has become a TV staple. After Entebbe, every network rushed its own version into production. Even before the Jonestown bodies were cold, it was easy to imagine the television prop men mixing their own batches of Kool-Aid for the reconstruction.

JFK's assassination, one of TV's most dramatic stories, was originally announced as a special bulletin interrupting *As The World Turns*. Since then it has itself been turned into one more episode of *ATWT* in such telefilms as *Ruby and Oswald* and *Ten Seconds in Dallas*. It is ironic that the question of who shot JFK in Dallas has never been conclusively answered, but the public has been satisfied by finding out who shot J.R. in *Dallas*.

Even the murder of 6,000,000 Jews has been turned into Soap. NBC's *Holocaust* was so popular that CBS decided to have one too, and aired Vanessa Redgrave in *Playing For Time*, based on the memoirs of a member of the Auschwitz prisoners' orchestra. The actress' "real-life" views about the plight of the Palestinians made her casting a coup that made the news.

Playing For Time tried to give equal time to the anti-Zionists who believed that NBC's mini-series had been too soft on Israel. But the program was lost in the sea of other factitious fictions aired that month, including *Ali, the Fighter* (starring Ali as himself, of course), *Lefty* (a docudrama about a girl gymnast with one arm, presented on *Disney's Wonderful World*) and *Catastrophe: No Safe Place* (Charles Bronson presenting Disasters Greatest Hits).

C.P. Snow once observed that "the most dreadful thing of all is that millions of people in the poor countries are going to starve before our eyes. We shall see them doing so upon our television sets."

A horrifying truth.

Equally astounding is the notion that the survivors will watch a docudrama reenactment shortly thereafter. ■



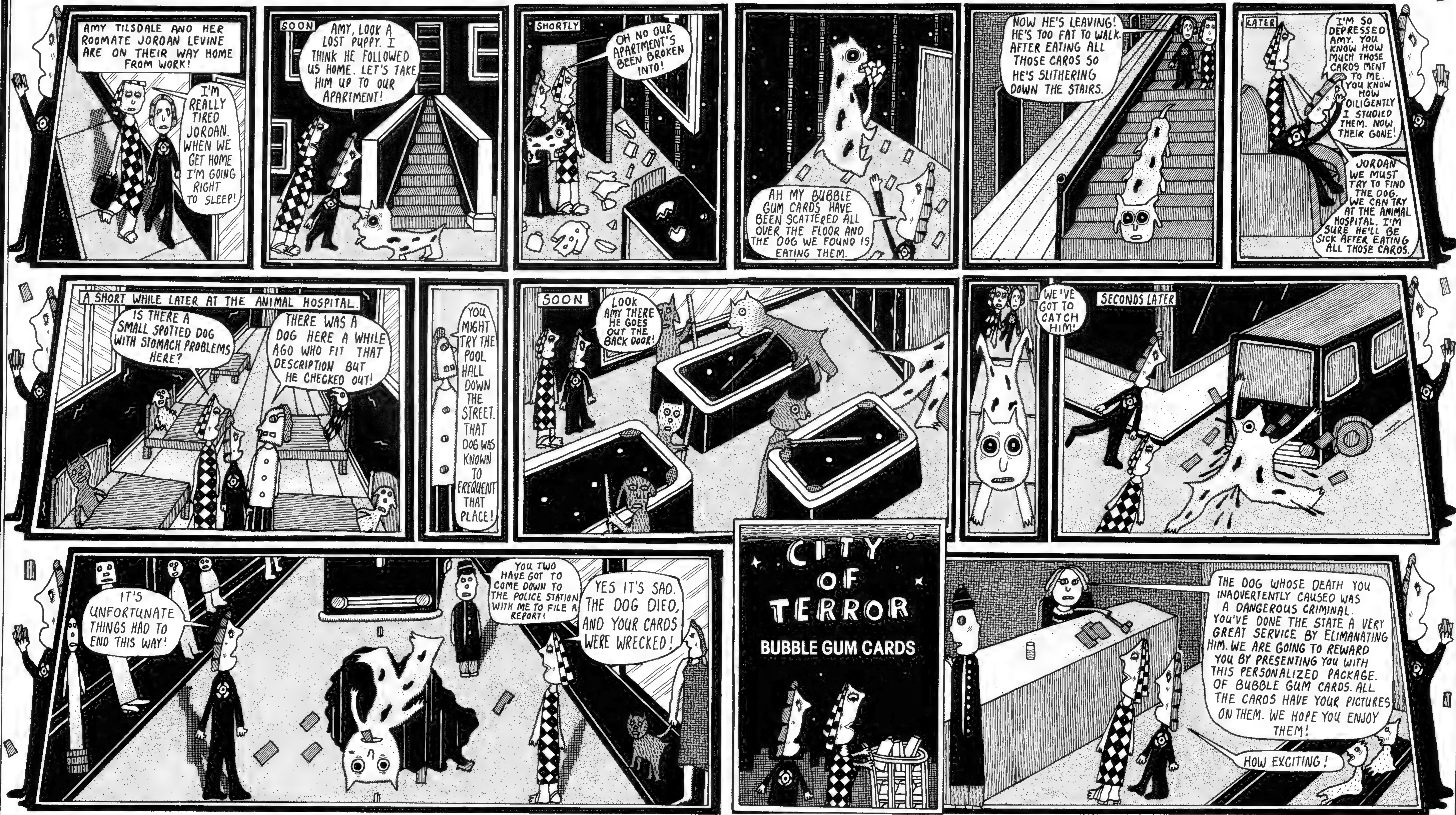
Preconstructions. Right after WW II, in 1948, *Argosy* prepares its readers for WW III. As one caption points out: "Total war in America can be ghastly."

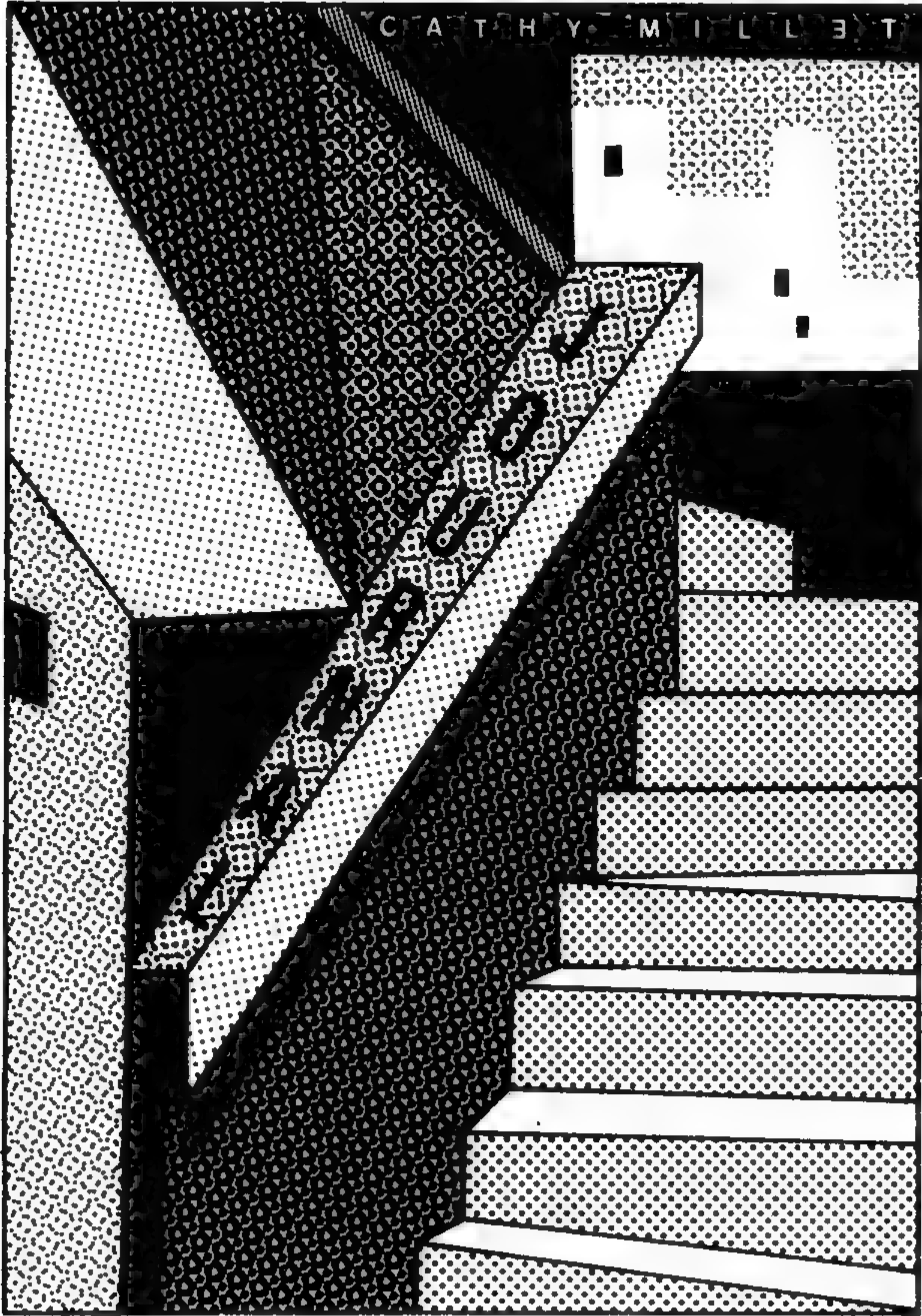


WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

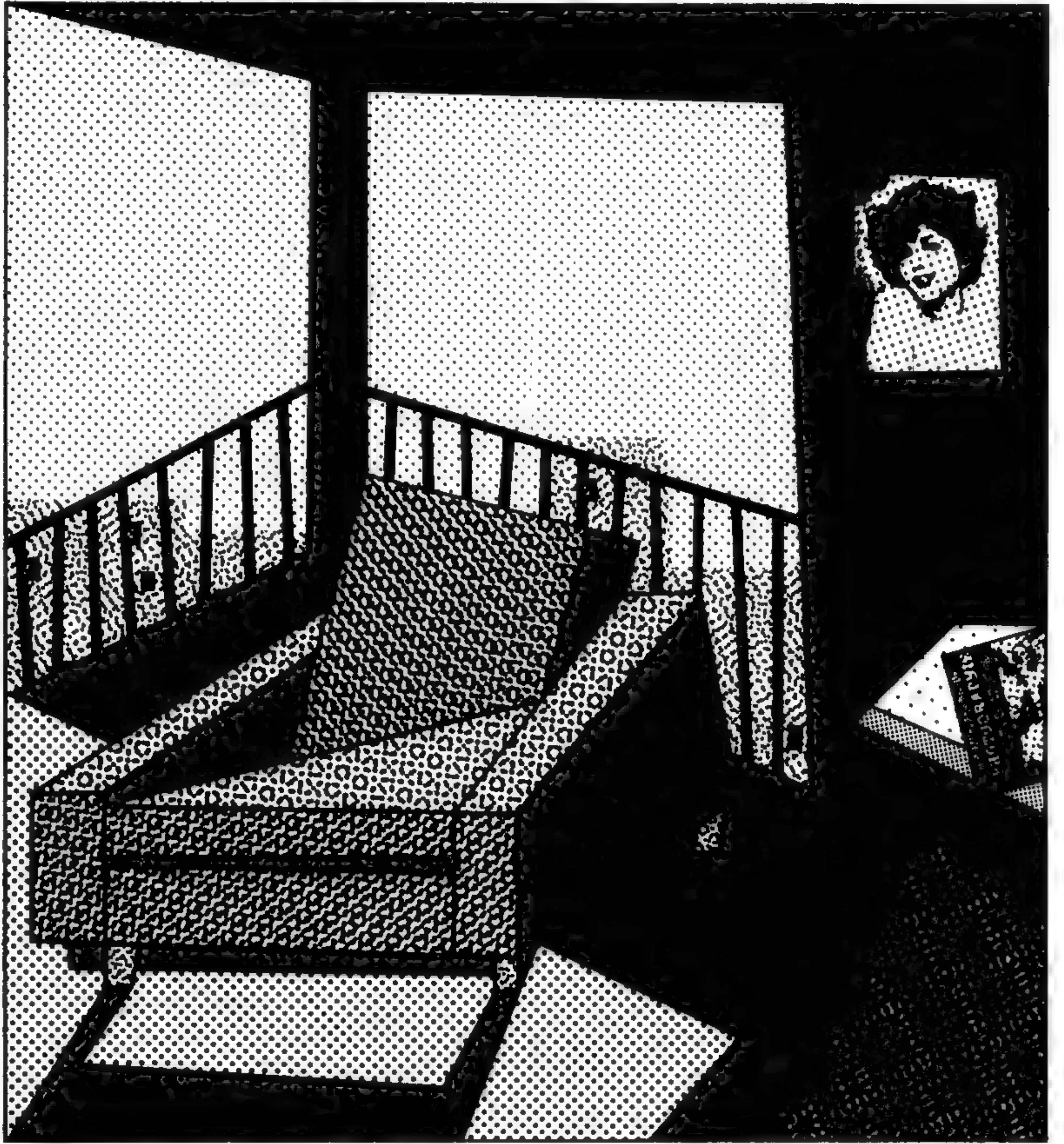


CITY OF TERROR

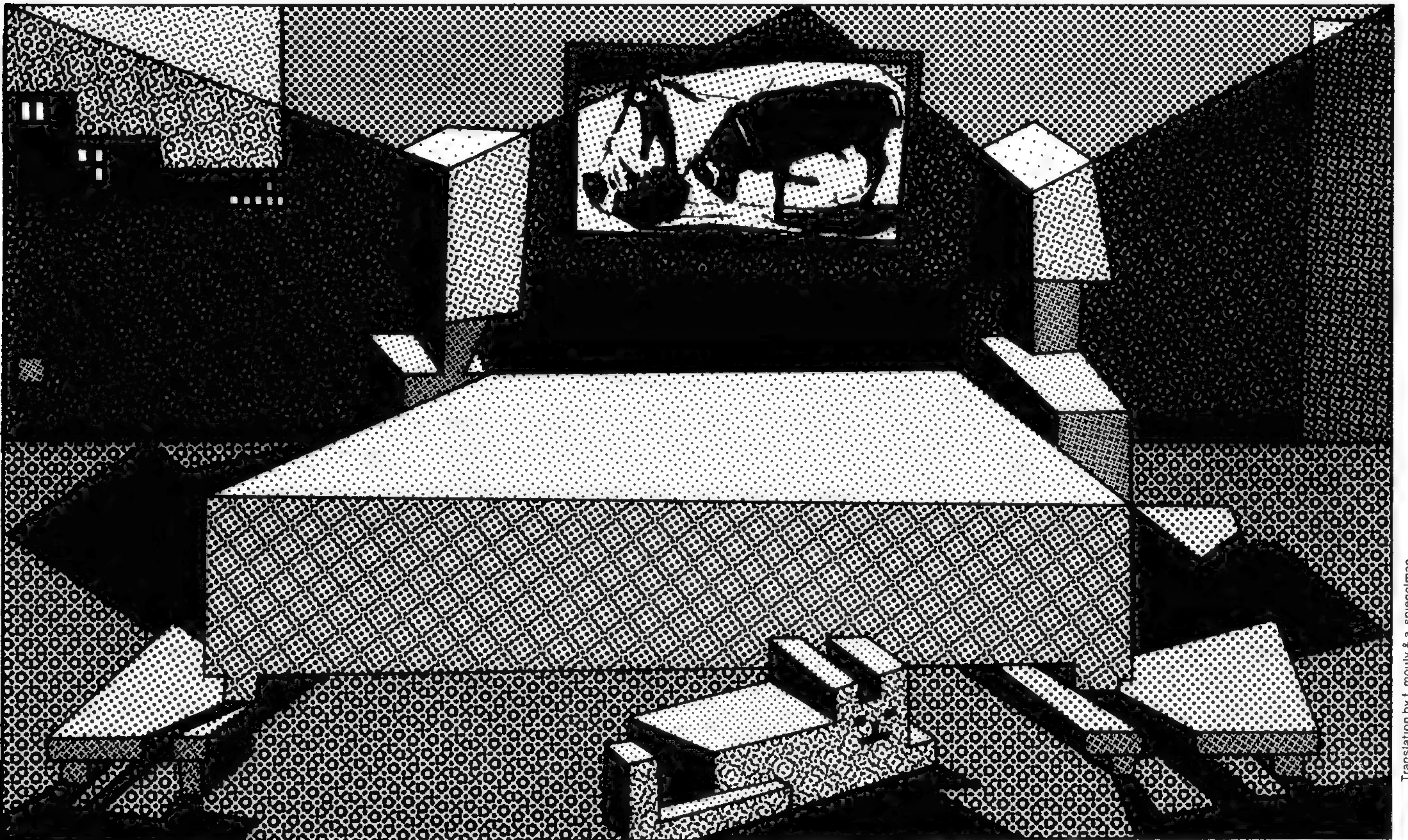




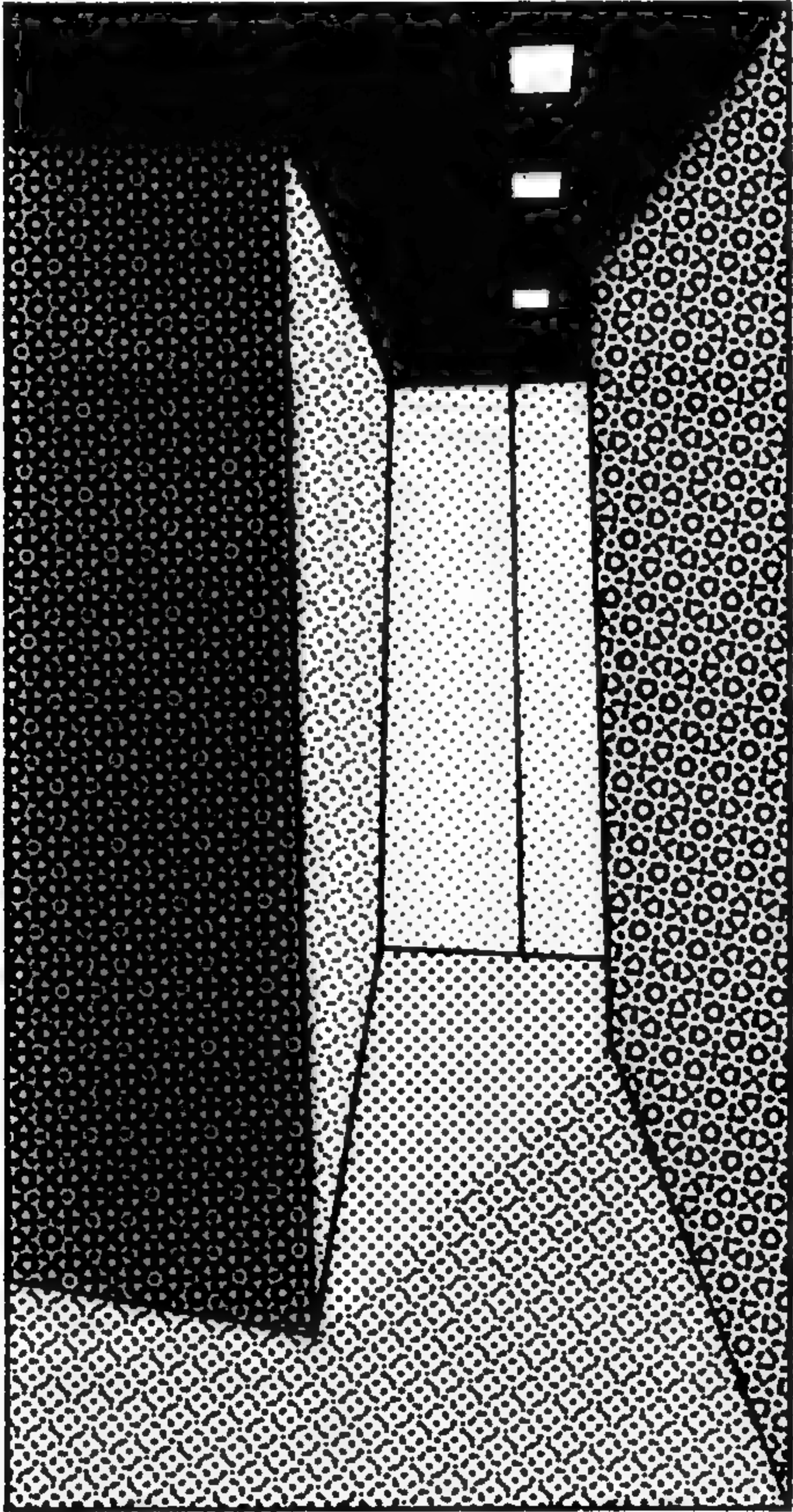
09.26.79. IN THE HALL. IT'S HOT AND I FEEL LIKE A VANTAGE.



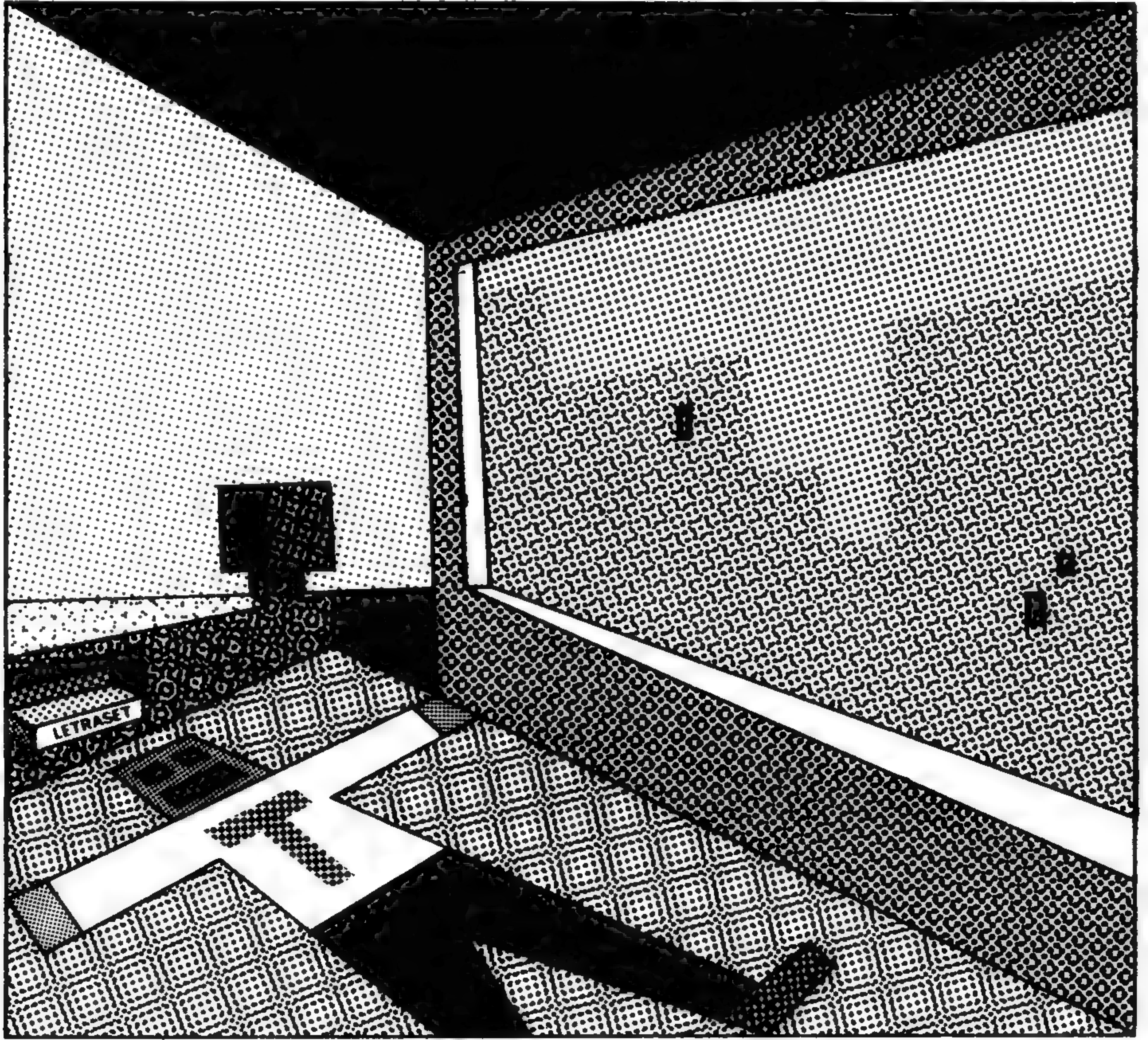
01.07.80. (4 P.M.). I FINALLY GET TO THE LIVING ROOM. NO CIGARETTES. I LEAVE.



04.21.80. NOR ARE THEY IN OUR BEDROOM WHOSE STUCCO CEILING IS PAINTED SALMON. THE BED IS COVERED WITH A WHISKEY-COLORED POLYESTER AND COTTON QUILT. ONLY THE CAT IS THERE.



06.12.80. (9 A.M.). APPROACHING THE KID'S ROOM.



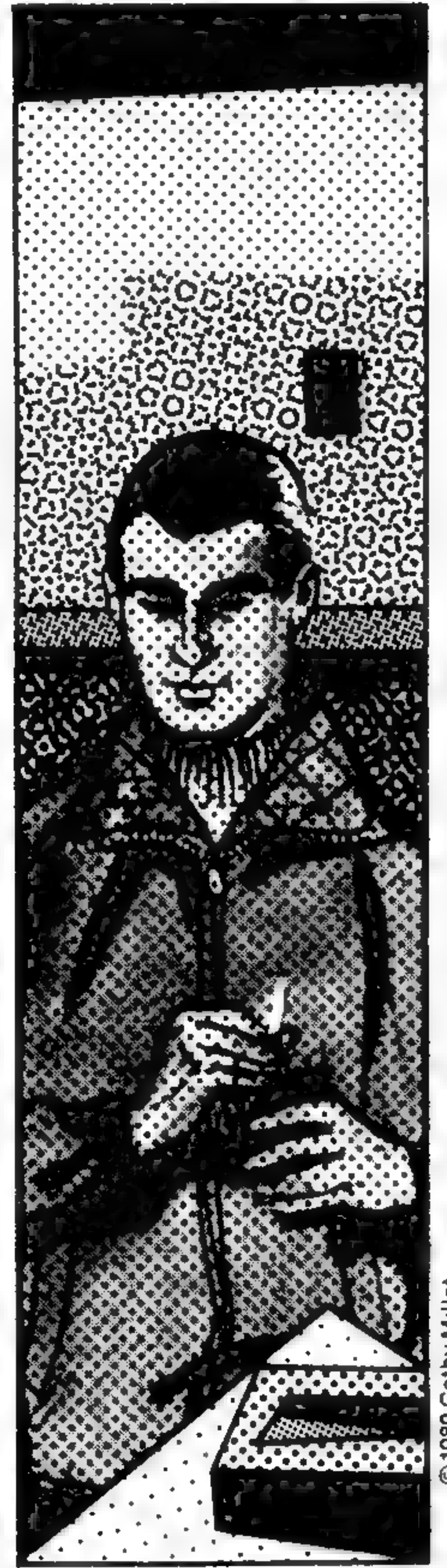
08.09.80. HE IS LYING DOWN IN HIS T-SHIRT. "GO LOOK IN THE KITCHEN, THEY MUST BE THERE!" HE SAYS WHILE LISTENING TO BOB B. SOXX AND THE BLUE JEANS. (SPECTOR)



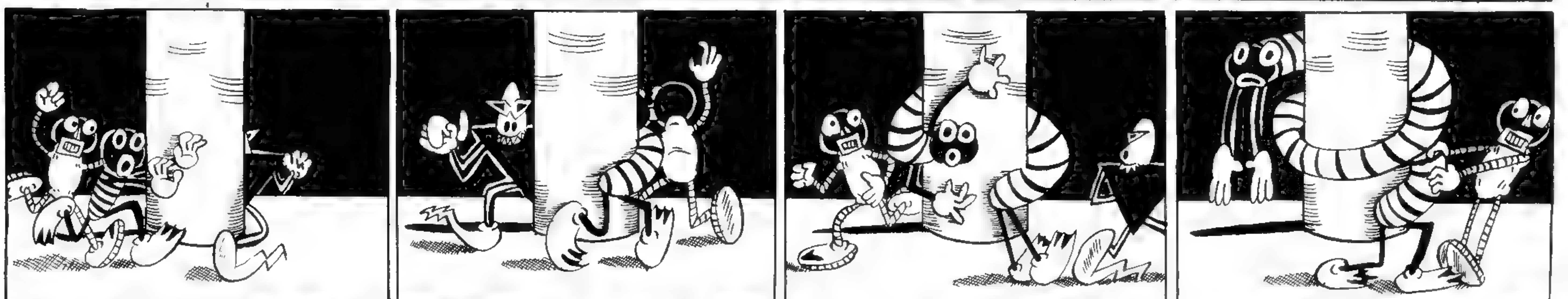
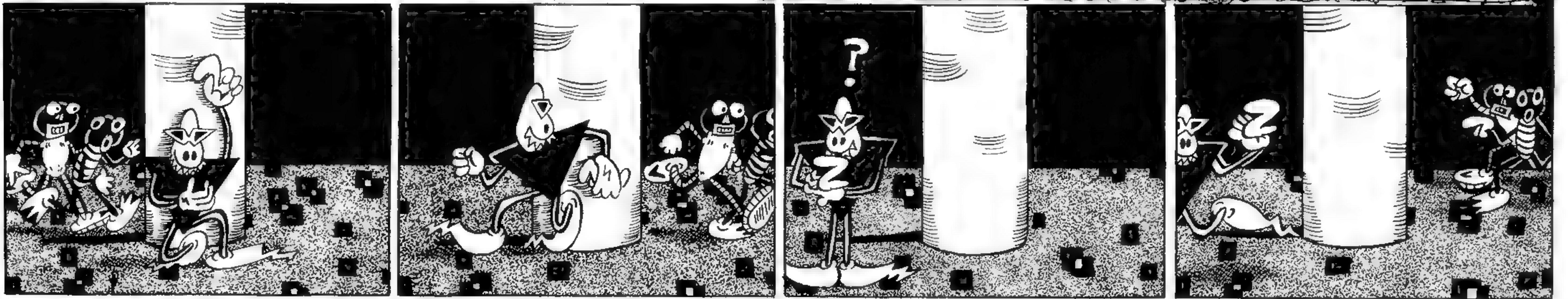
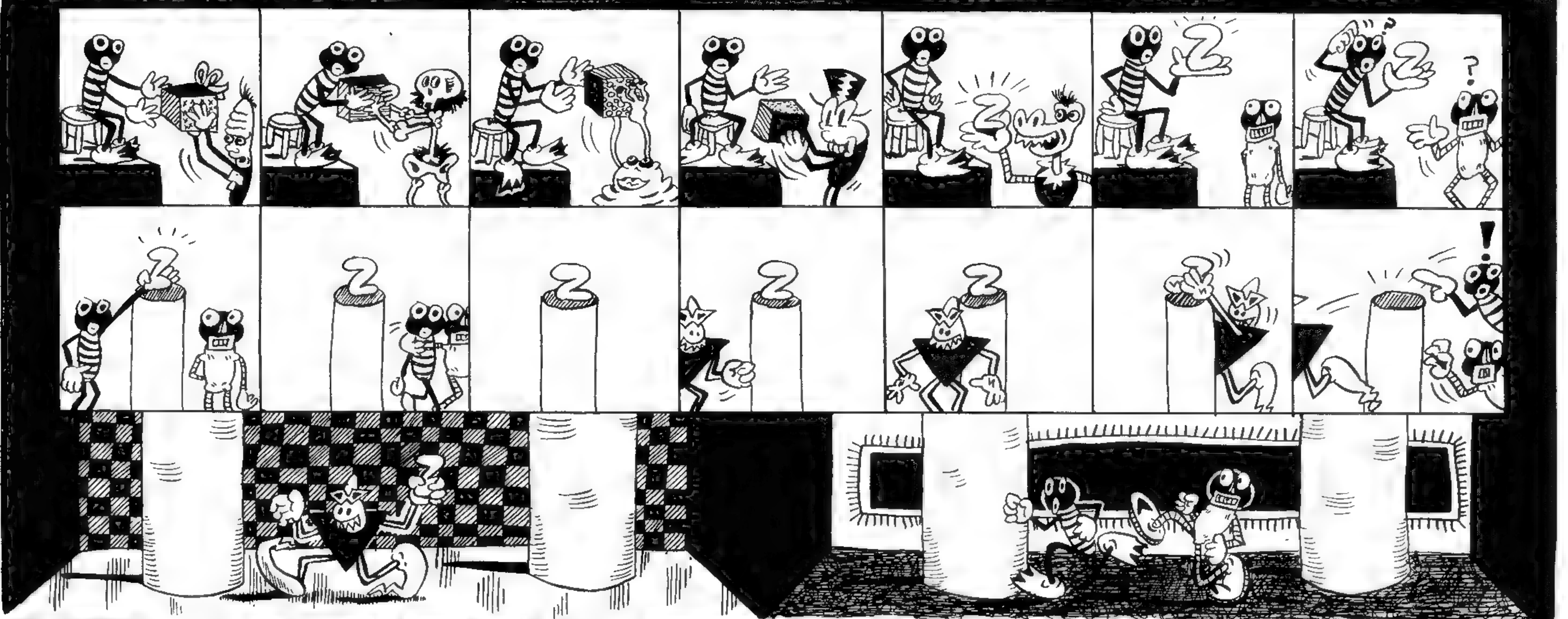
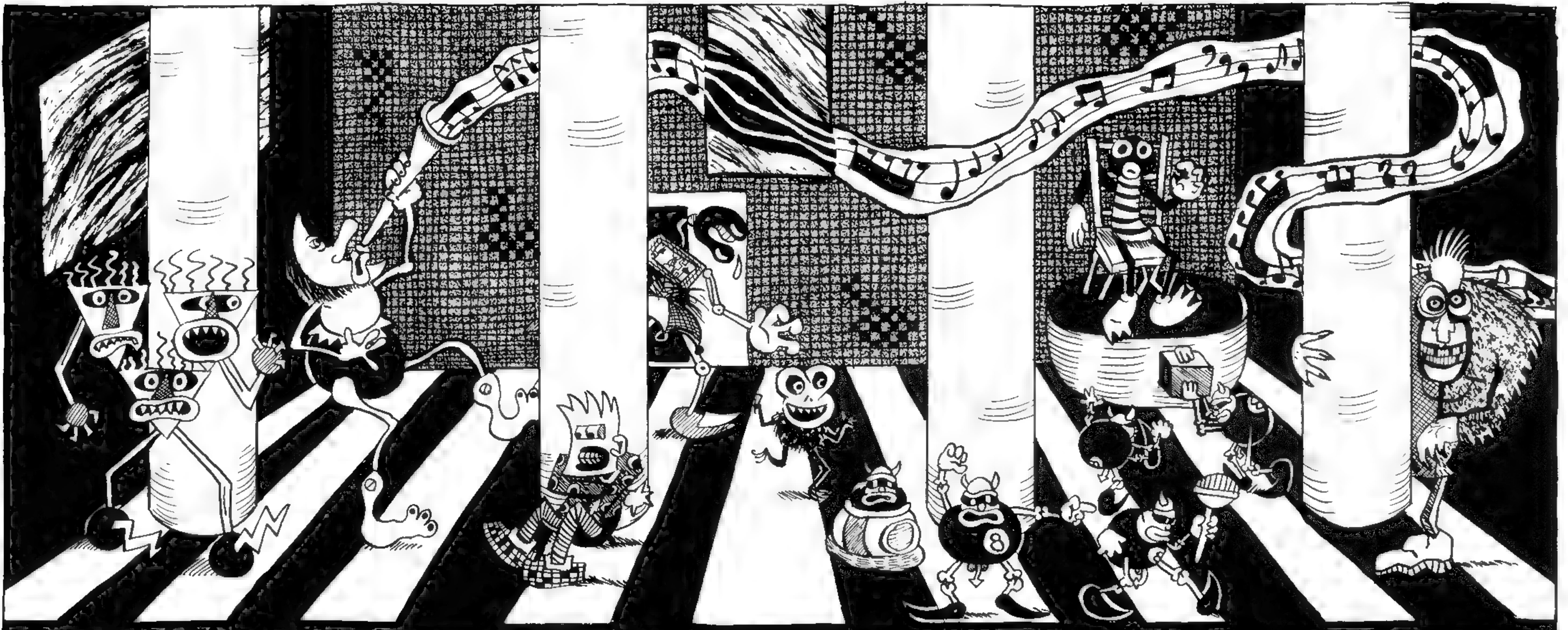
11.02.80. IT'S SNOWING OUTSIDE. I GO THROUGH THE BATHROOM. I AM VERY TIRED.

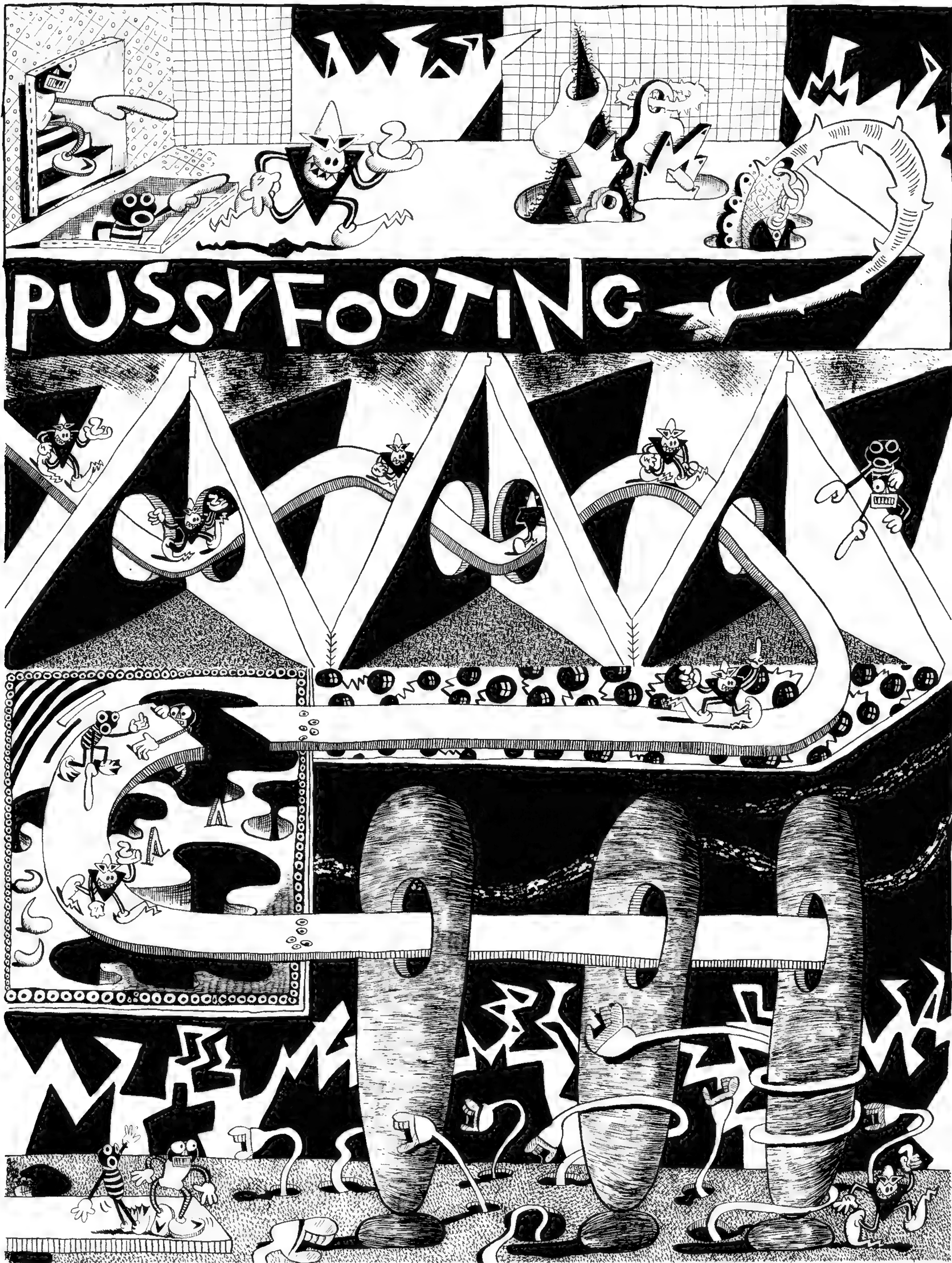


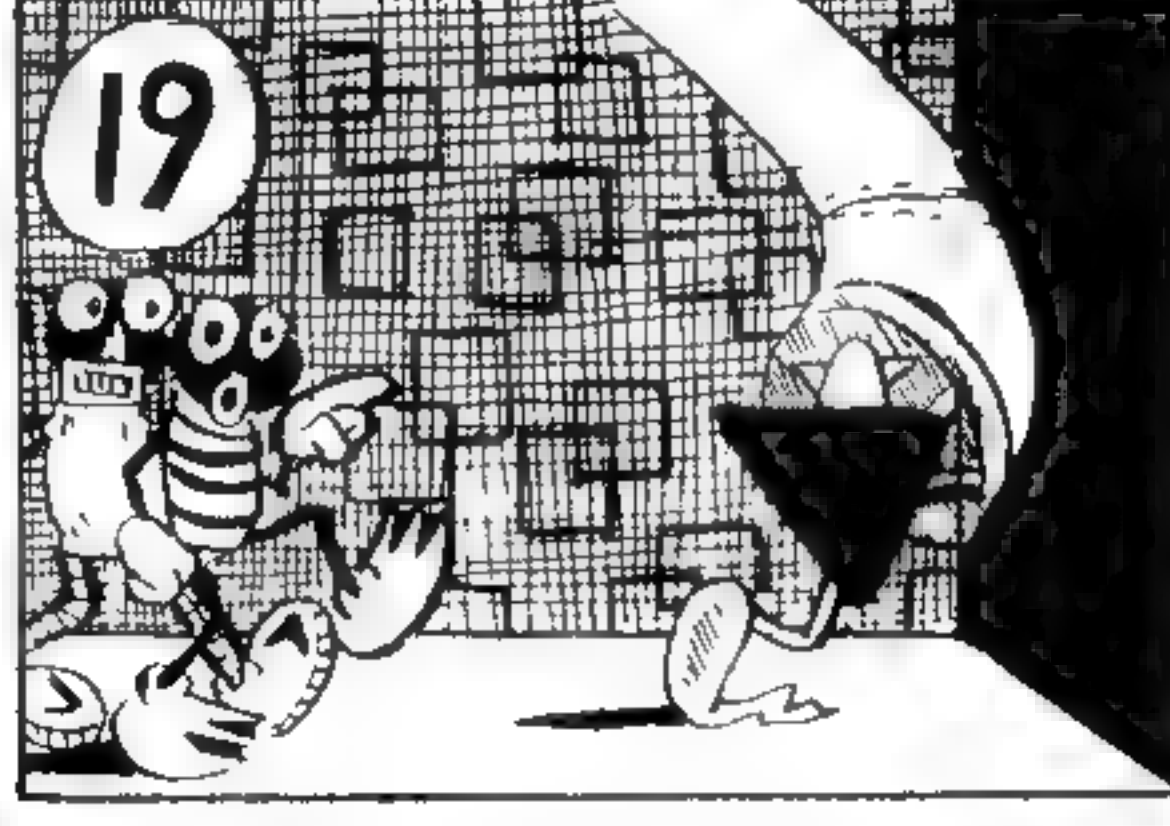
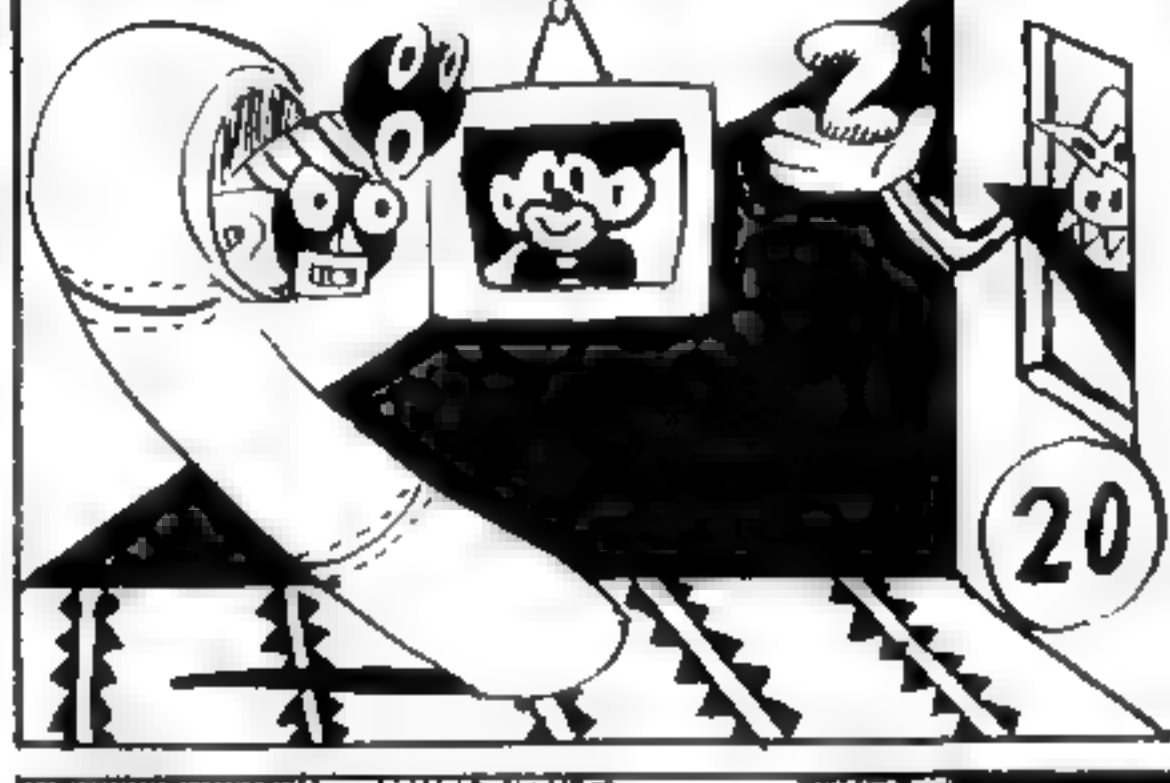
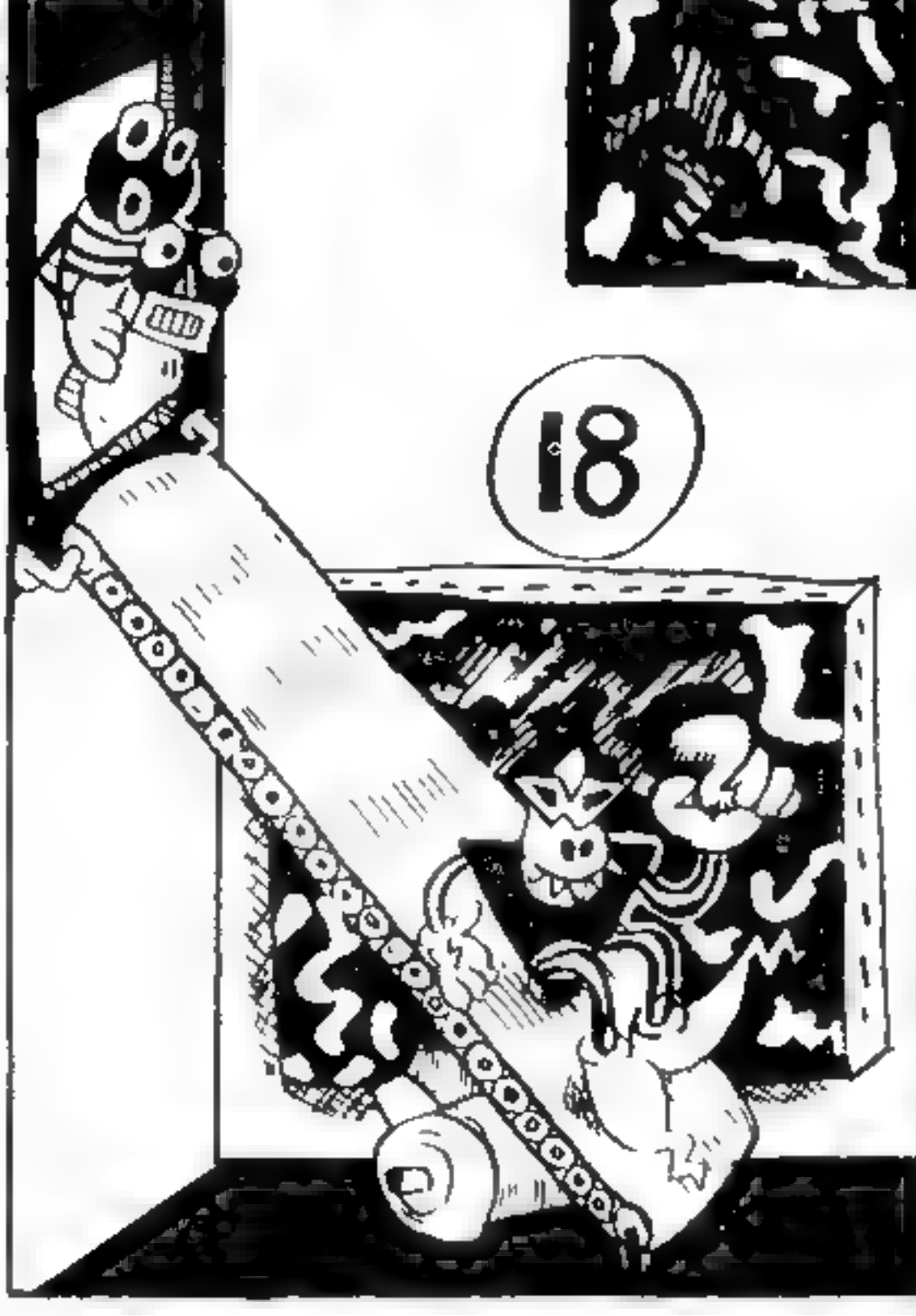
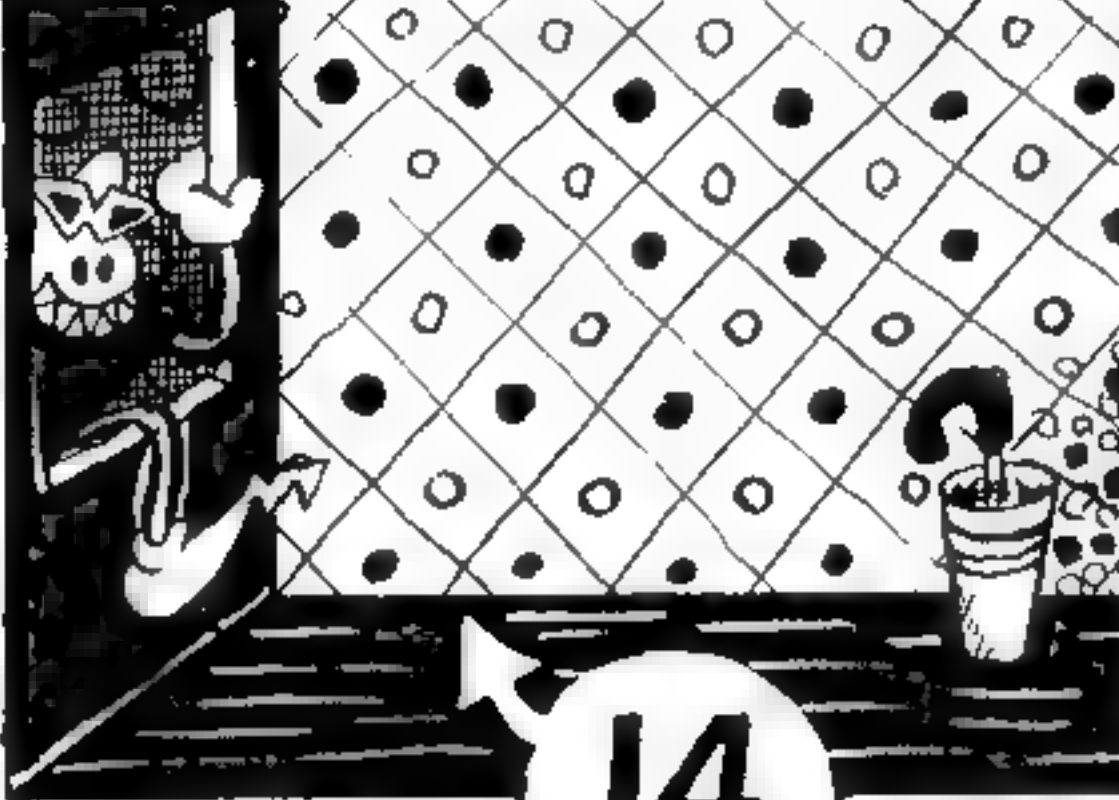
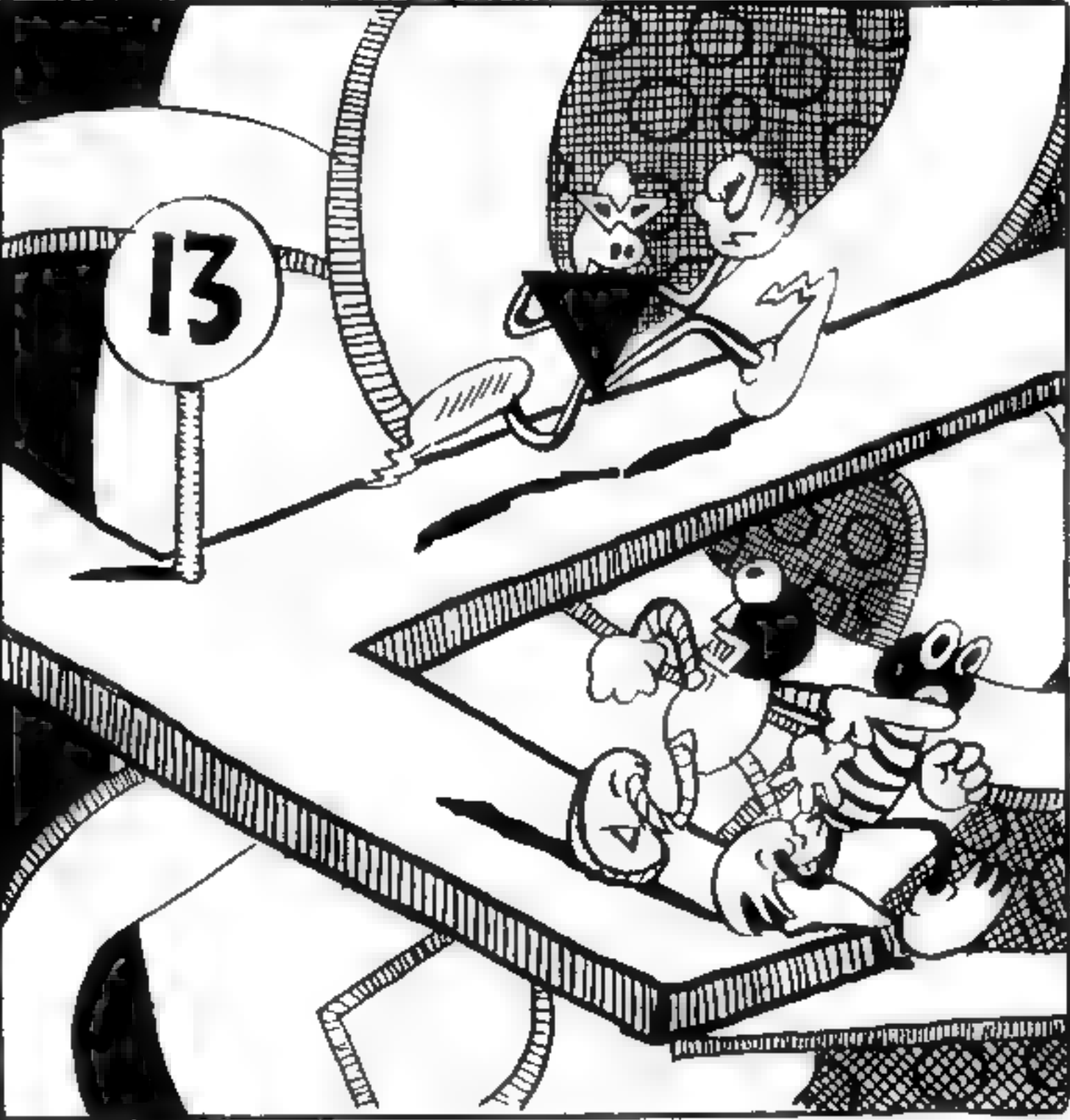
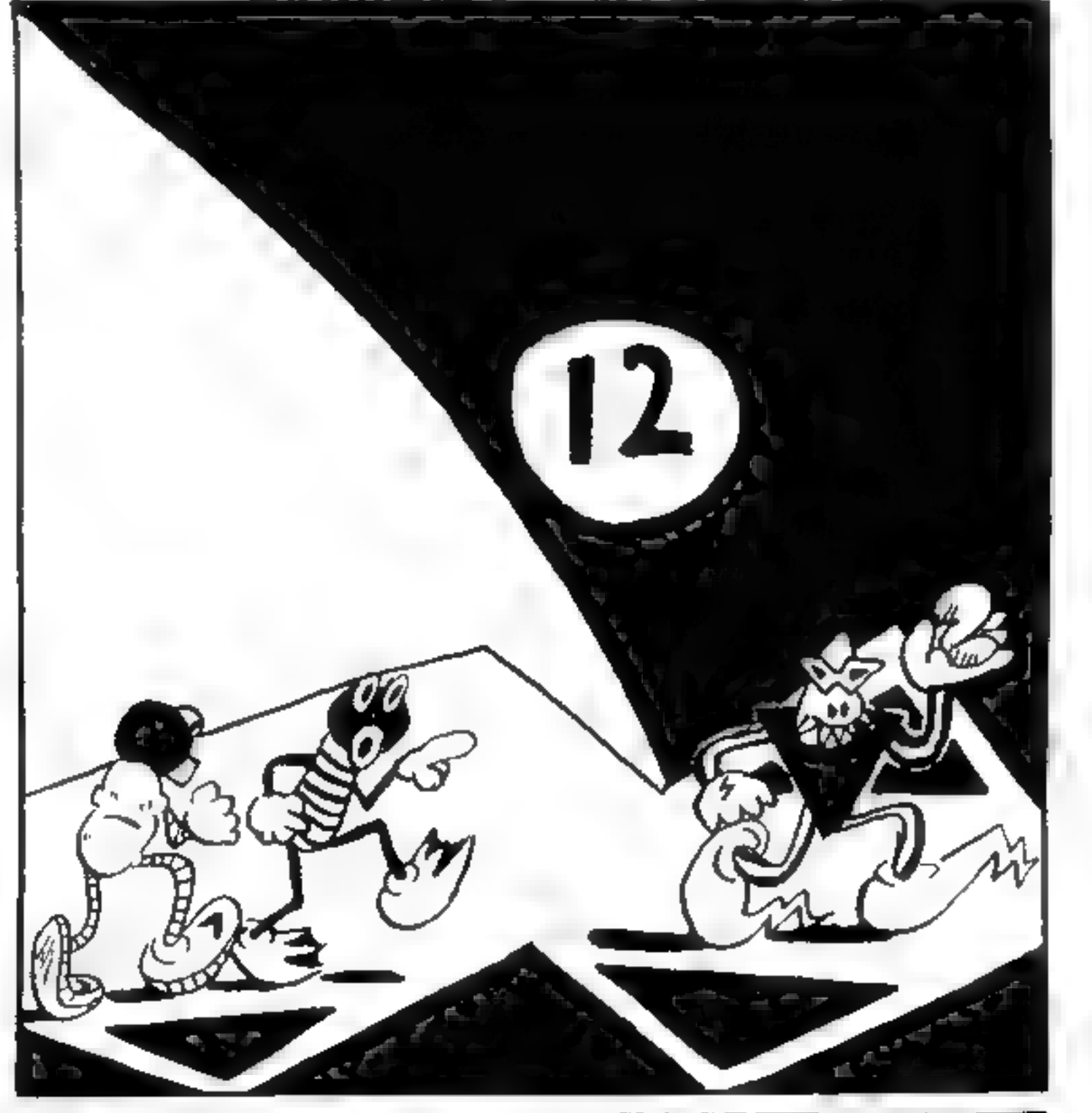
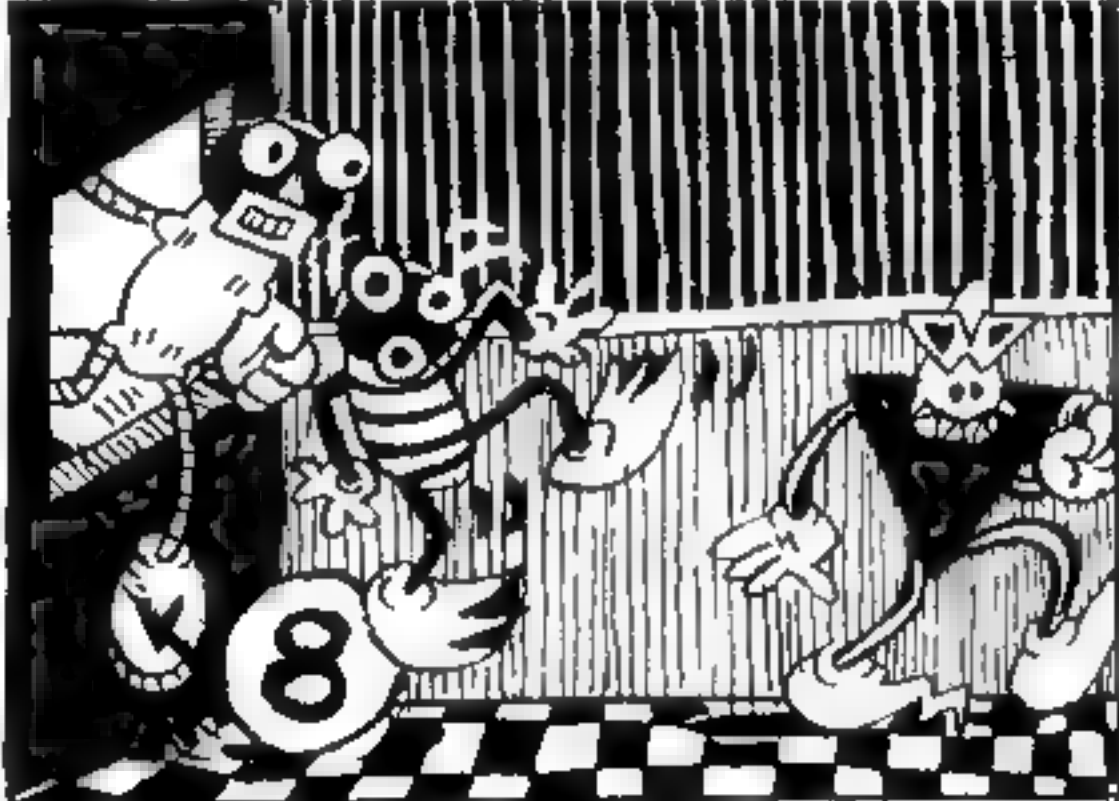
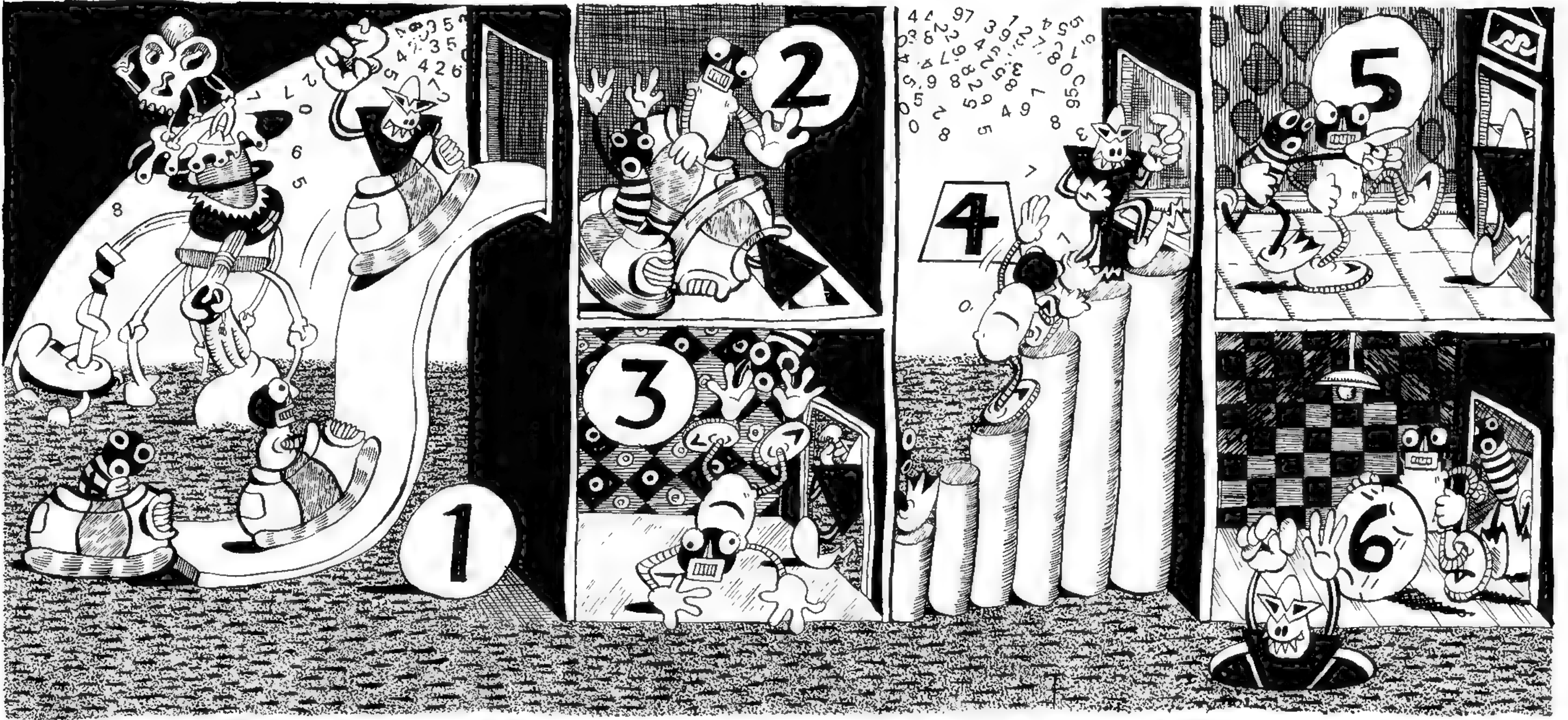
03.17.81. I LOOK IN THE KITCHEN.
03.21.81. THEY ARE ACTUALLY THERE.

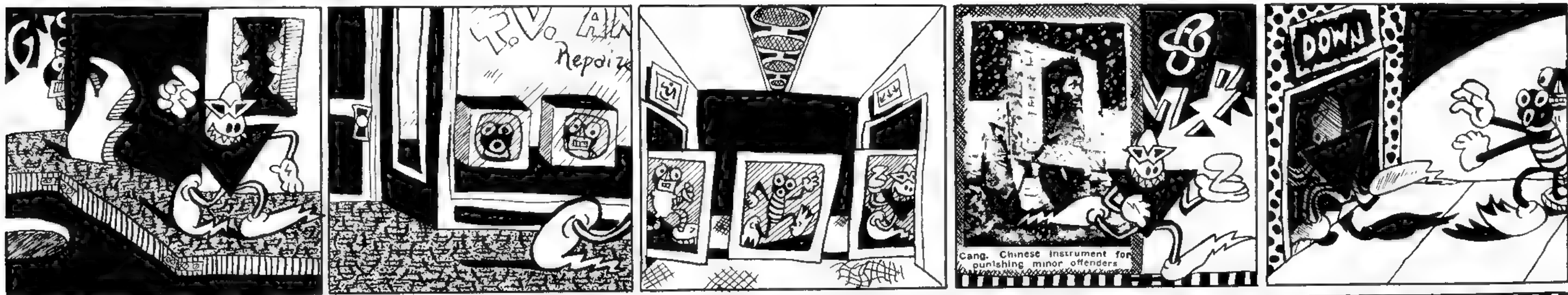


04.11.81. BUT WHERE IS MY LIGHTER?

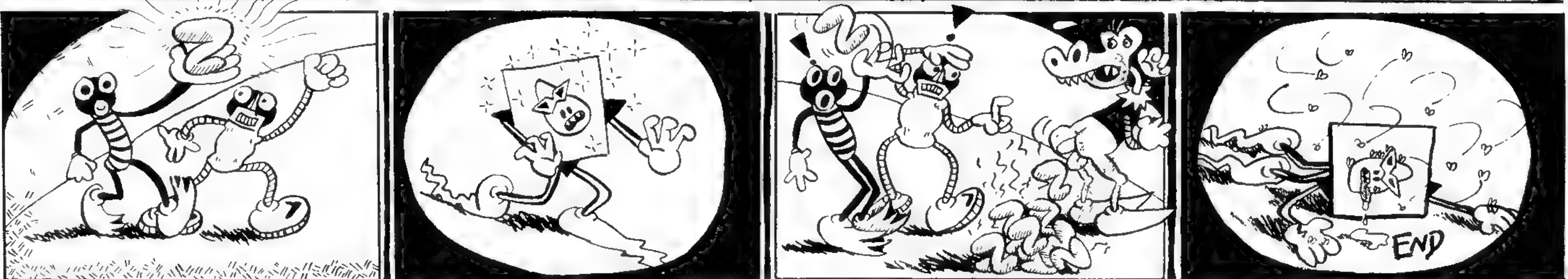
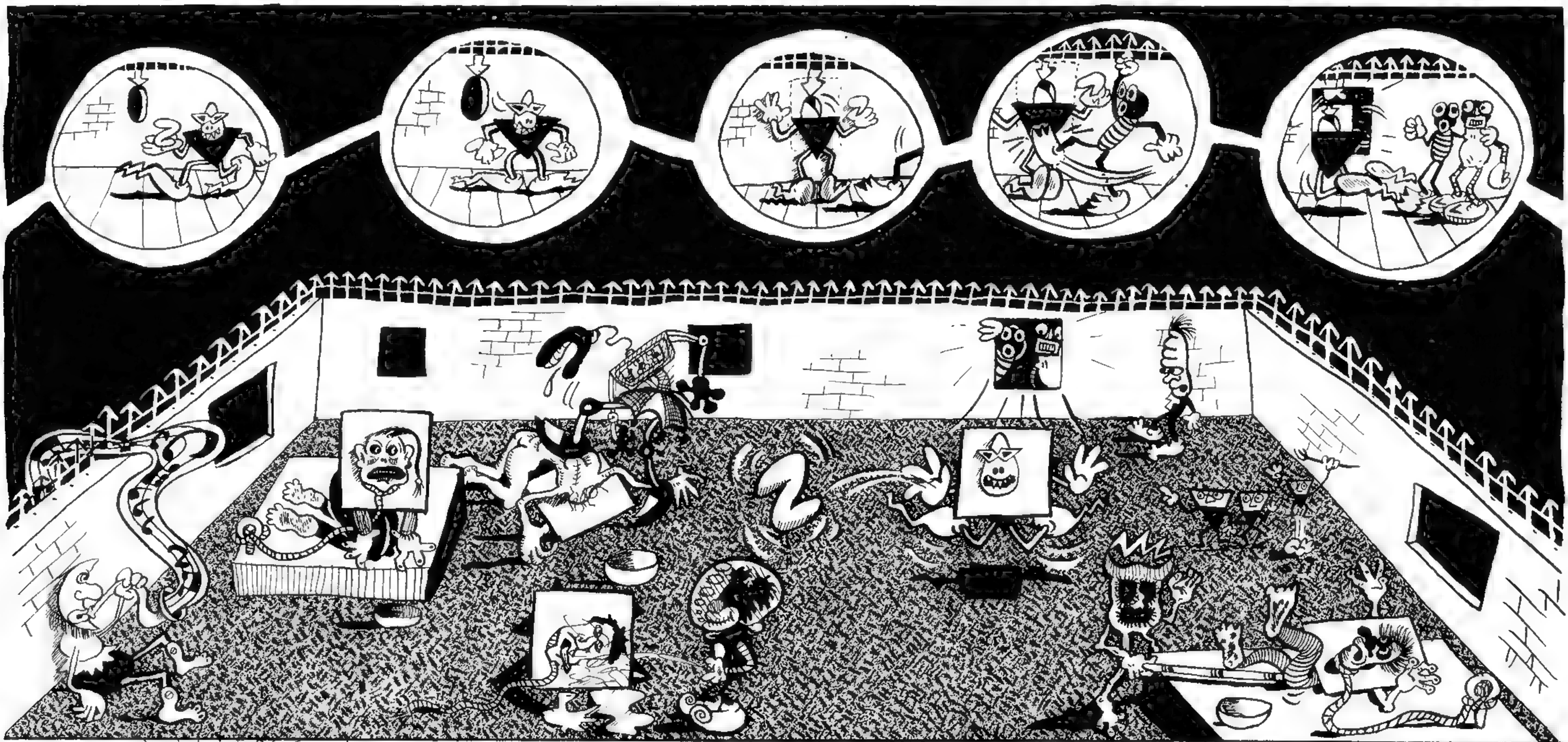








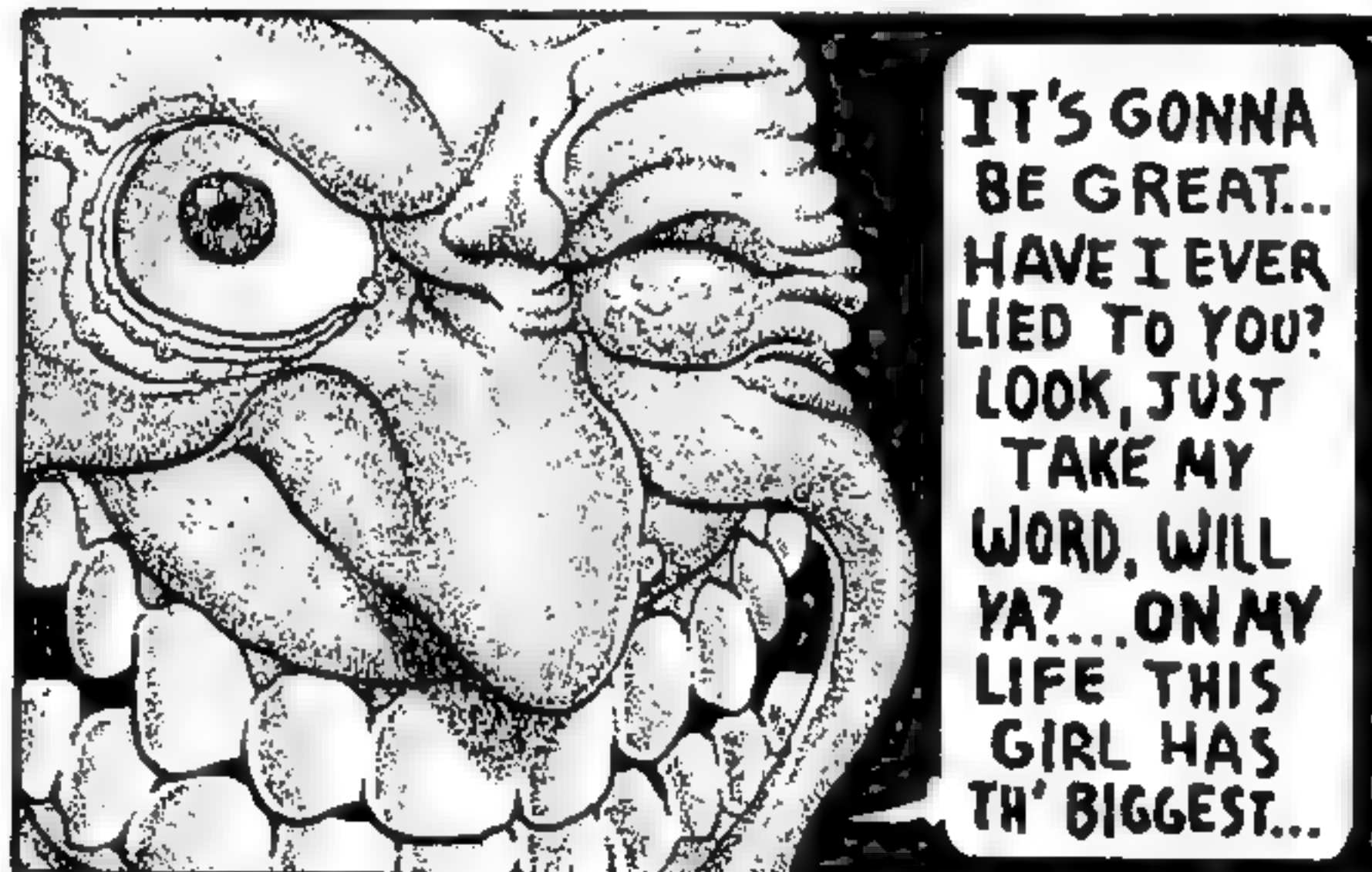
© K&Z 1980



COMIC STRIP

BY DREW FRIEDMAN

©1980



A MILLION POPEYES...



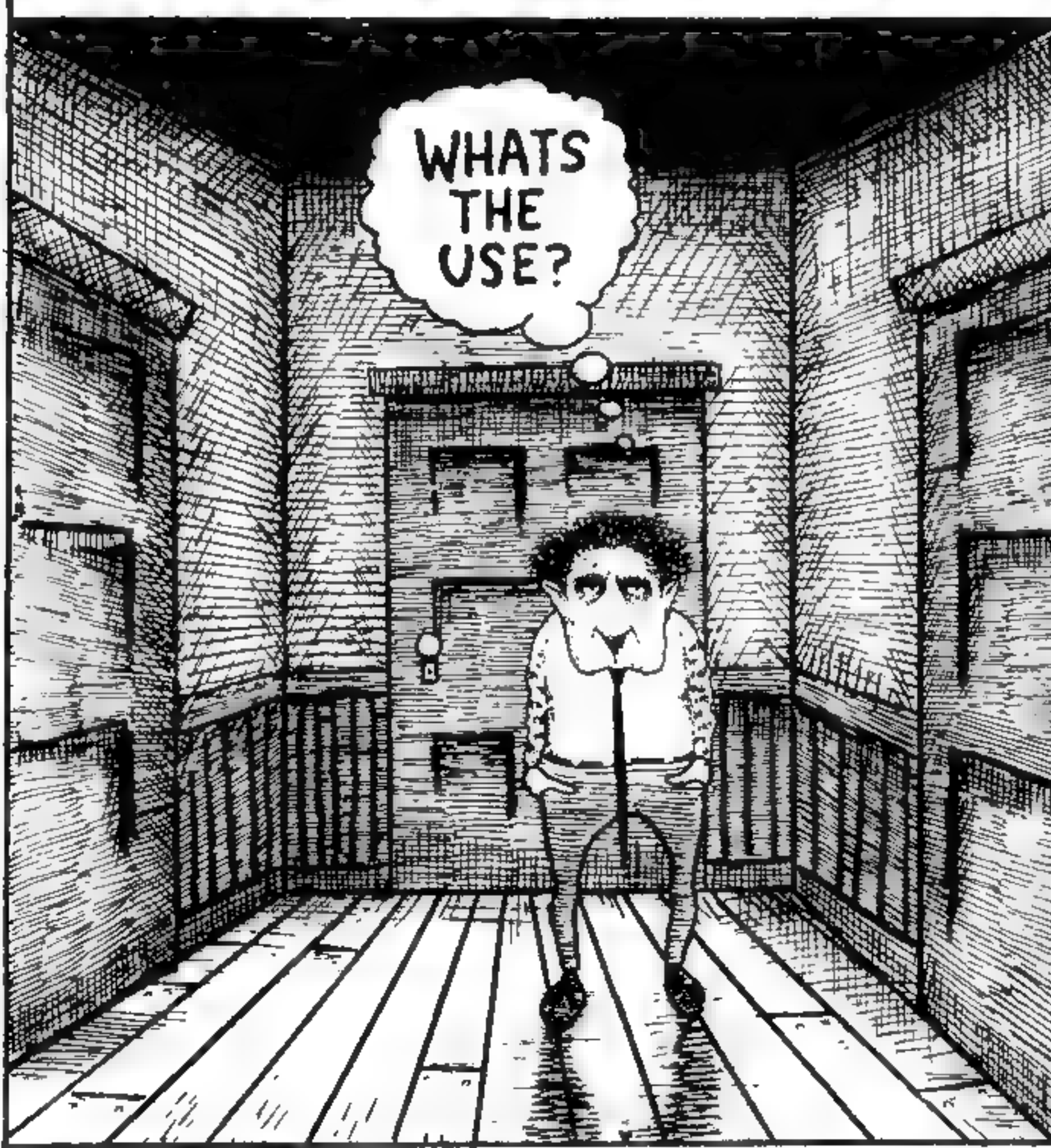
THE CHANTS RING OUT ALL OVER...



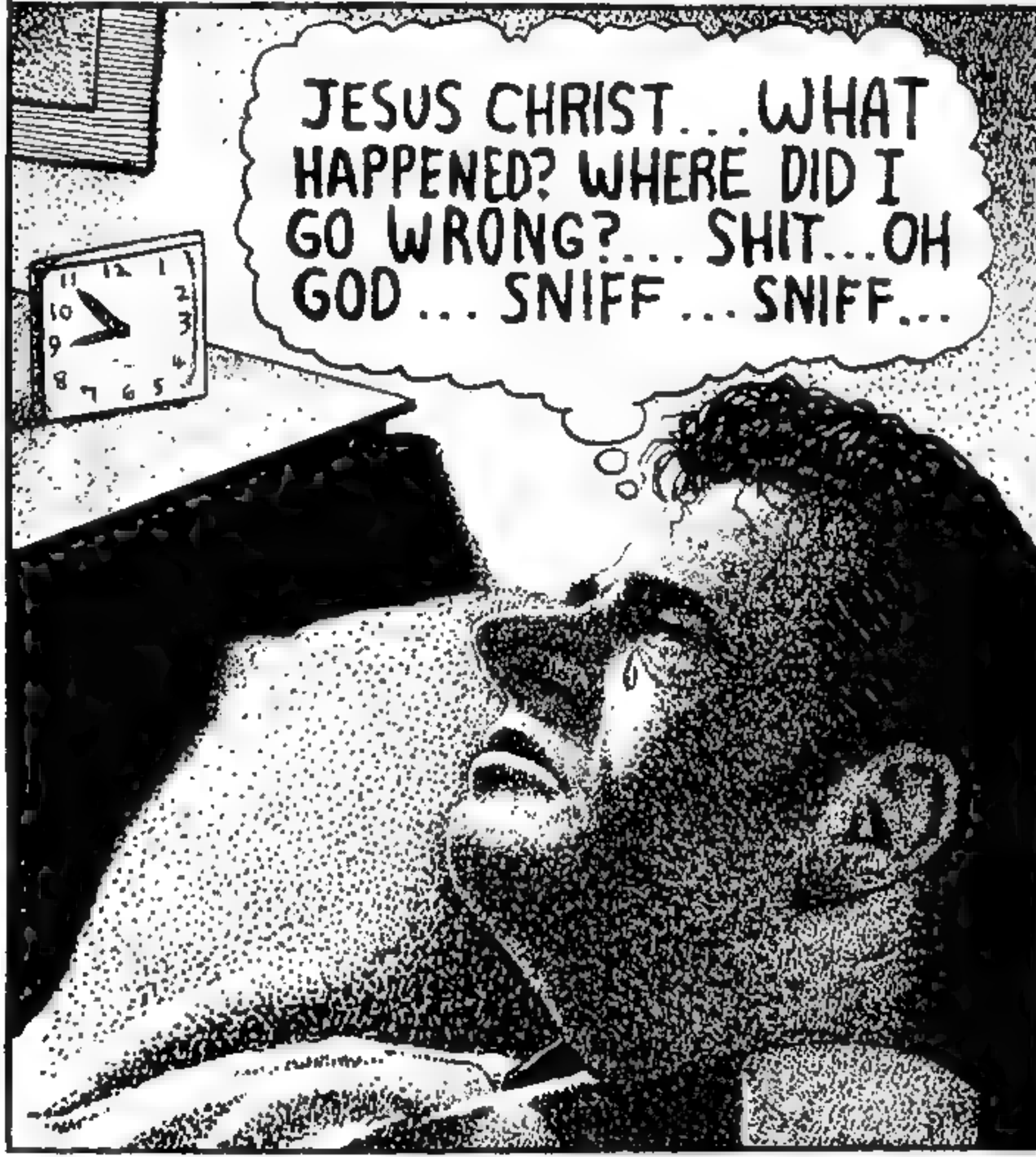
TO CELEBRATE THE NEW YEAR, LOU AND EMILY GO SKINNY DIPPING IN THEIR POND IN GREAT NECK, L.I...



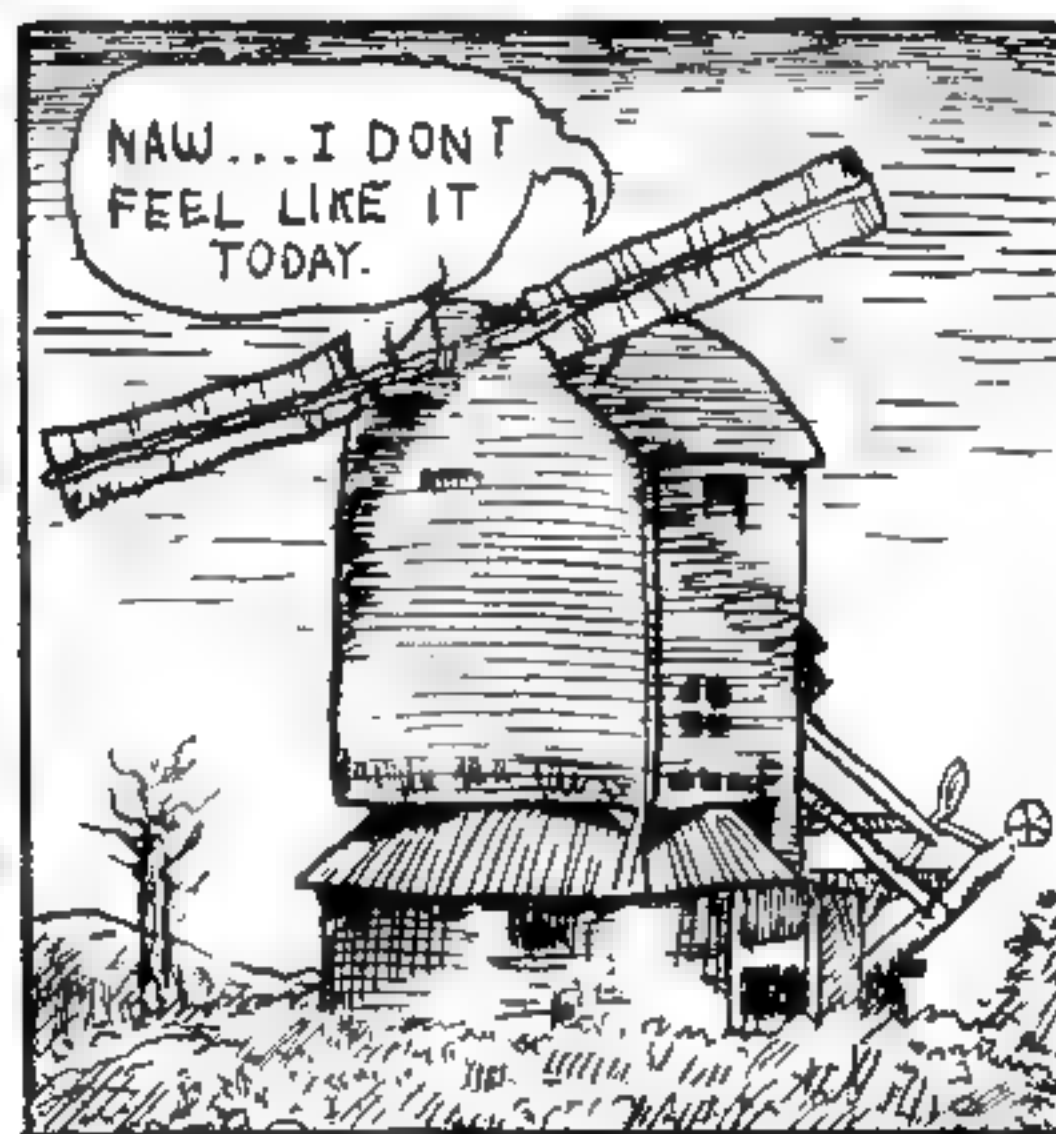
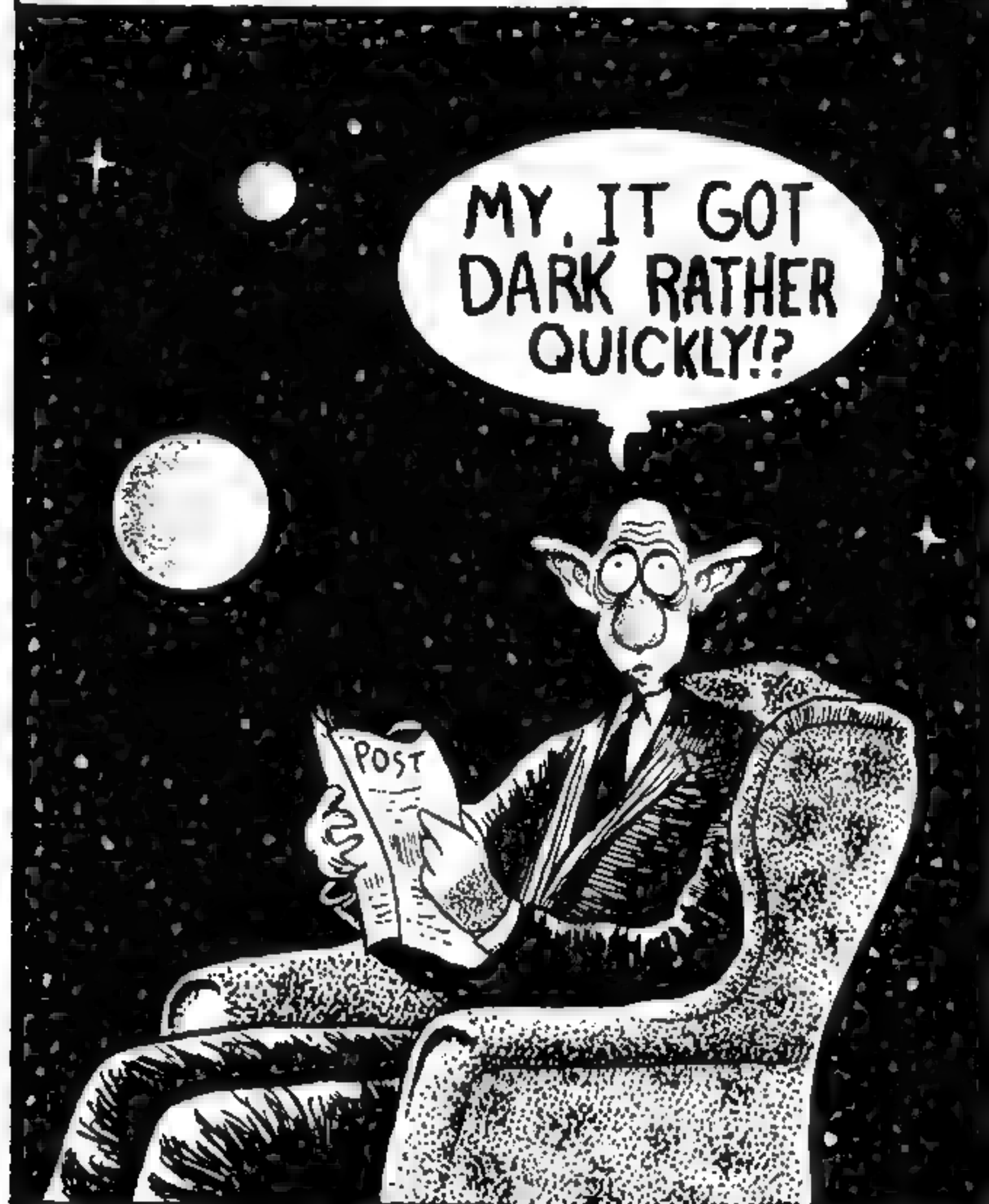
THE FUTURE IS BLEAK... WHY IN THE WORLD SHOULD NORMAN GO ON? WHAT DOES HE OFFER?...



TIME IS RUNNING OUT... GET OUT AND LIVE... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...



FORGET IT... IT'S TOO LATE...



DON'T FORGET

GIVE TO THE UNITED NEGRO COLLEGE FUND...

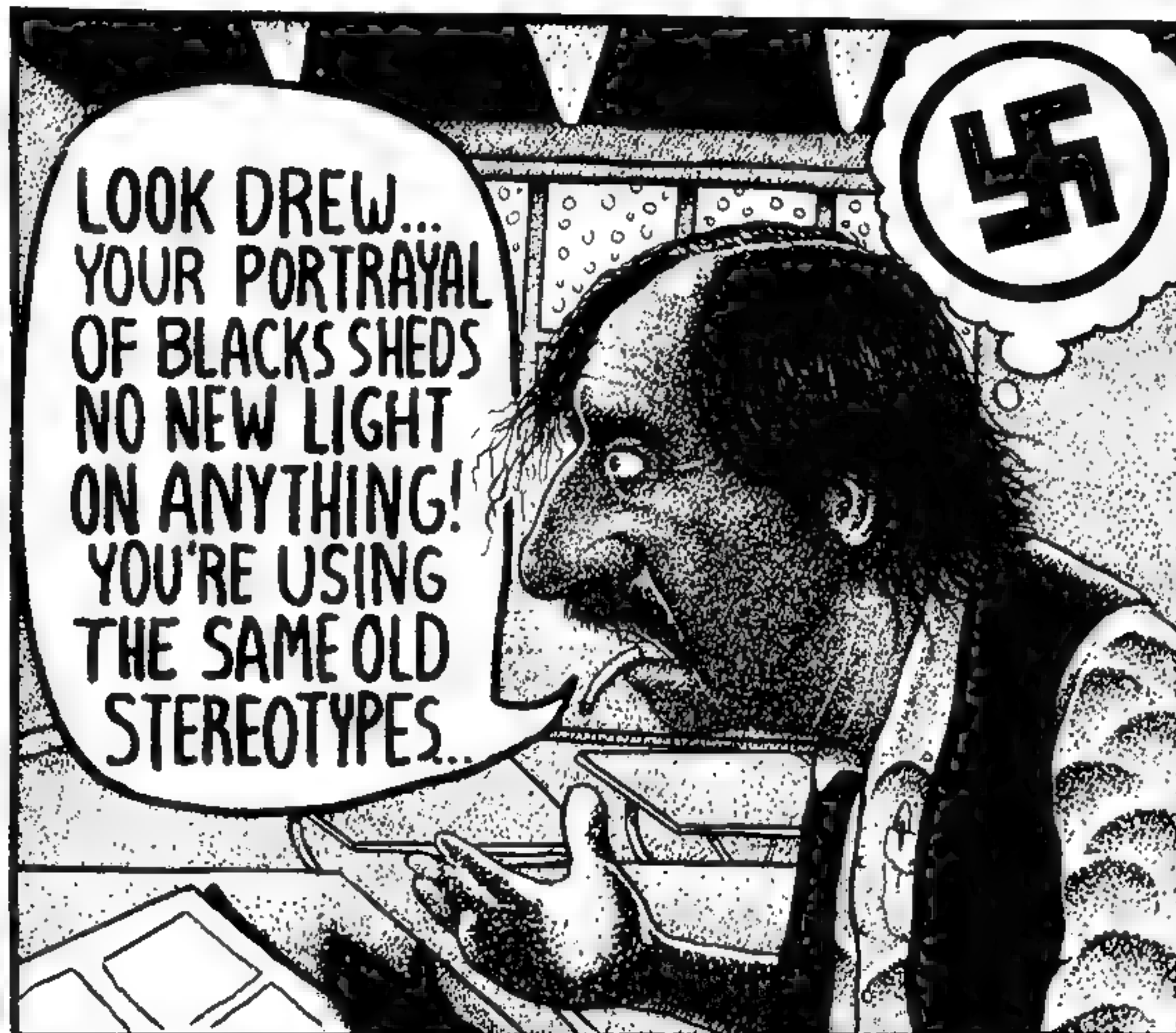
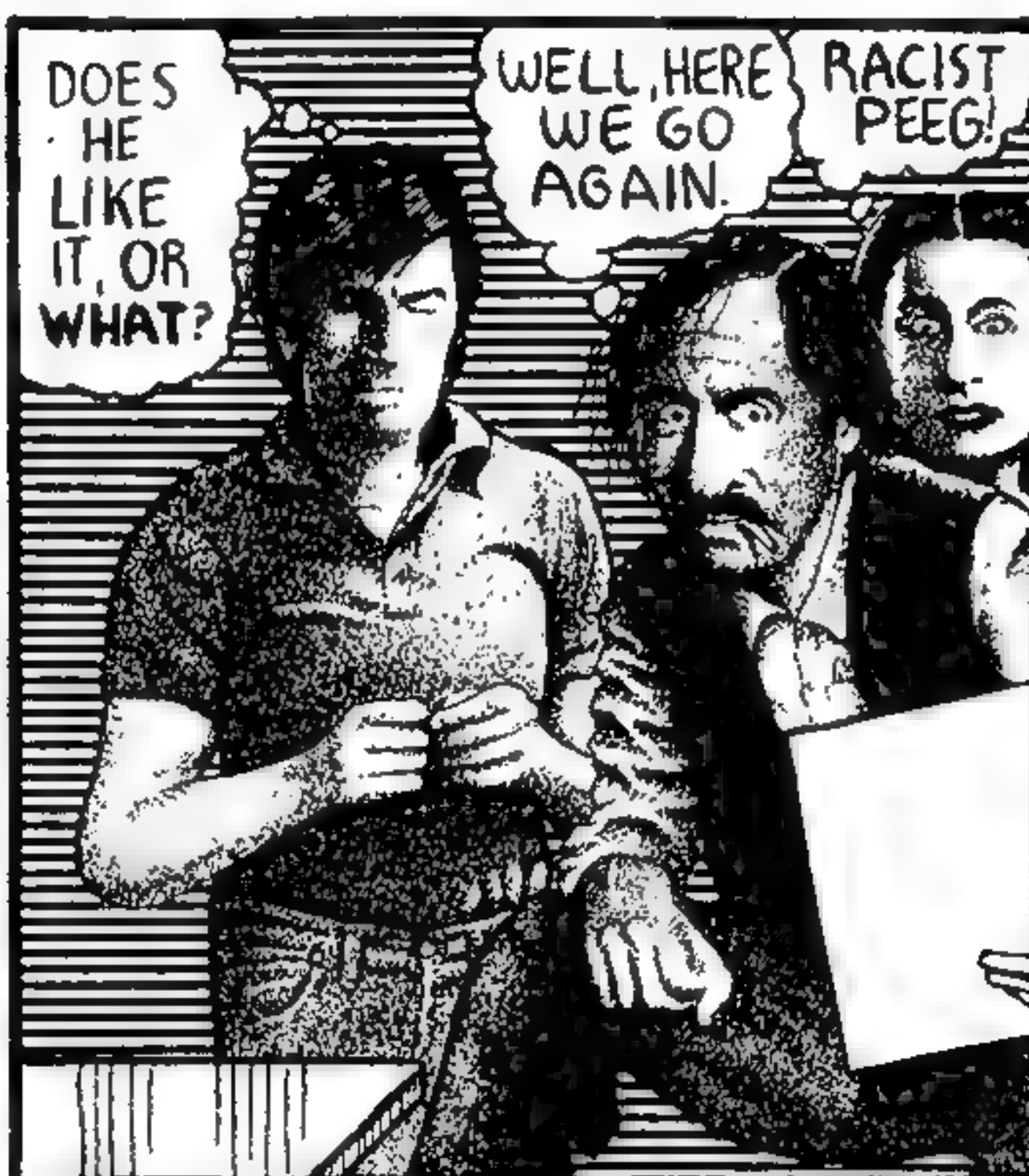
"A MIND IS A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE"
-JOE FRANKLIN
SEND YO' MONEY TODAY!



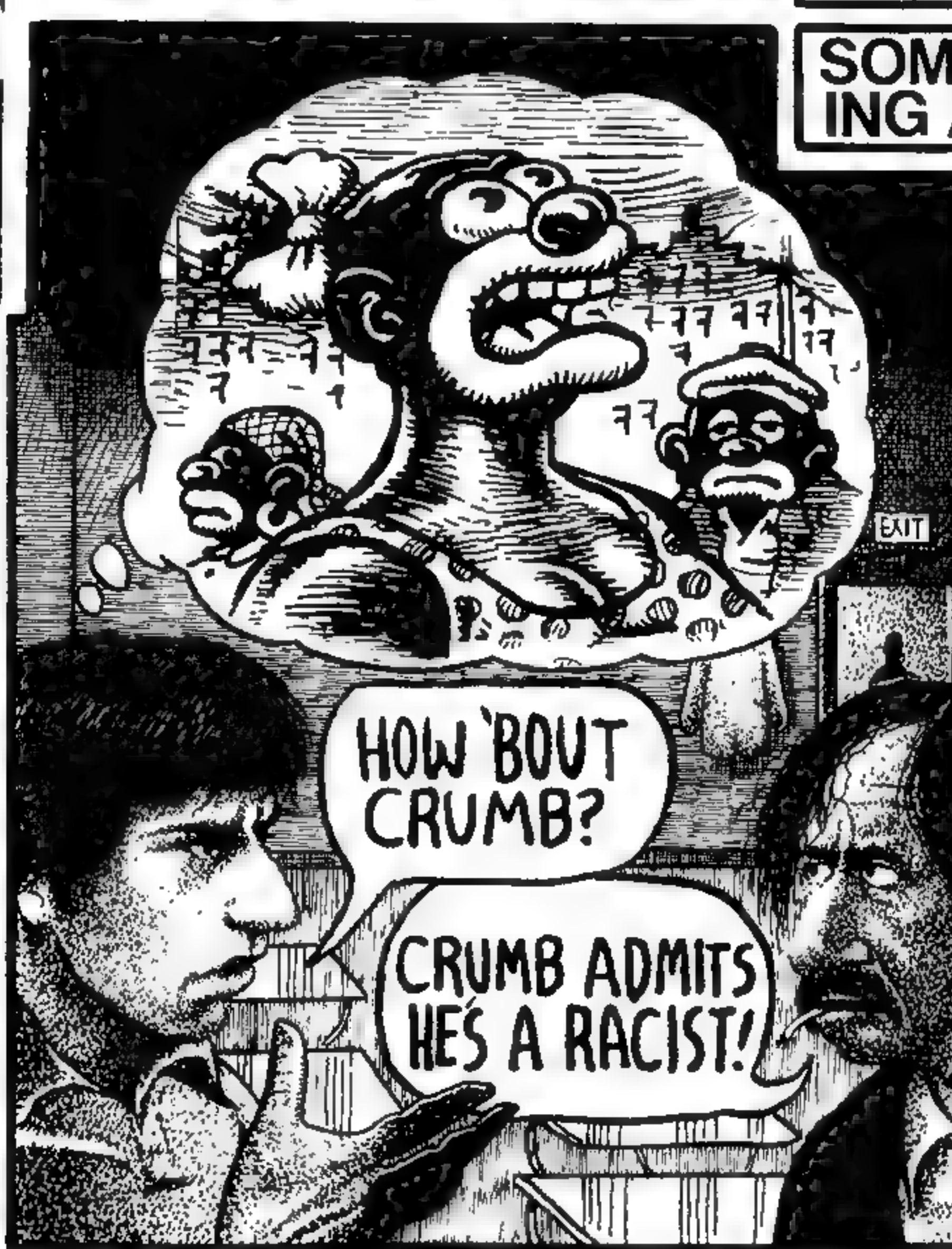
PART TWO: REAL LIFE SITUATION

3.05 FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 7 1980. THE SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS IN LOWER MANHATTAN, ROOM 303. ART SPIEGELMAN'S CLASS 'LANGUAGE OF THE COMICS' HAS JUST ENDED AND A MEETING IS TAKING PLACE BETWEEN SPIEGELMAN, HIS WIFE FRANCOISE, AND DREW FRIEDMAN, STUDENT AND POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTOR TO RAW...

ART SPIEGELMAN, DISTURBED BY THE LAST PANEL, GIVES FRIEDMAN HIS RAP.



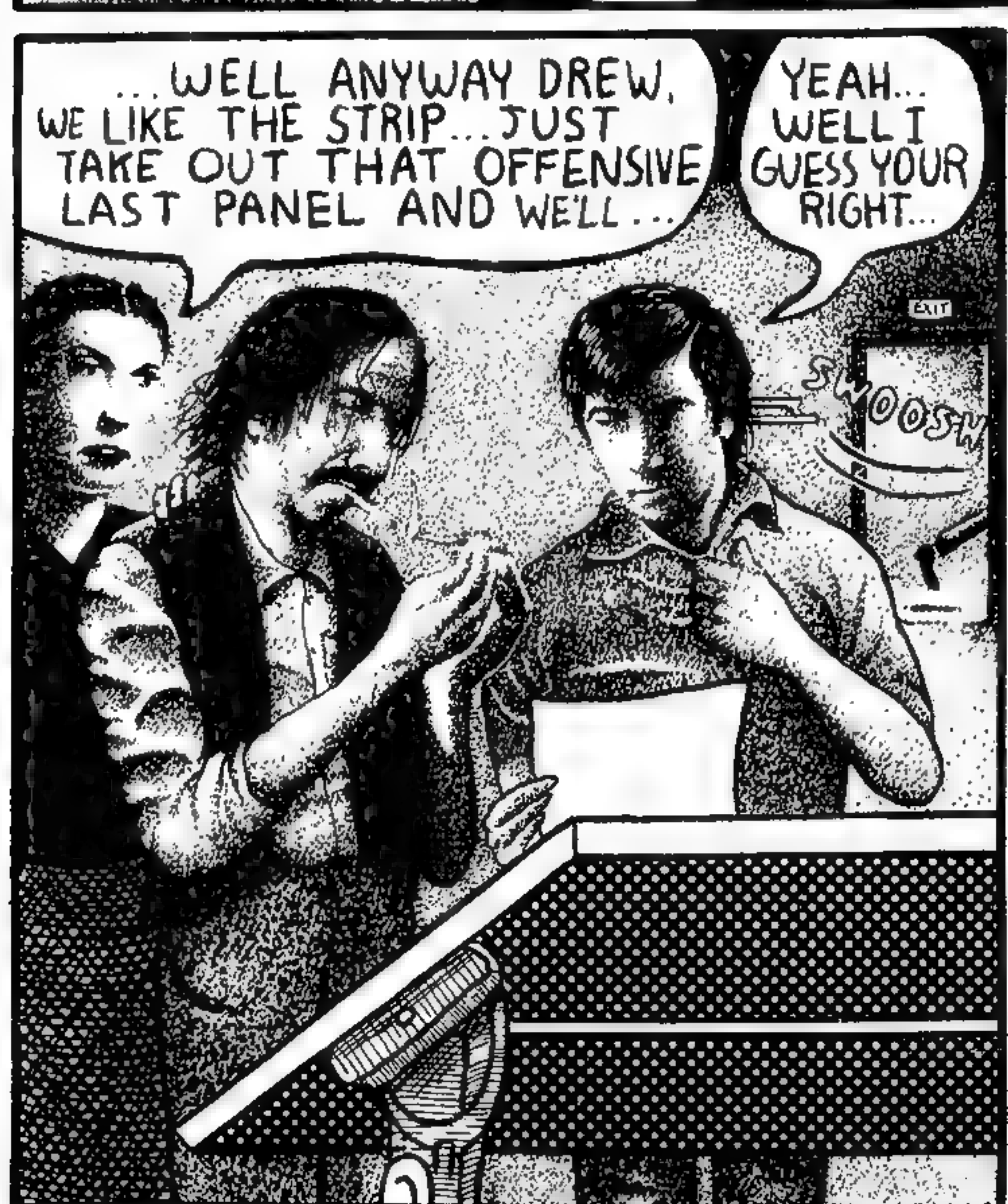
JUST TO GET AN EASY LAUGH! EACH TIME ONE OF THESE DRAWINGS APPEARS, THEY ADD UP IN THE PUBLIC CONSCIOUSNESS, FORMING A NEGATIVE IMAGE OF BLACKS, WHICH PROPAGATES RACISM, DREW!



SOMEONE IS STANDING AT THE DOOR...



A BLACK...



GETTING READY TO LEAVE...

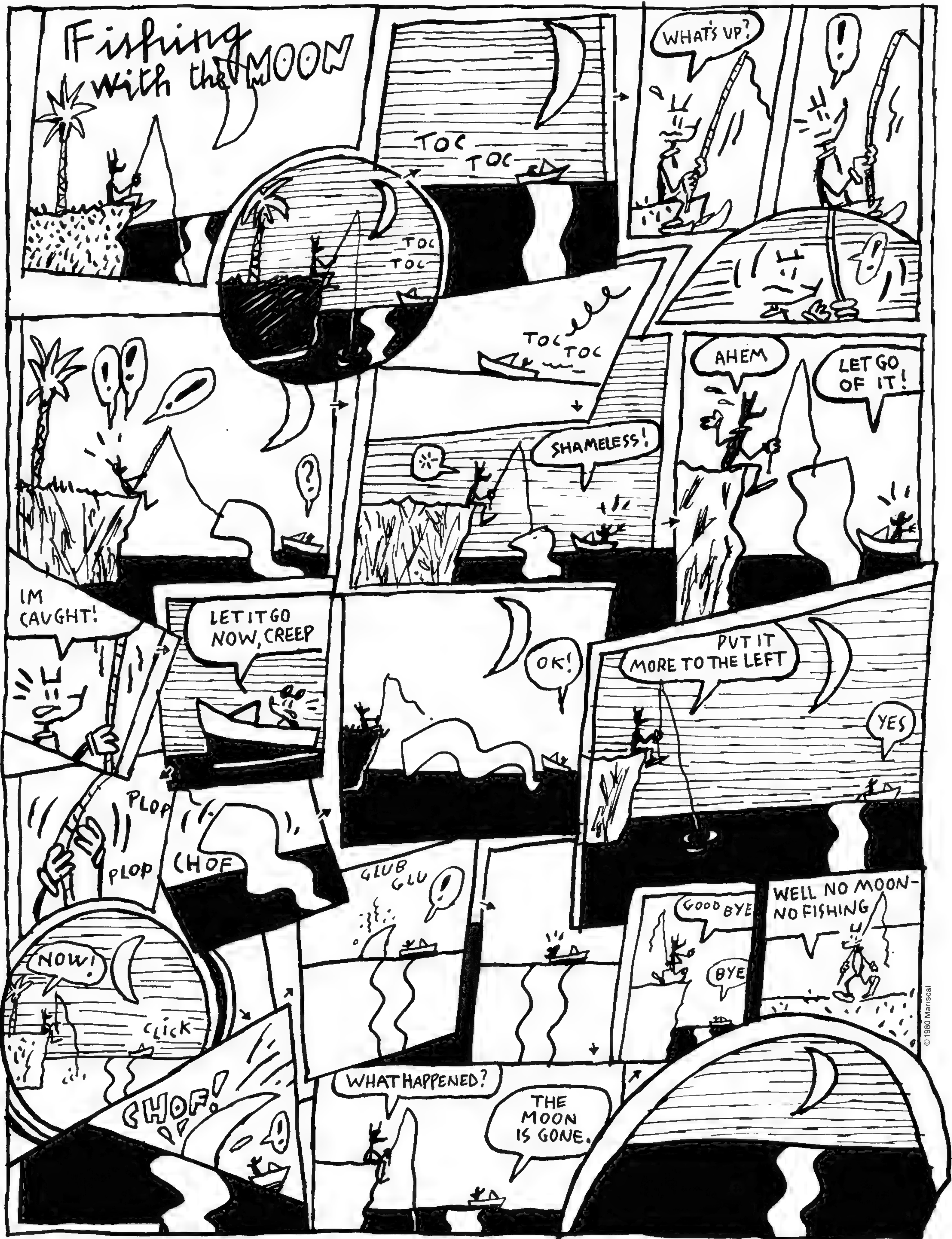


AND SO...



THE END

feb-sept 1980





© 1980 Scott Gillis

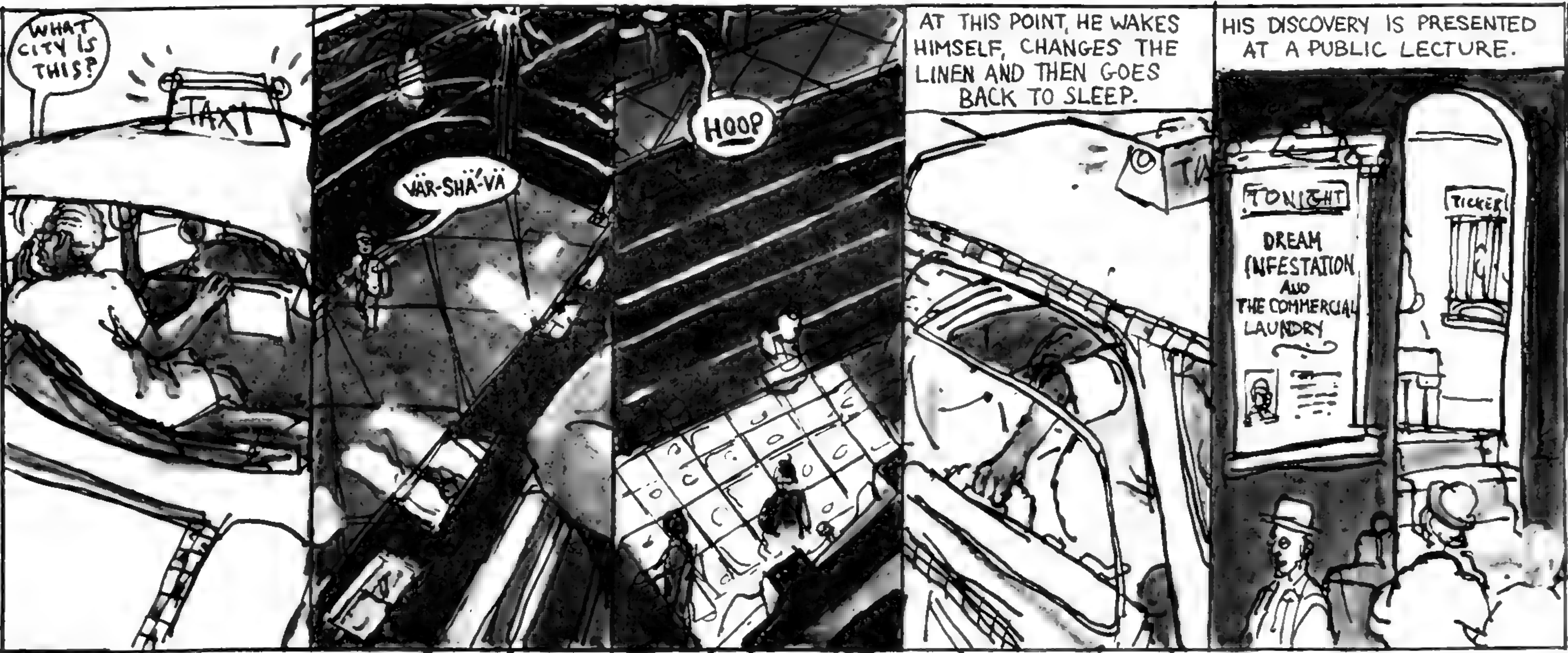
The Golden Calf

Bristly legs. Bristles on legs. Hard hairy legs. Spikes out of calf and ankle. Spiked limbs. Let it grow. It is said: "you have hairy legs—did you shave early?" YES, great mistake like taking bad care of teeth. Irremediable, irredeemable mistake. Nothing you can do. One of the signs of age, decay...bad teeth, hairy hard hair on legs, lots of it. Ten years old and shaving, also learning to smoke in bathroom by swallowing gulp of water and coughing and shaving because Janet's older sister does. Mother yelling, "Don't shave. You'll regret it." Never listen to mother, hairy hair legs. Let it grow. Long black hairs on calf and shin. Okay under trousers, terrible with dresses. Long dresses the answer, then for rest of life seem not to have legs at all. Why live like that? Bear legs. Bare legs. People say What alot of hair you have. Feel like animal in a dress. Begin to like furriness

but cant convince anyone else. Even hard line feminists find it hard to bear their hairy legs. Revolution ending at the calf. Golden calf. Burn it. Wax it. Cool wax. Doesnt take it off. In the sun the cool wax coolly stays stuck to leg and hair. No difference: now have hairy sticky legs. Hot wax? Ruin the stove; hot wax spilling all over, falling on floor, too hot, scald skin, rip off hair. Six weeks with bruised legs hairless. IT GROWS BACK. Sandpaper. Round and round on leg. Wipe away first layer of skin. It grows back, stubbly. Stubby legs. Terrible to touch my own leg to its mate. My legs are mated, and fated. Never a razor. Worst possible mistake, impetuous response to irremovable. And it gets worse. After two three hours little black heads of resistance stand defiantly, within twelve hours painful to the touch. My touch. Make love with knives coming from my

legs; he cant run his hand along my soft skin. He'll kill himself. Death in bed. It's getting worse too. Wear high socks in bed and pretend that's decadent like always keeping one's hat on? It'll never work. Have to have alot of aplomb to wear high socks in bed. Besides if you wear anything but fat woolly socks or athletes thick cotton socks stubbly hairs push through. Hair like fleas. Very hard to carry off being naked and wearing high socks in bed. Appears either stupid or lunatic. From this must either lie with maniacs or idiots or worst sado-masochists who will discern the truth and get you for it. They always know, those sadists, where the ugly truth lies. Become an optimist and believe that Love conquers all. Let it grow. Curl it. Cut if off. Cut! CUT IT OUT...just dont begin. Take care of your teeth, SEE?

by Lynne Tillman

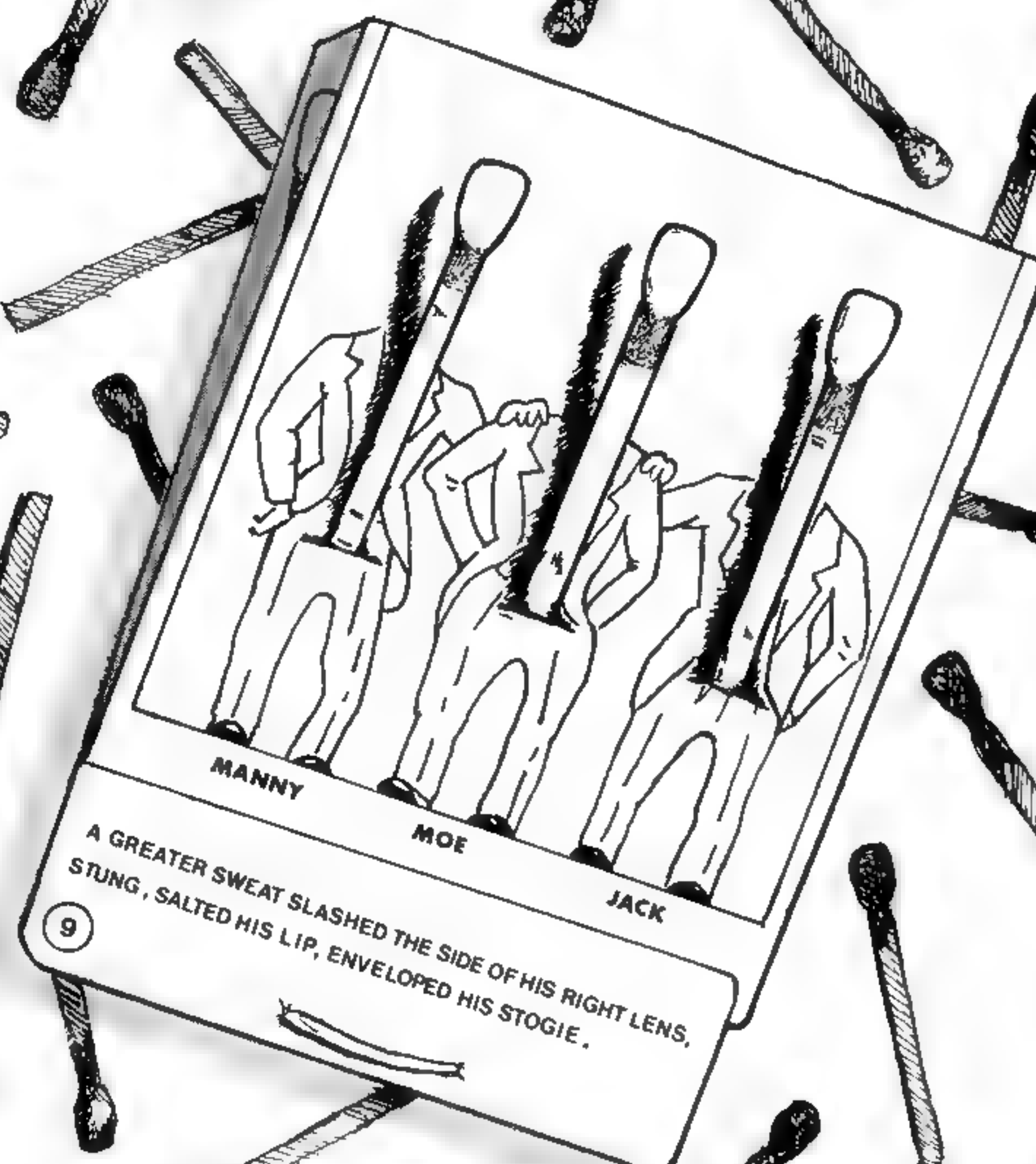
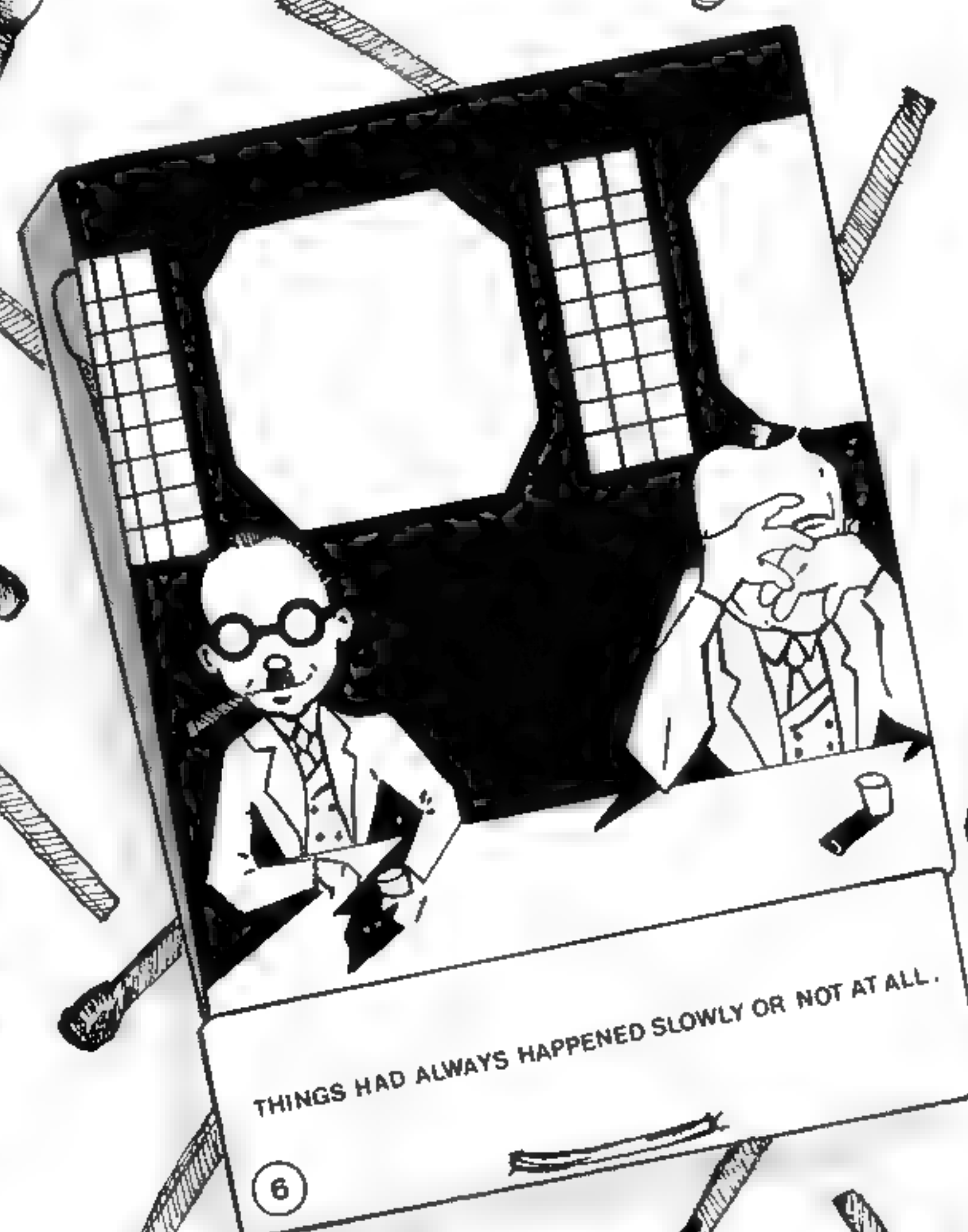
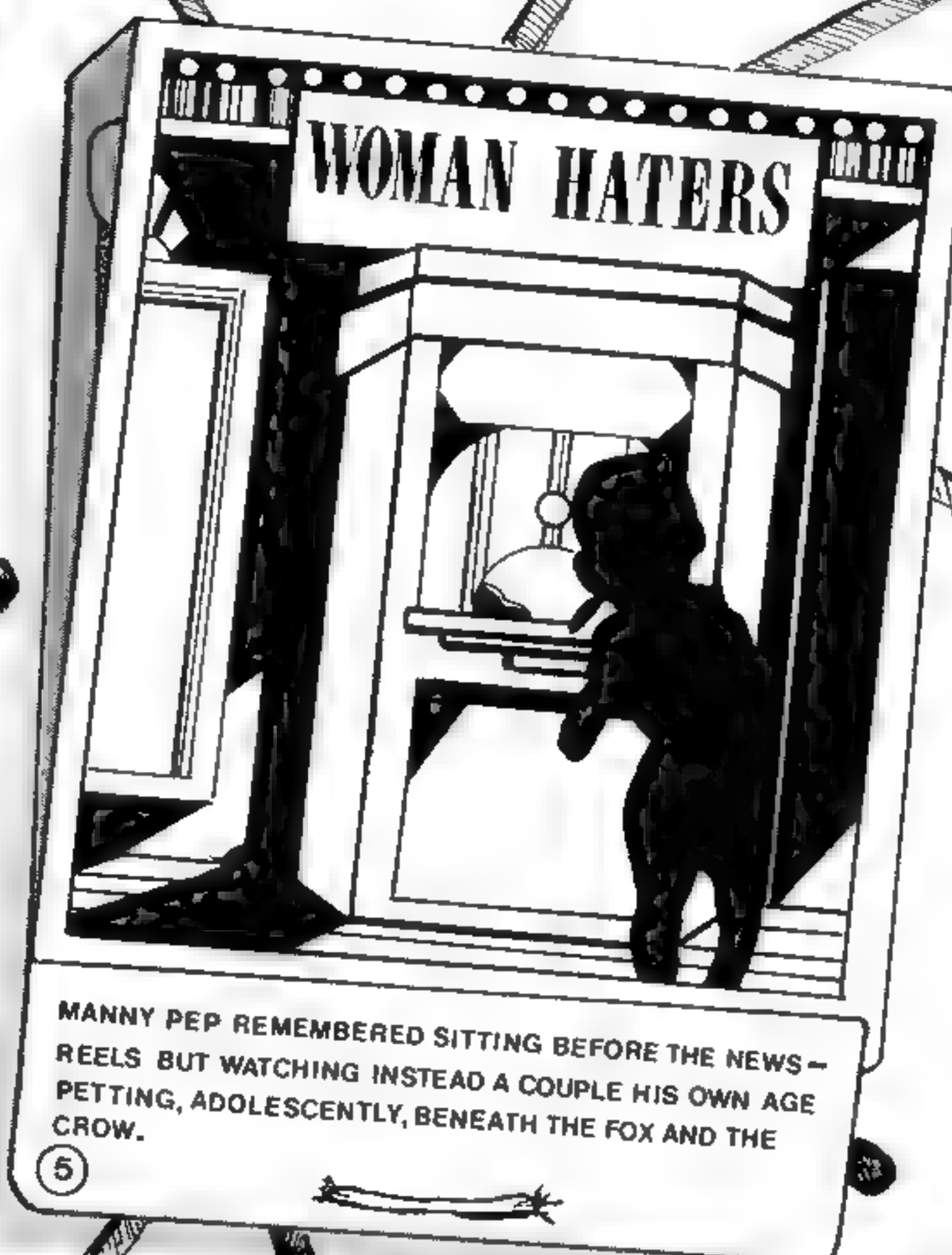
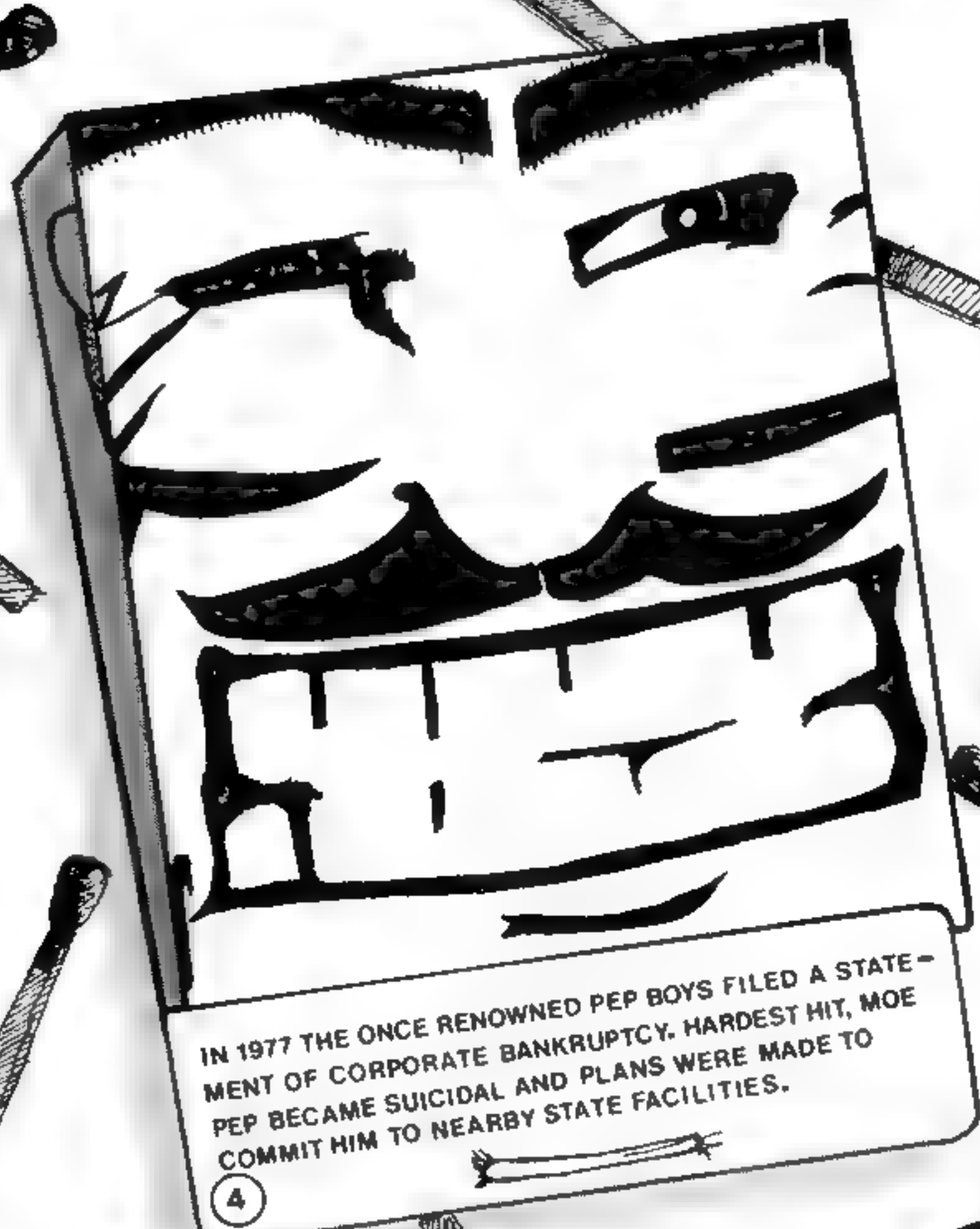
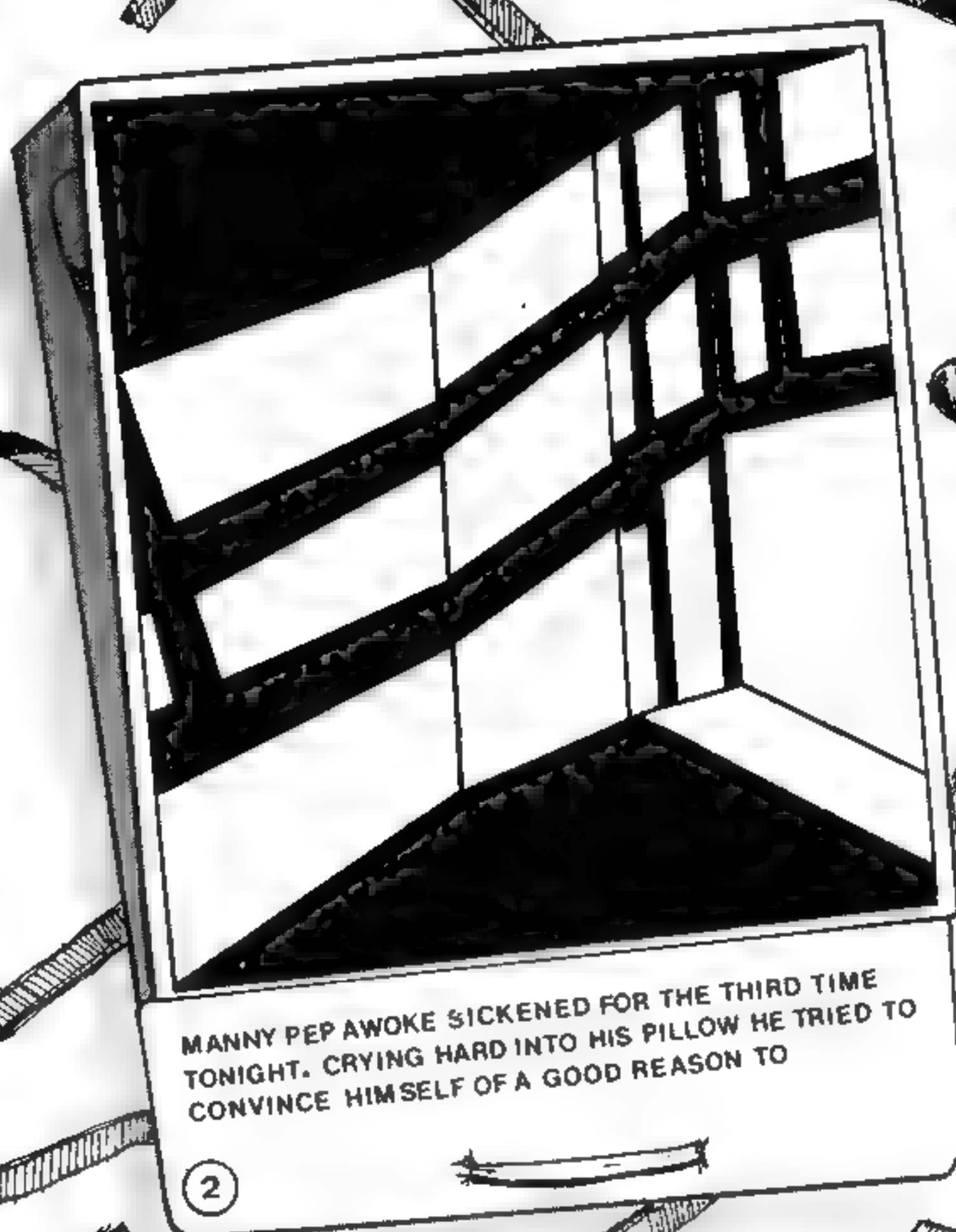
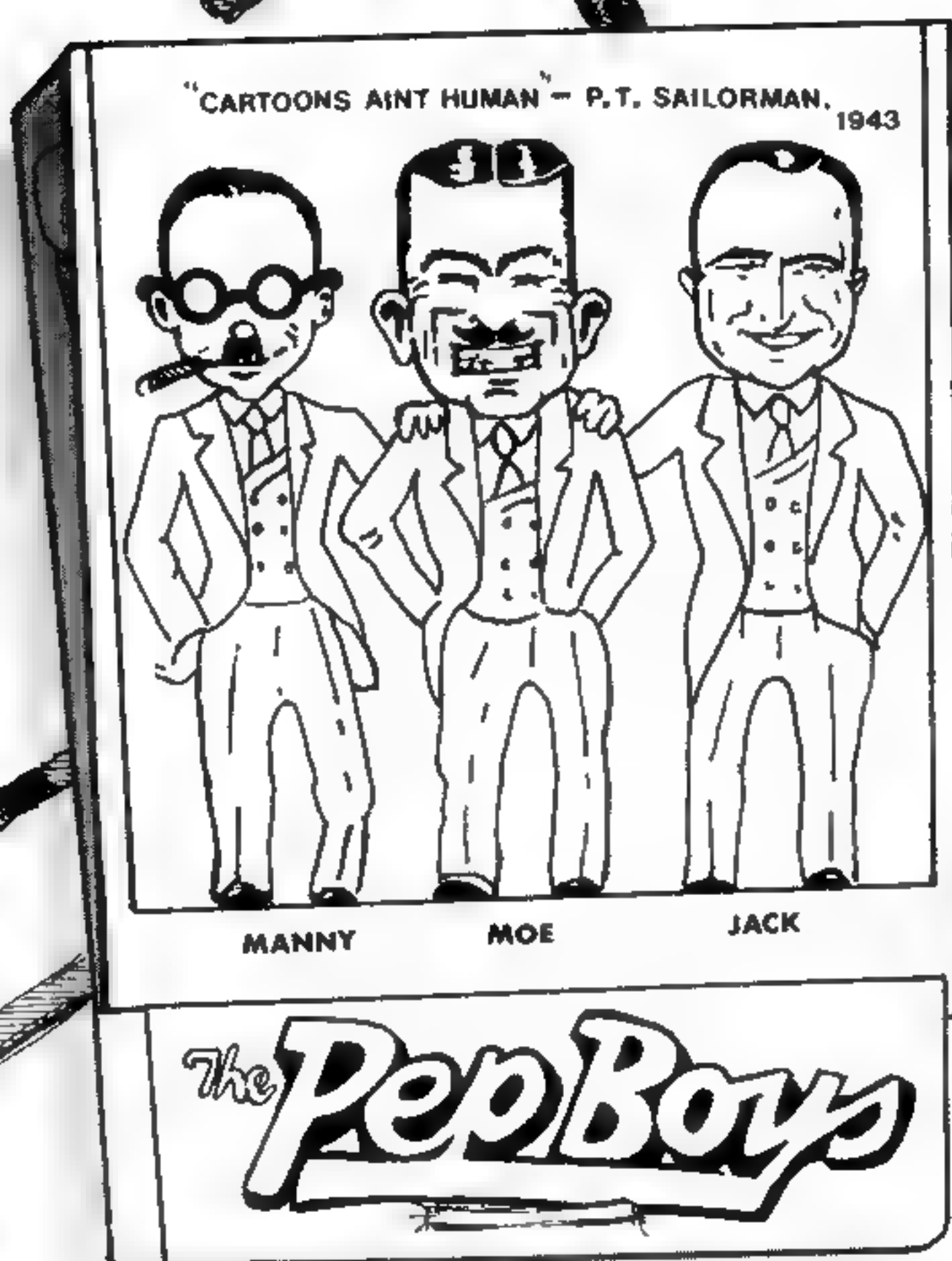


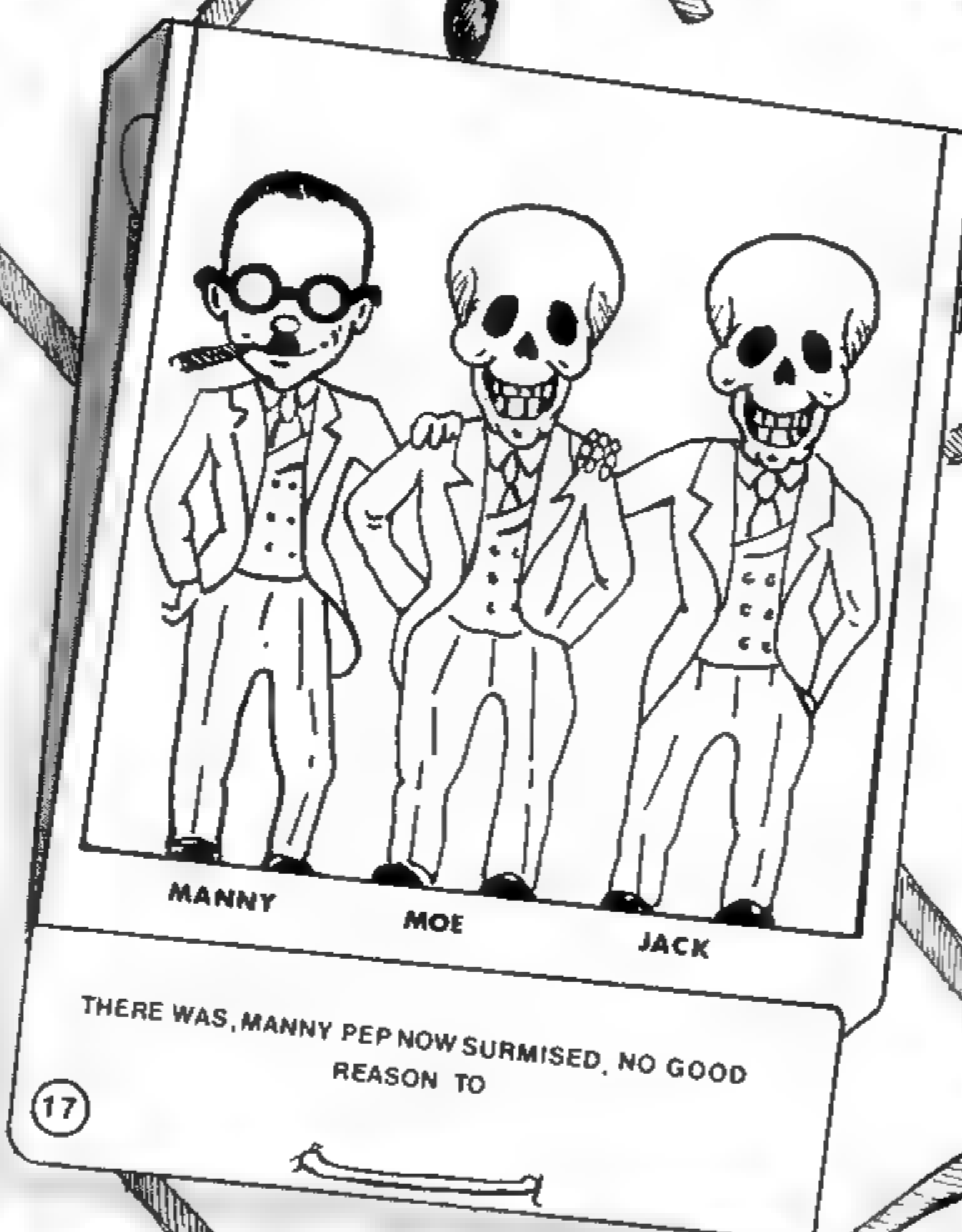
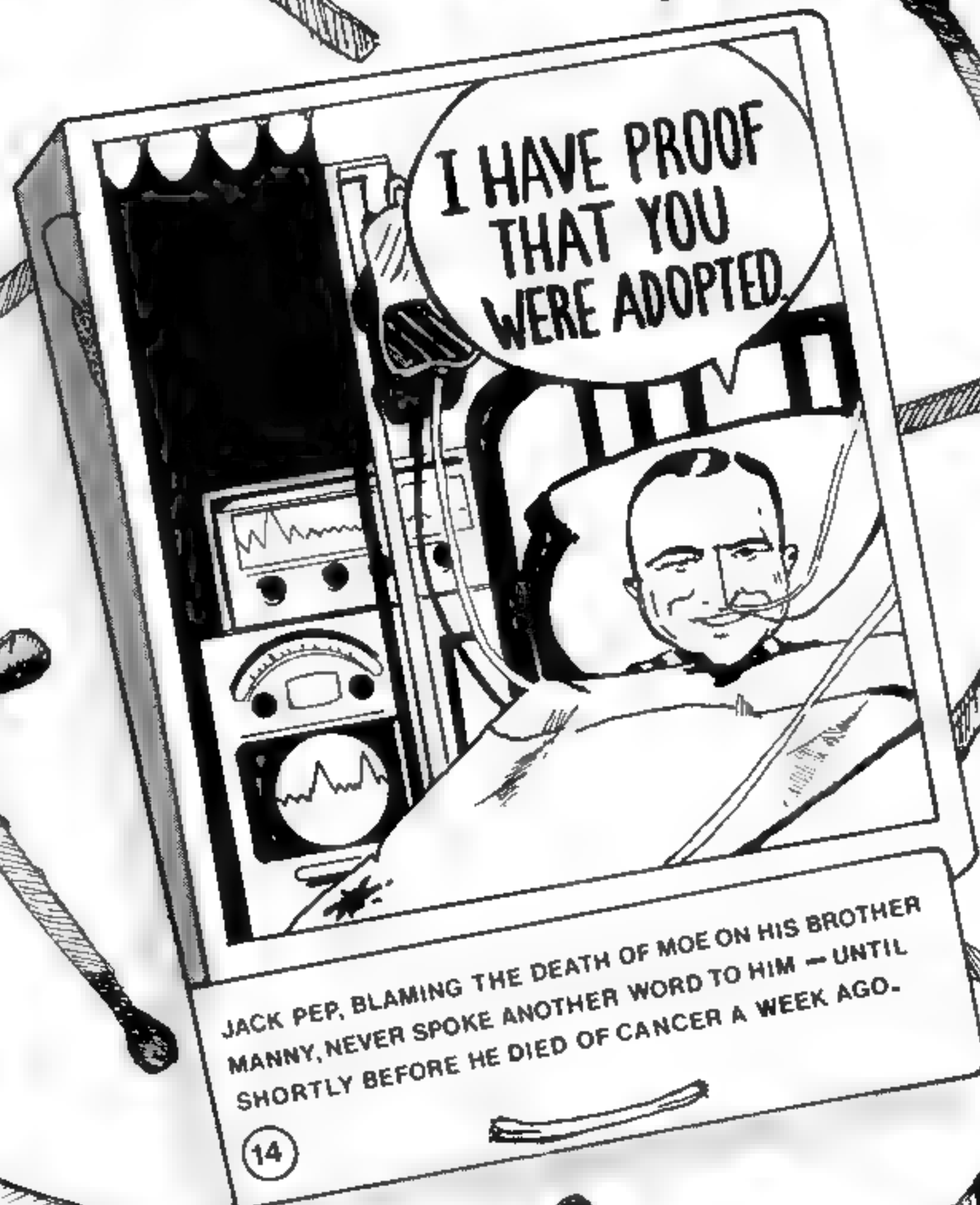
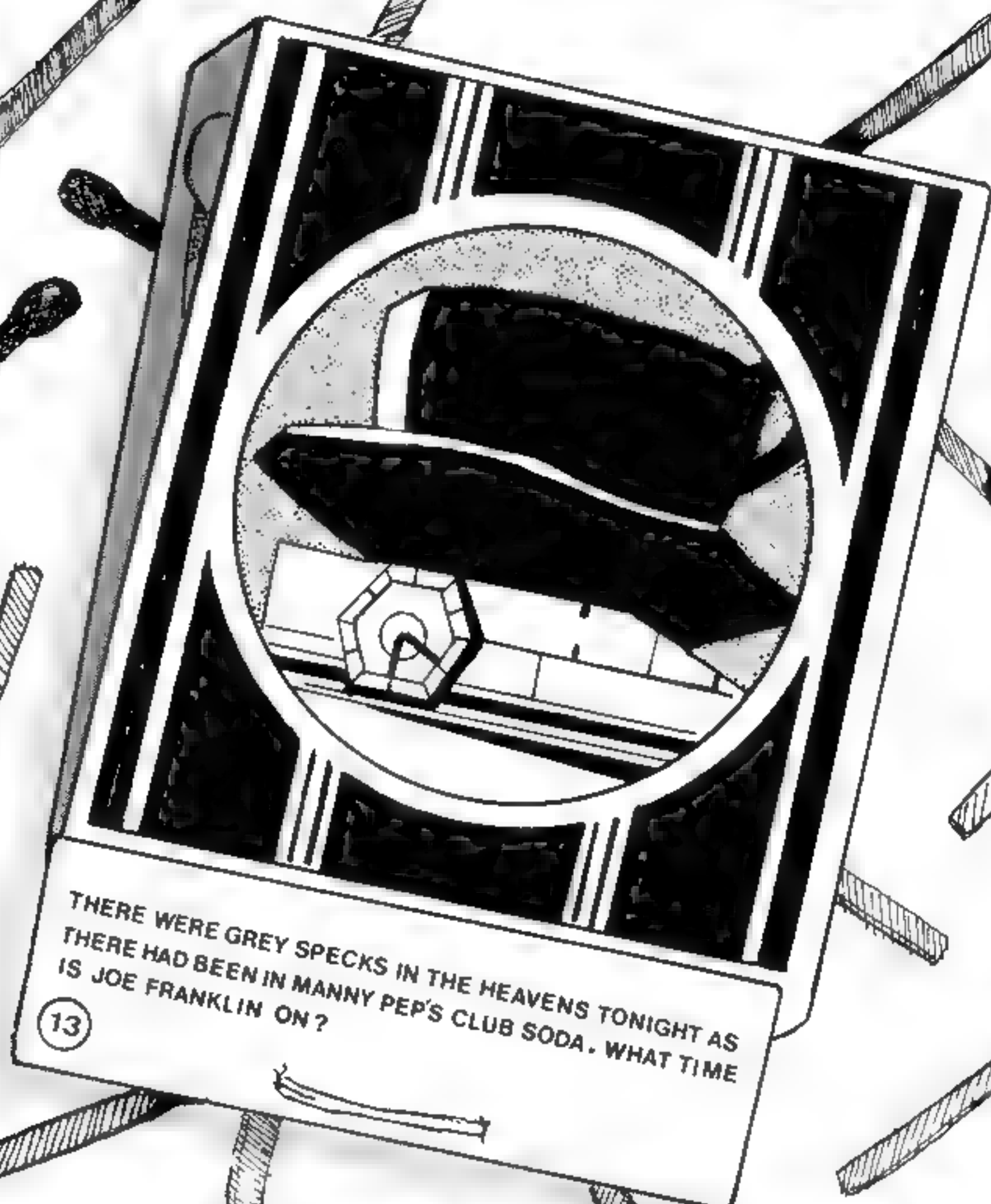
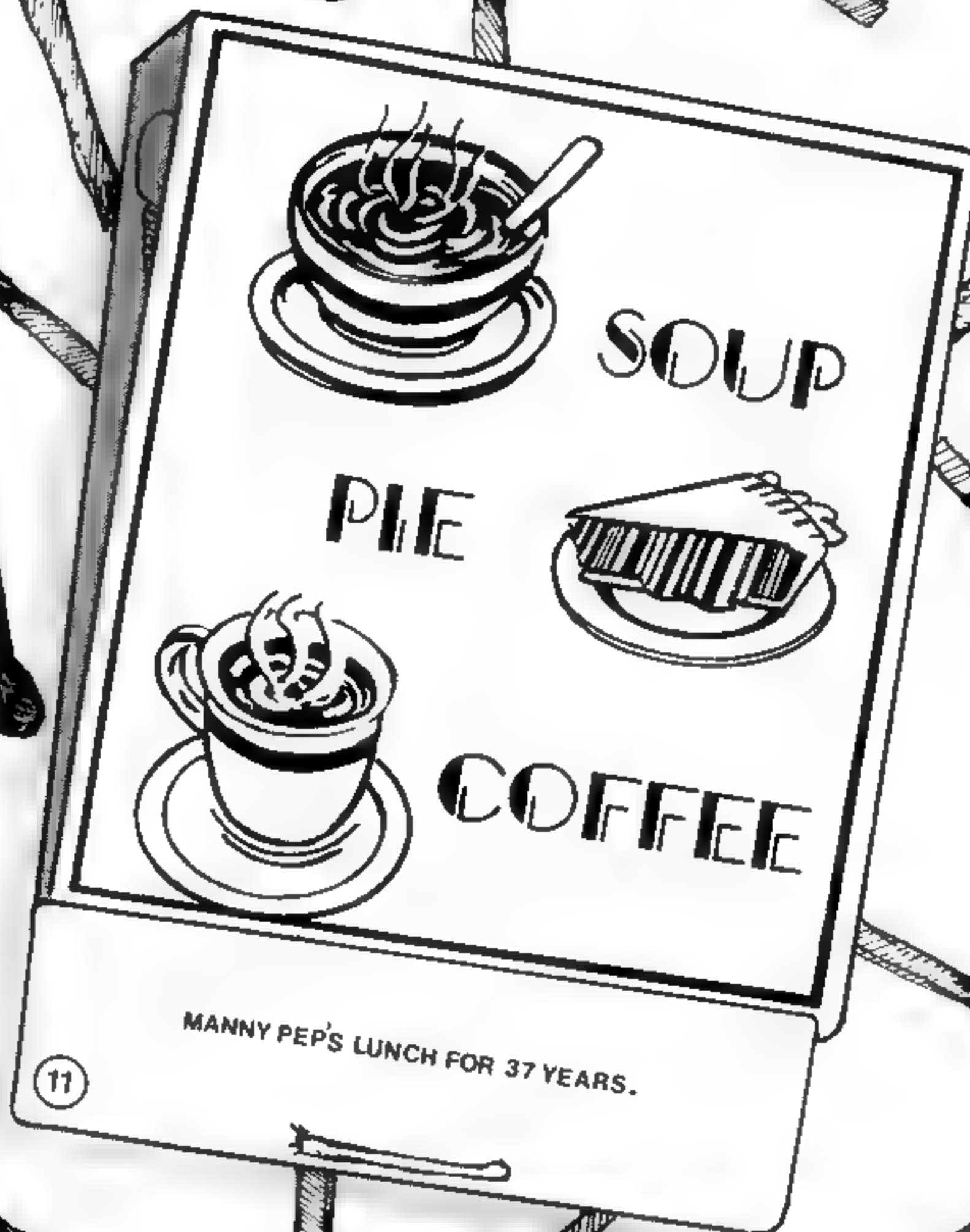
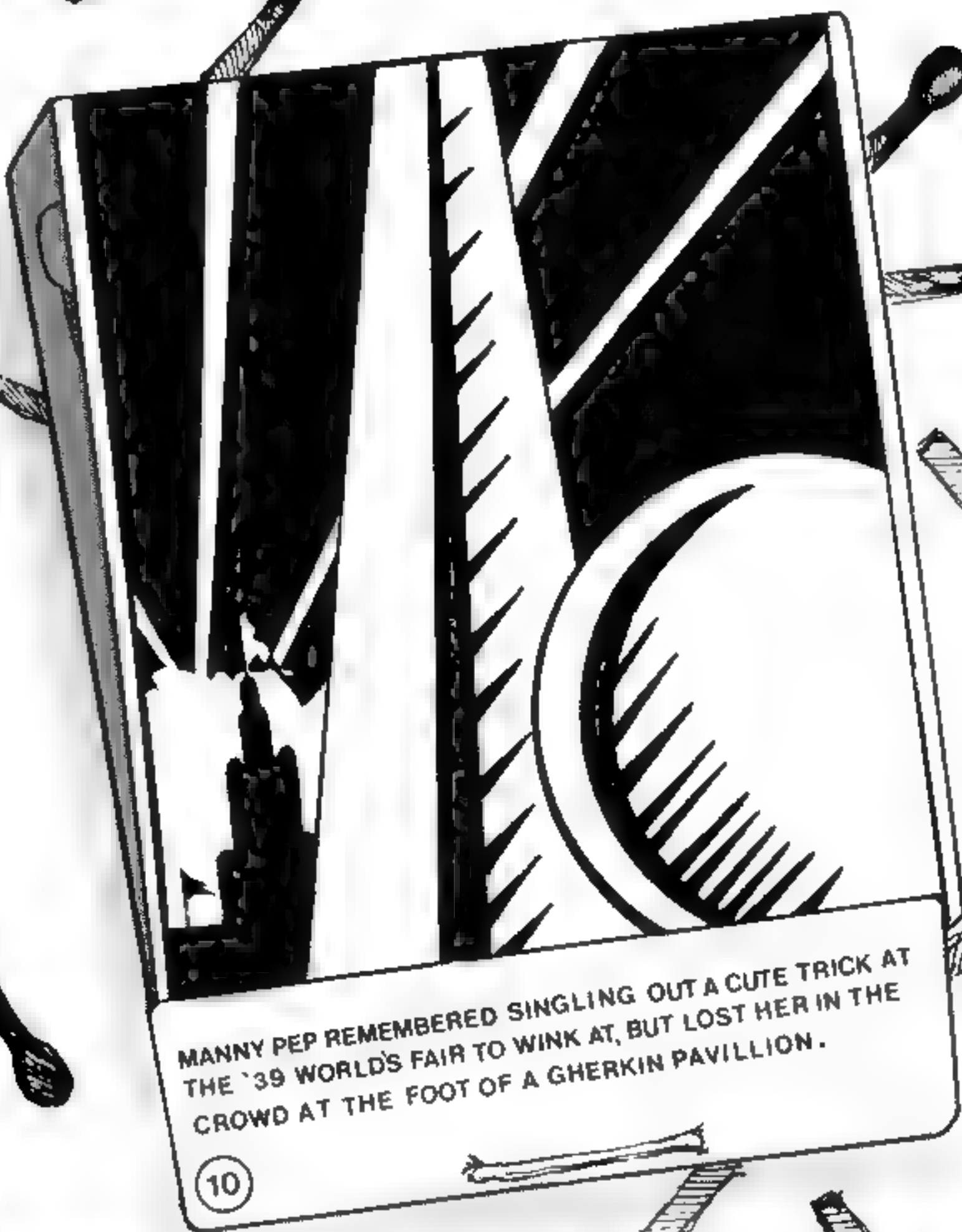
HIS DISCOVERY IS PRESENTED AT A PUBLIC LECTURE.

TONIGHT
DREAM
INFESTATION
AND
THE COMMERCIAL
LAUNDRY

TICKET





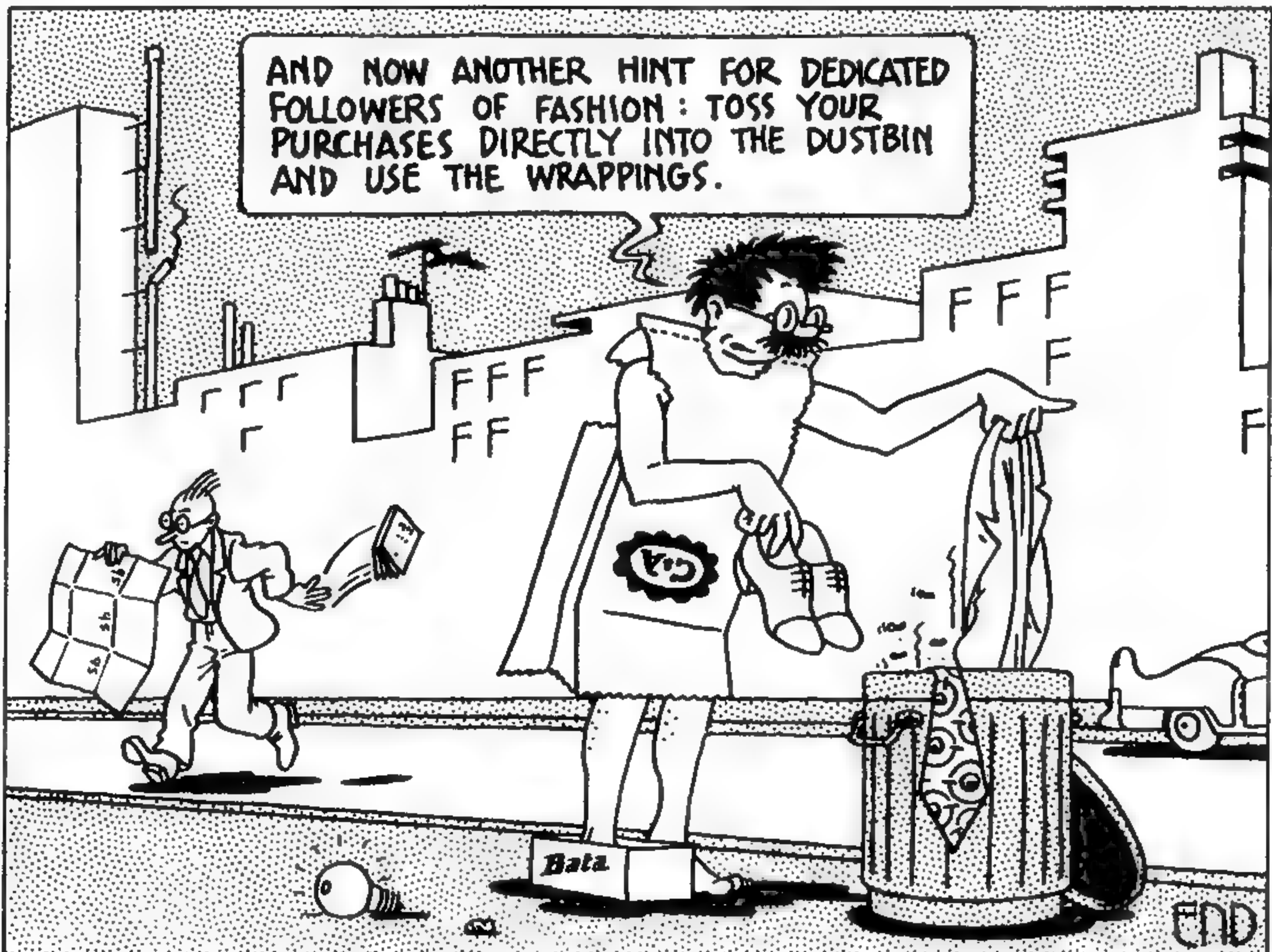
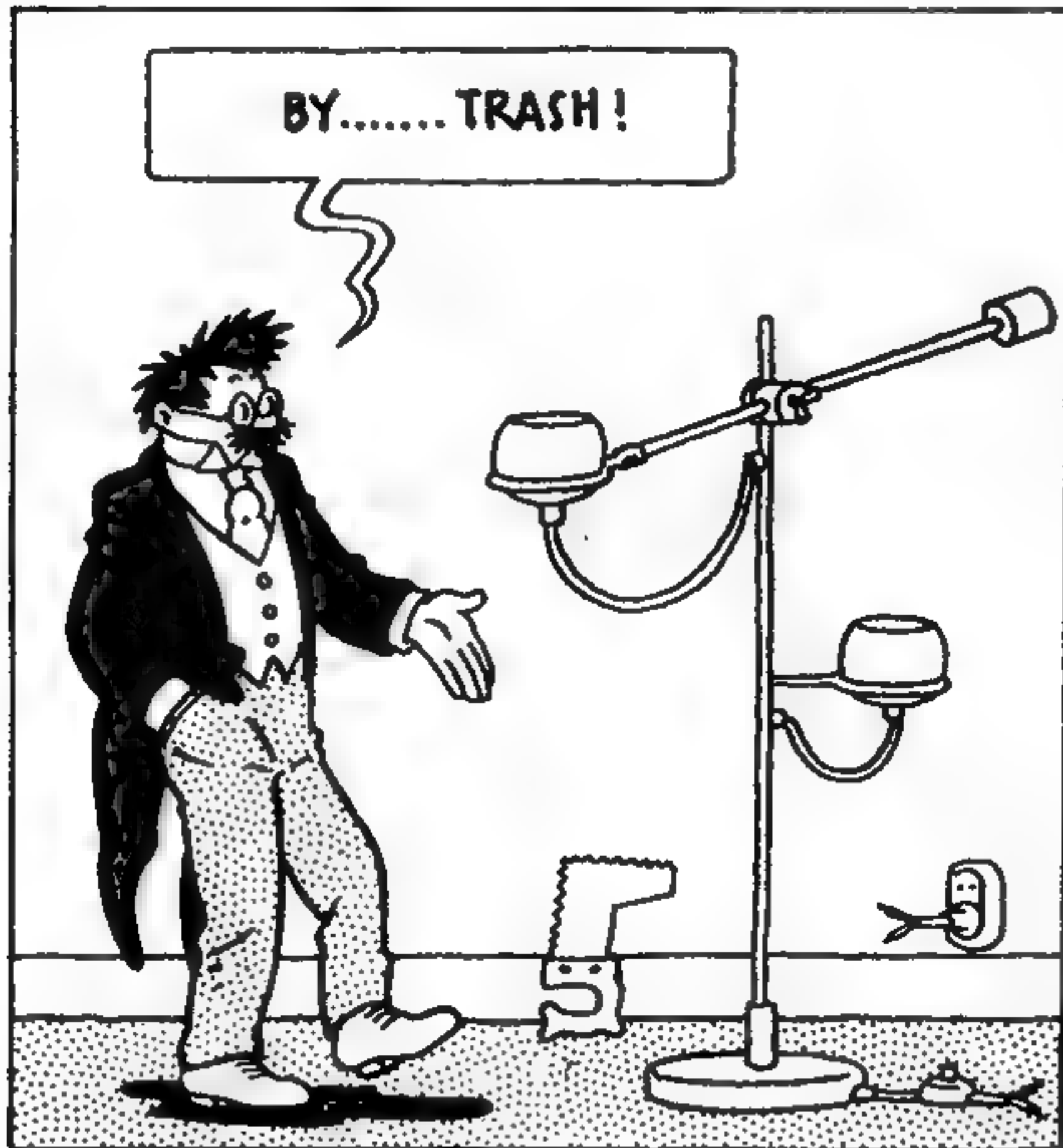
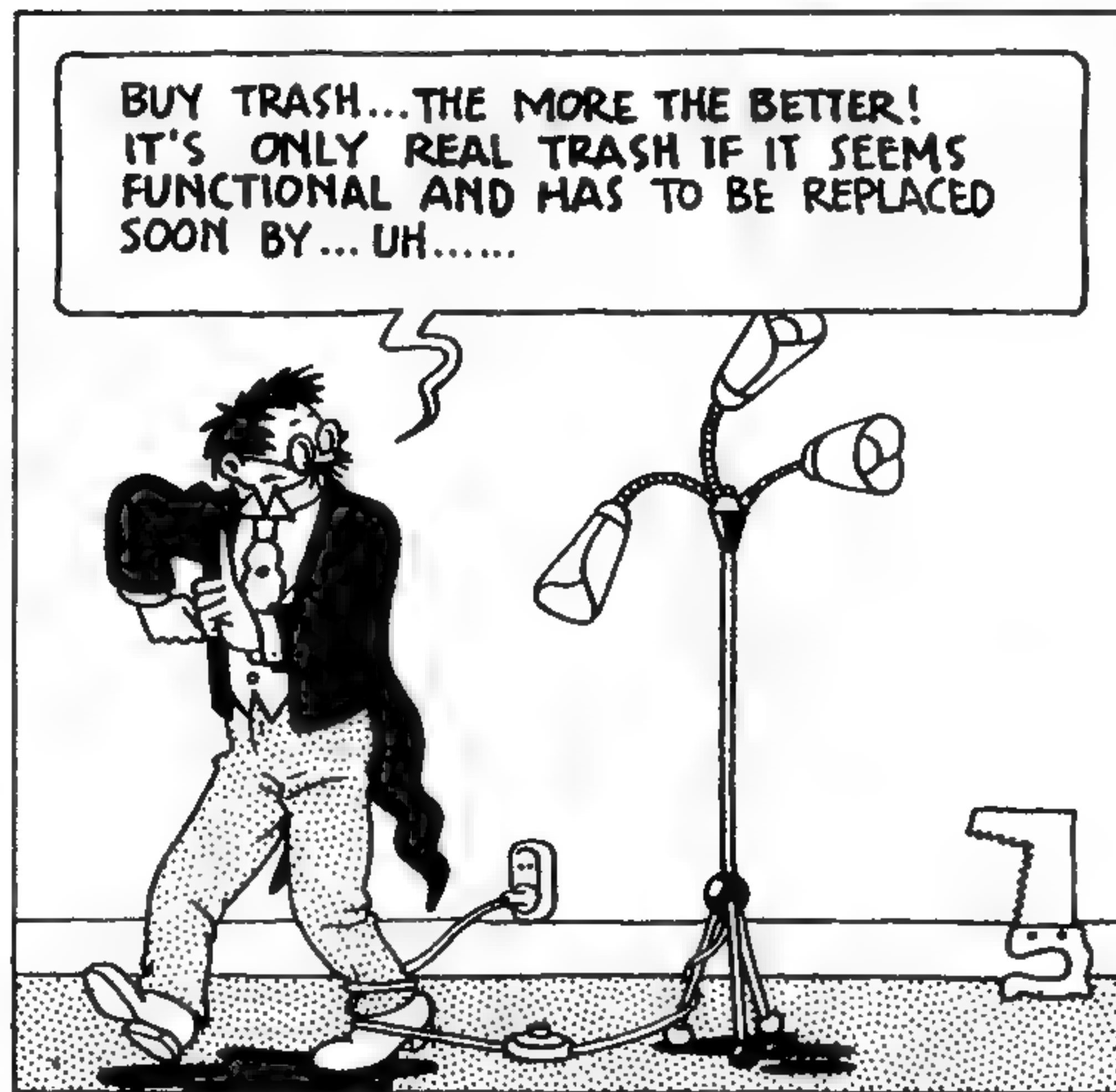
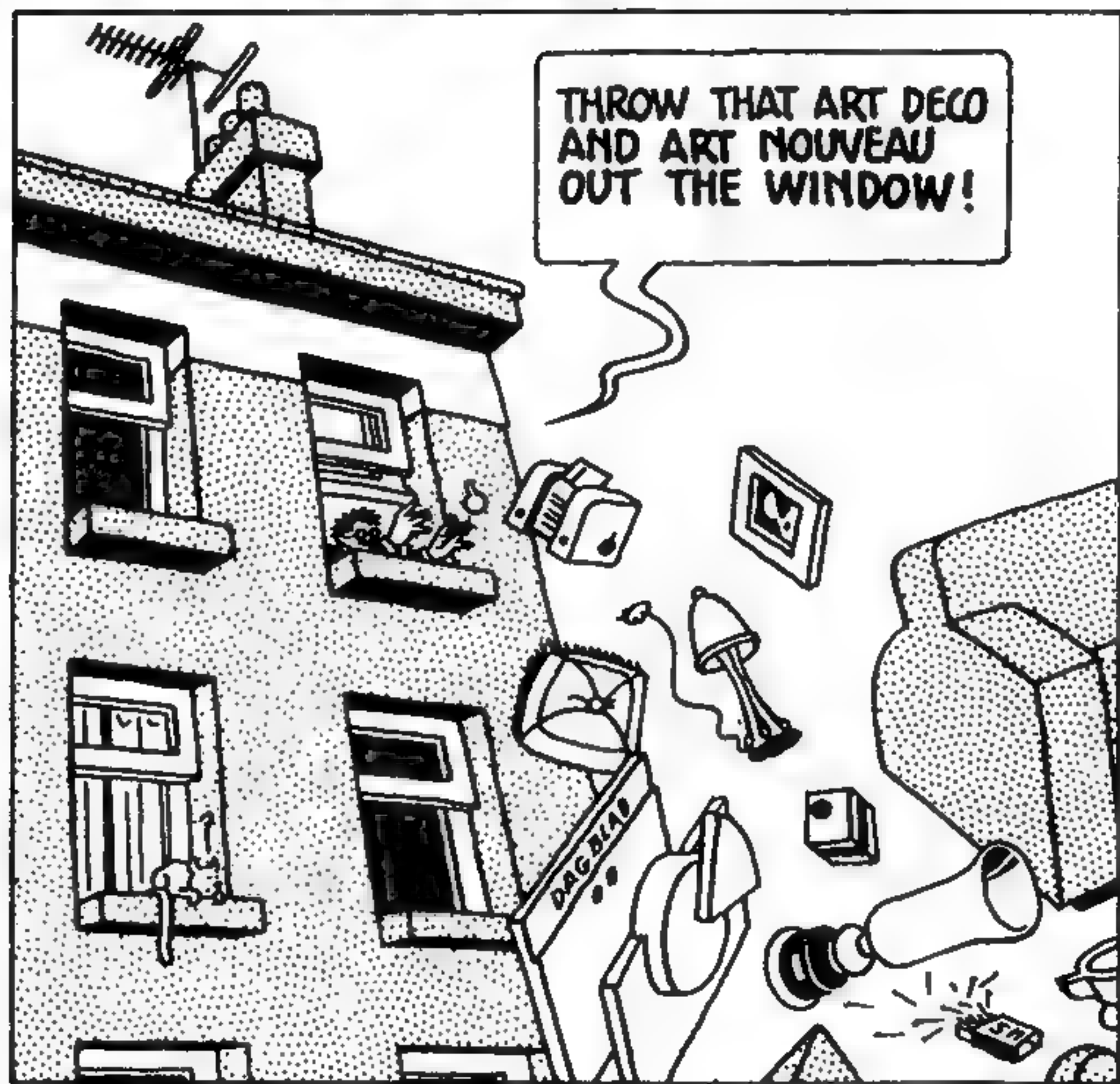




IT'S HIGH TIME FOR THE LAST WORD IN FASHION

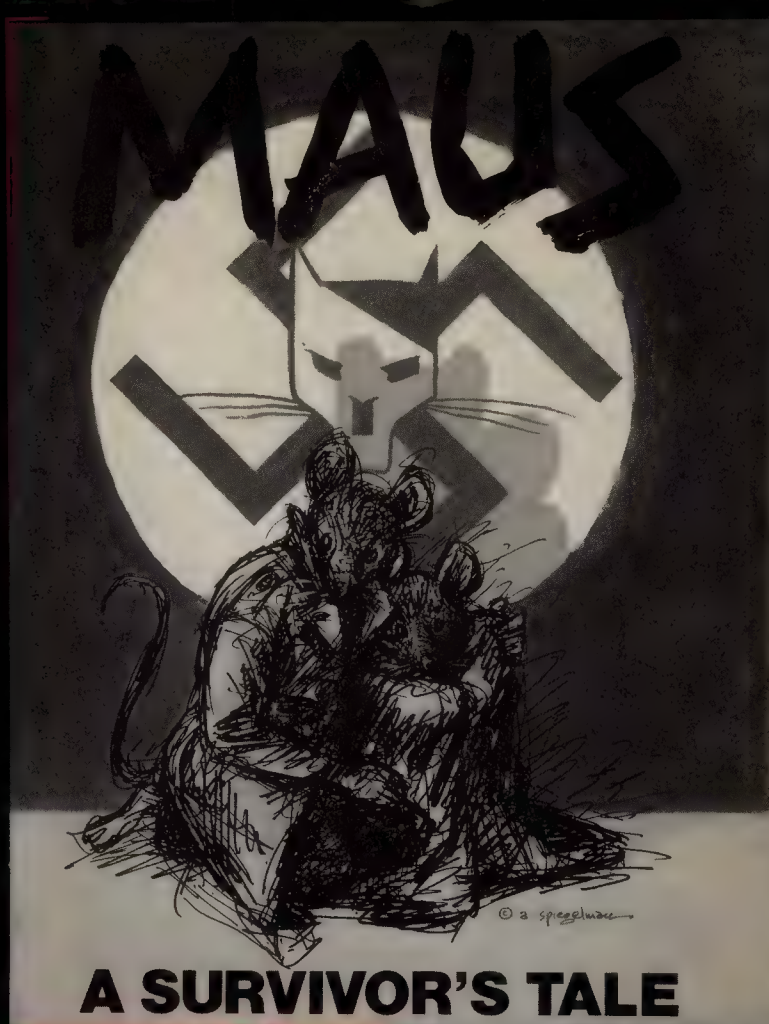
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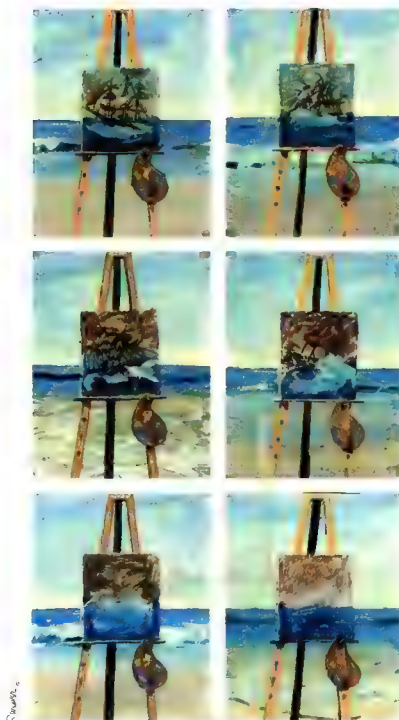
75



MAUS, A SURVIVOR'S TALE
Introduction and Chapter One, The Sheik
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This is the first part of a projected
200-250 page work-in-progress.
Future chapters will appear in
RAW, on an occasional basis, as
they are completed.





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A SURVIVOR'S TALE



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ARTIE! COME TO HOLD THIS A
MINUTE WHILE I SAW.

SNRK?



WHY DO YOU CRY, ARTIE?
HOLD BETTER ON THE WOOD.

I-I FELL, AND
MY FRIENDS
SKATED AWAY
W-WITHOUT ME.



He stopped sawing.

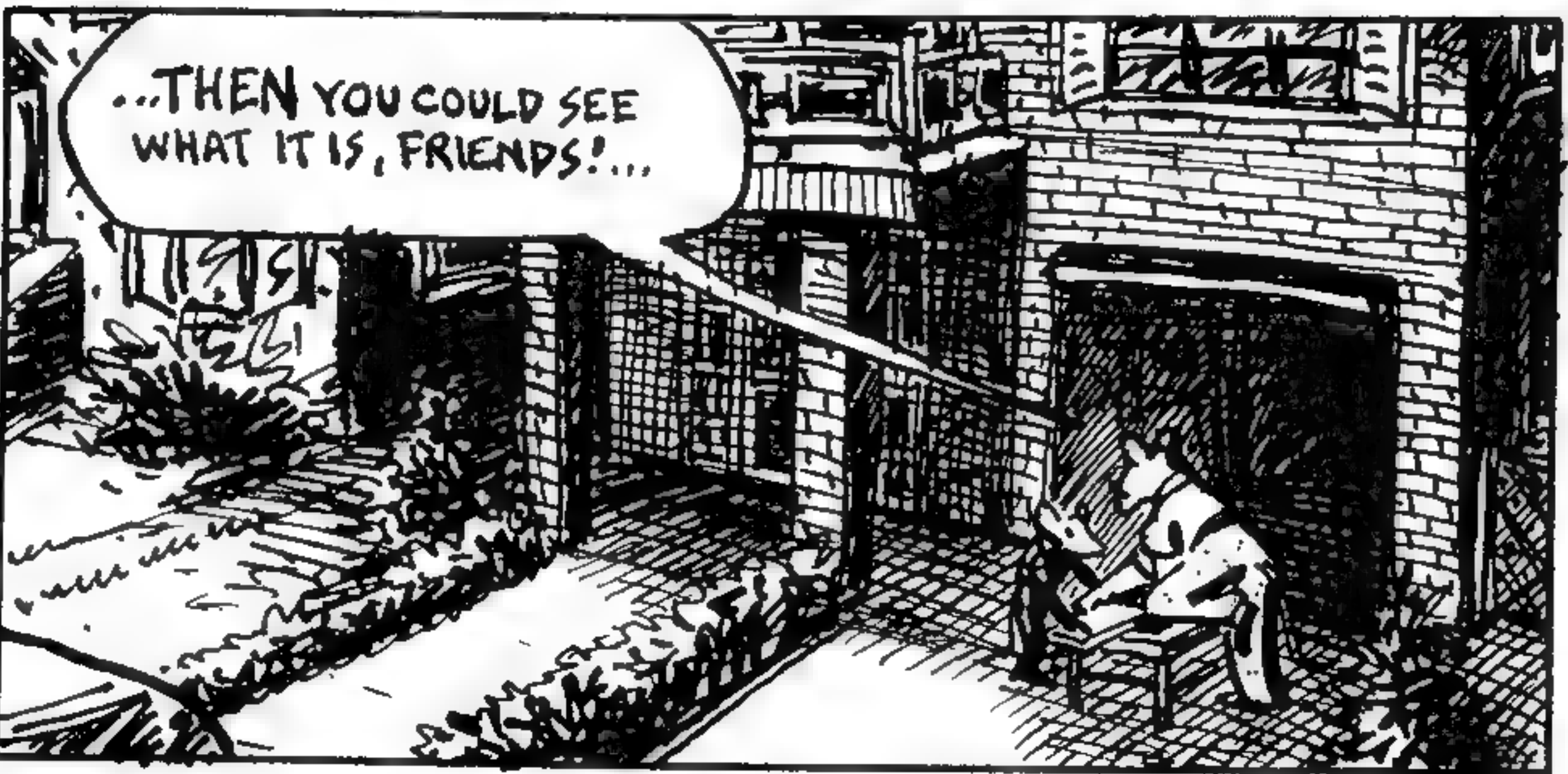
FRIENDS?
YOUR
FRIENDS?...



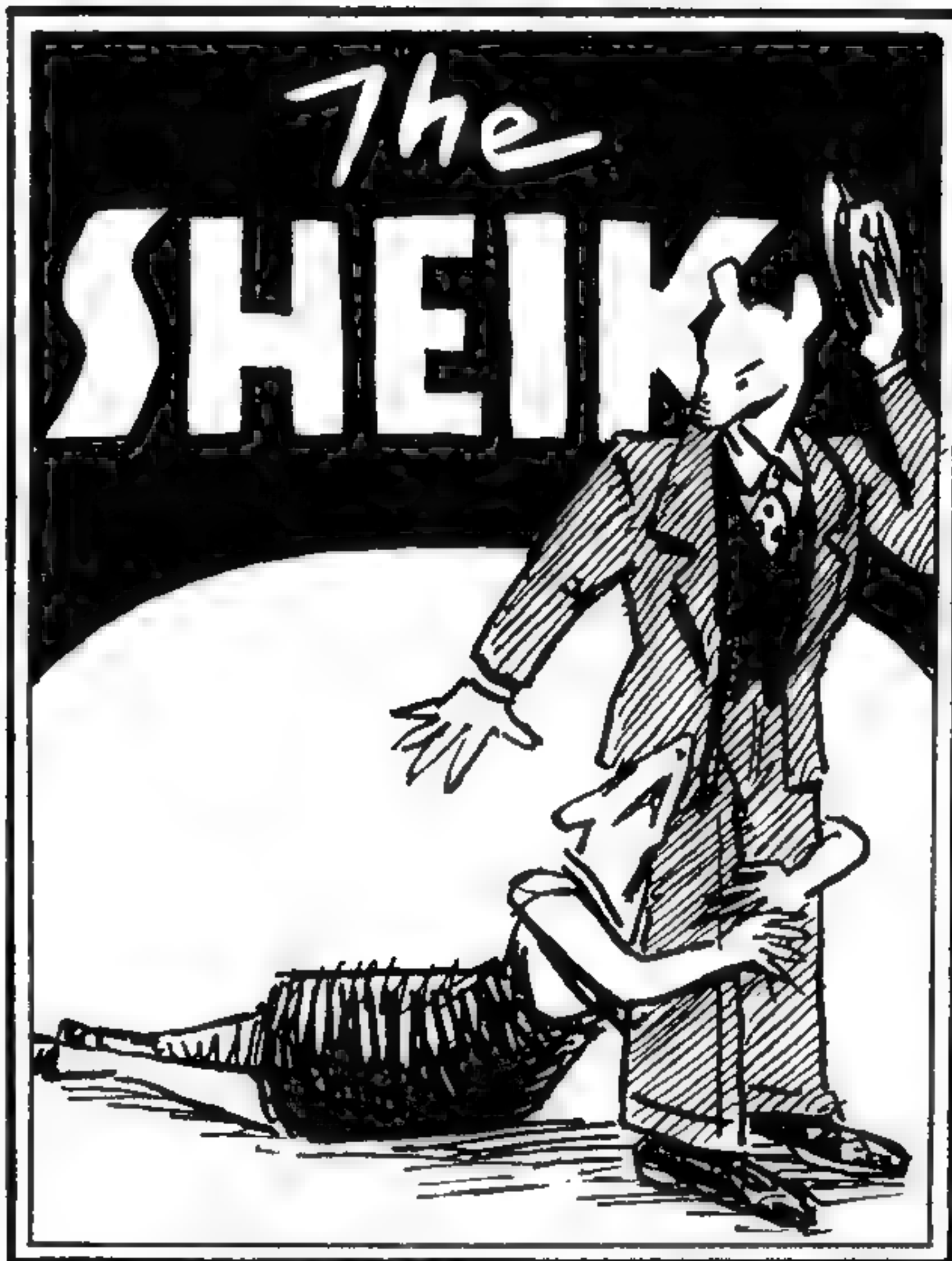
IF YOU LOCK THEM TOGETHER
IN A ROOM WITH NO FOOD
FOR A WEEK



...THEN YOU COULD SEE
WHAT IT IS, FRIENDS!...



Chapter One

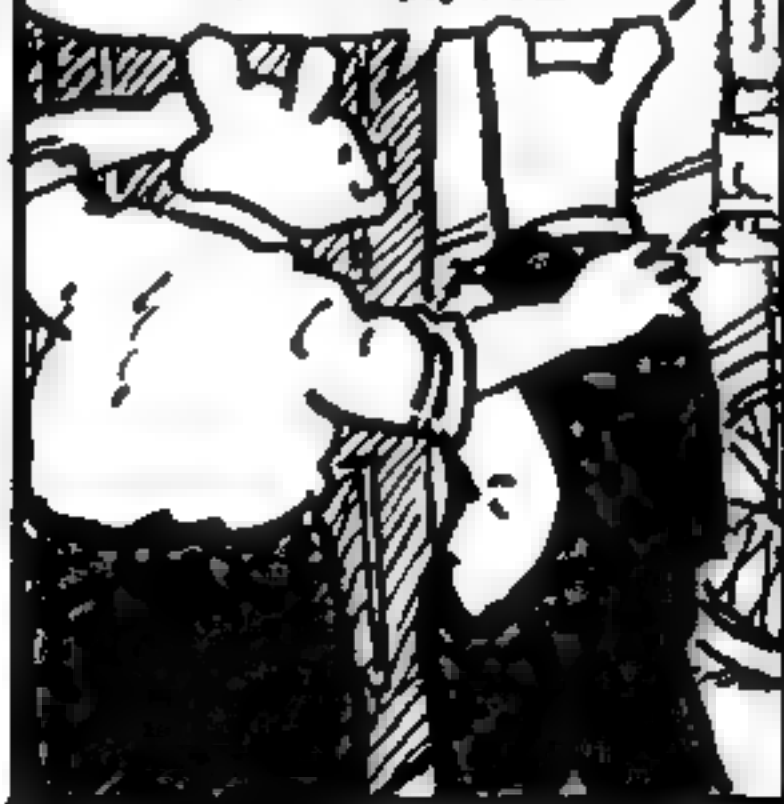


I went out to see my Father in Rego Park. I hadn't seen him in a long time—we weren't that close.



After dinner he took me into my old room...

COME-WE'LL TALK WHILE I PEDAL...



IT'S GOOD FOR MY HEART, THE PEDALING. BUT, TELL ME HOW IS IT BY YOU? HOW IS THE COMICS BUSINESS?

I STILL WANT TO DRAW THAT BOOK ABOUT YOU...



THE ONE I USED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT...



ABOUT YOUR LIFE IN POLAND, AND THE WAR.



IT WOULD TAKE MANY BOOKS, MY LIFE, AND NO ONE WANTS TO HEAR SUCH STORIES.

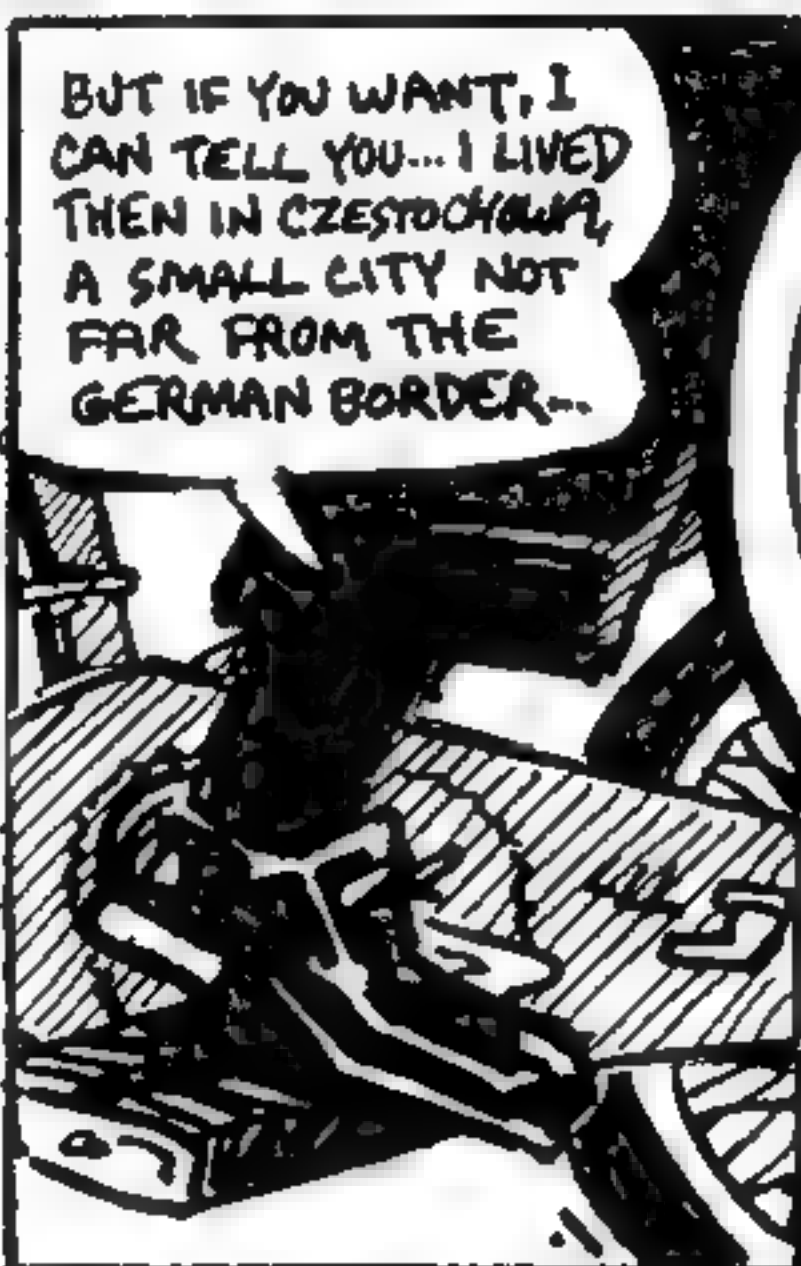


I WANT TO HEAR IT. START WITH MOM... TELL ME HOW YOU MET.



BETTER YOU SHOULD SPEND YOUR TIME TO MAKE DRAWINGS WHAT WILL BRING YOU SOME MONEY...

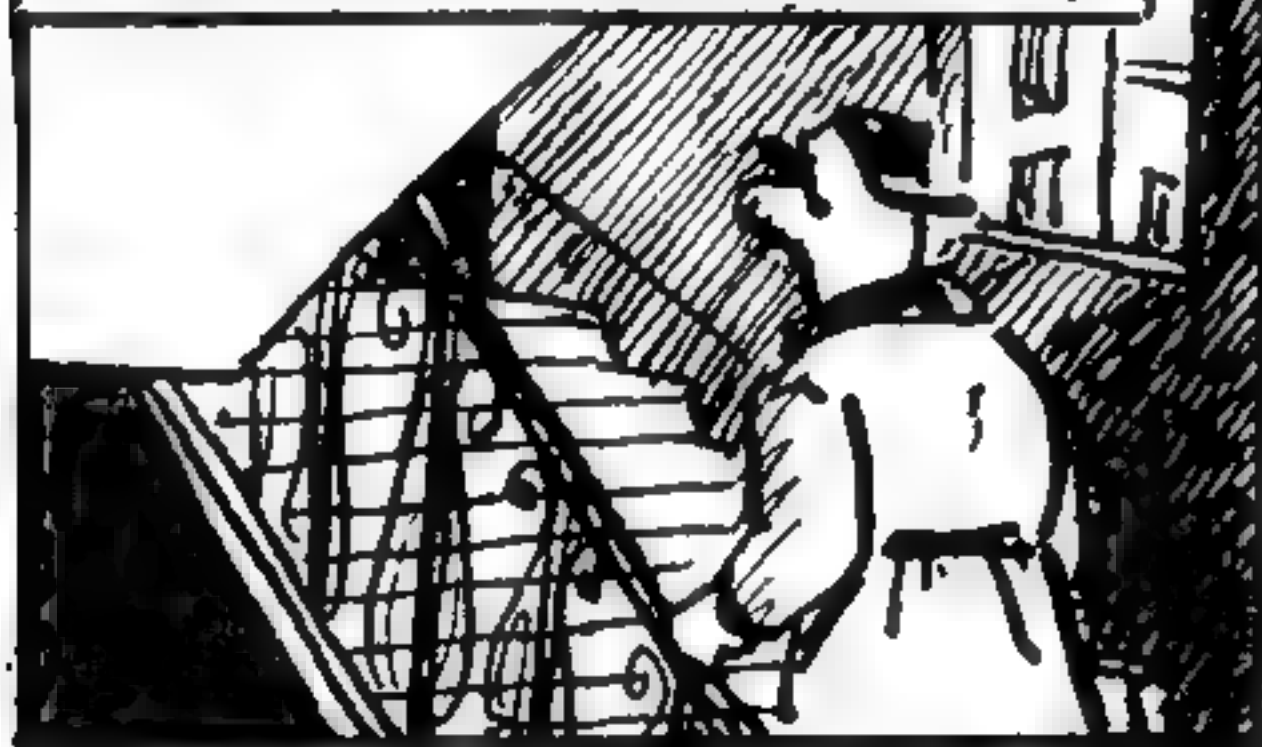
BUT IF YOU WANT, I CAN TELL YOU... I LIVED THEN IN CZESTOCHOWA, A SMALL CITY NOT FAR FROM THE GERMAN BORDER...



I WAS IN TEXTILES-BUYING AND SELLING. I DIDN'T MAKE MUCH, BUT ALWAYS I COULD MAKE A LIVING.



I WAS, AT THAT TIME, YOUNG, AND
REALLY A NICE, HANDSOME BOY.



I HAD A LOT OF GIRLS WHAT I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW, THAT WOULD RUN AFTER ME.



HELLO, VLADEK?
THIS IS YULEK...



A FRIEND OF MINE, LUCIA
GREENBERG, WOULD LIKE
TO BE INTRODUCED TO YOU.



THE
SWEIK

PEOPLE ALWAYS TOLD
ME I LOOKED JUST
LIKE RUDOLPH VALENTINO.



EVENTUALLY, I TOOK LUCIA TO DANCE...

DO YOU LIVE ALONE?

YES.



I HAVE A SMALL APARTMENT.
MY PARENTS MOVED TO SOSNOWEC.

I'D LIKE
TO SEE IT
SOMETIME.

MAYBE
SOMETIME.



WHEREVER I WENT - I LOOKED AROUND - AND LUCIA GREENBERG WOULD BE ALSO THERE ...

VLADK! - WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

JUST TO THE MARKET.

ME TOO - LET'S WALK TOGETHER.

BUT, POP... MOM'S NAME WAS ANNA ZYLBERBERG! ...

ALL THIS WAS BEFORE I MET ANJA. JUST LISTEN, YES? ...

WHY DON'T YOU EVER INVITE ME TO YOUR HOME? ... ARE YOU ASHAMED OF IT?

SHE KEPT INSISTING ME TO SHOW HER MY APARTMENT...

- SO FINALLY, I INVITED HER ...

EVERYTHING'S SO NEAT AND CLEAN!

I LIKE TO KEEP THINGS IN ORDER.

YOU MUST HAVE ANOTHER GIRL-FRIEND WHO CLEANS FOR YOU - NO?

NO.

... I DIDN'T WANT TO BE MORE CLOSER WITH HER, BUT SHE REALLY WOULDN'T LET ME GO.

WAS SHE THE
FIRST GIRL
YOU -UH-

YES...WE WERE MORE INVOLVED...
SO LIKE THE YOUTHS HERE TODAY

WE SAW EACH OTHER TOGETHER FOR
MAYBE THREE OR FOUR YEARS.

LET'S GET
ENGAGED,
VLADEK.

IT'S LATE. I'LL
TAKE YOU HOME.

NOT YET, PLEASE

COME ON -
YOUR PARENTS
WOULD WORRY.

HER FAMILY WAS NICE, BUT HAD
NO MONEY, EVEN FOR A DOWRY.

COUSIN VLADEK!

WELL, EVERY HOLIDAY
I WENT TO VISIT MY
FAMILY... IT WAS MAYBE
A JOURNEY OF 25
KILOMETERS.

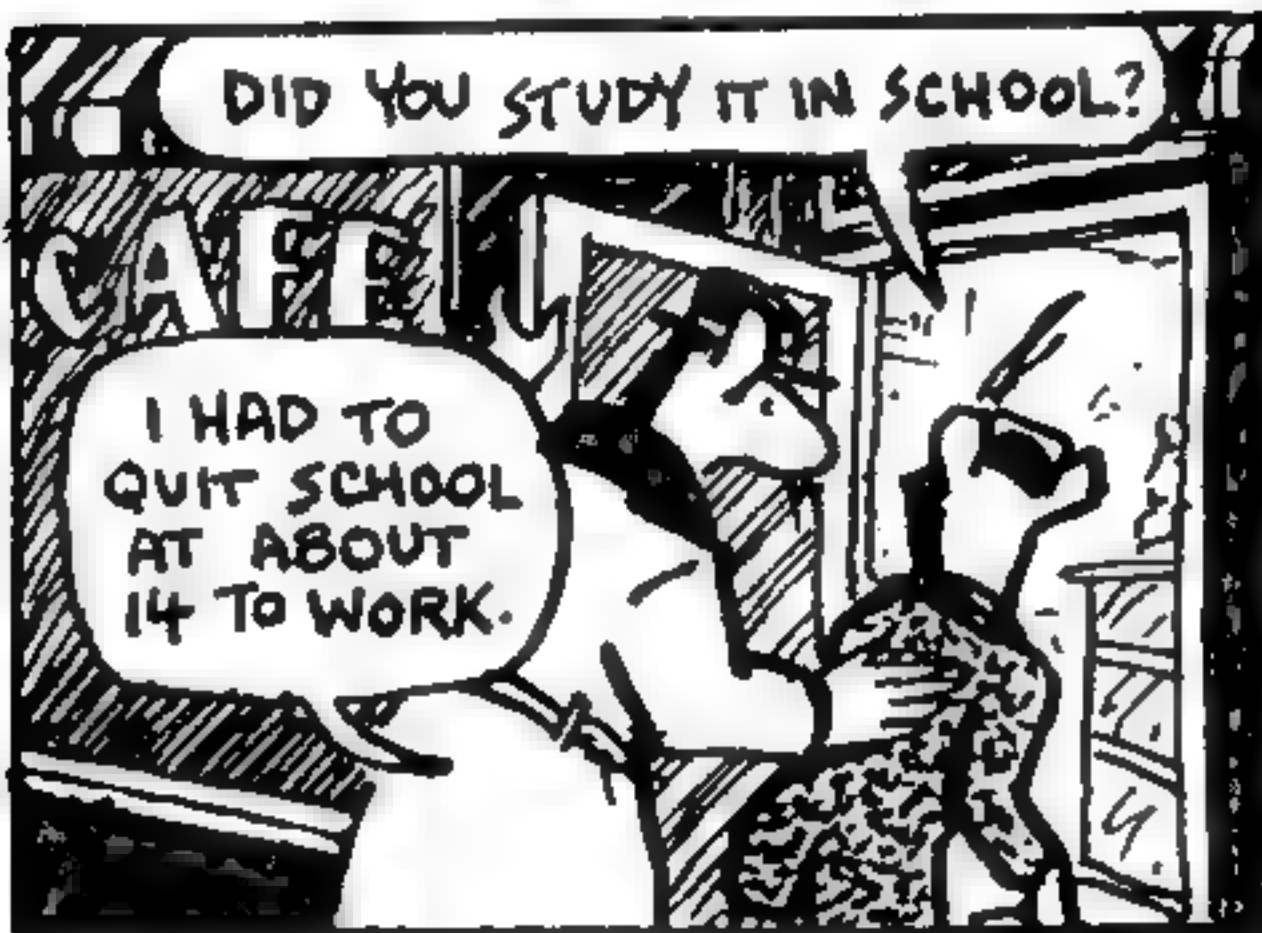
DECEMBER
1943

IT'S GOOD TO
SEE YOU AGAIN.
LISTEN !!!

THERE'S A GIRL IN
MY CLASS - I WANT
YOU TO MEET US
TOMORROW - HER
NAME IS ANJA.

SHE'S INCREDIBLY
CLEVER, FROM A
RICH FAMILY... A
VERY GOOD GIRL !!!

THE NEXT MORNING WE ALL MET TOGETHER. MY COUSIN AND ANJA SPOKE SOMETIMES IN ENGLISH:



AND THEN SHE STARTED
WRITING TO ME SUCH
BEAUTIFUL LETTERS --
ALMOST NOBODY COULD
WRITE POLISH LIKE
SHE WROTE.

I VISITED A COUPLE TIMES TO HER.
SHE SENT ME A PHOTO!!!

I BOUGHT A VERY NICE FRAME...

IT PASSED
MAYBE A WEEK
UNTIL LUCIA
AGAIN CAME
AND SAW
THE PHOTO!!!

I'M GOING TO GET EN-
GAGED TO HER, LUCIA.

PSSH! AND LOOK
AT WHAT A
BEAUTY YOU
PICKED.

LOOKS AREN'T EVERYTHING,
LUCIA. IT ISN'T GOOD
FOR EITHER OF US THAT
YOU KEEP
COMING
UP HERE...

...WE HAVE TO PLAN FOR OUR
FUTURES, AND

FORGET HER!
LET ME MAKE
YOU HAPPY!



MOM WASN'T THAT ATTRACTIVE, HUH?

NOT SO LIKE LUCIA... BUT IF YOU TALKED A LITTLE TO HER, YOU STARTED LOVING HER MORE AND MORE.



ONE TIME WE WALKED INTO THE DIRECTOR FROM HER SCHOOL...

YOU'RE VERY LUCKY, MR. SPIEGELMAN



...YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A GIRL YOU'RE GETTING—I'VE HAD MANY STUDENTS...



...BUT NEVER ONE AS SENSITIVE AND INTELLIGENT AS ANNA!

YES—THAT'S WHY I PICKED HER.



I WISH YOU COULD VISIT ME IN CZEStOCHOWA—I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU OFF TO MY FRIENDS.



I'VE BEGGED MY MOTHER TO LET ME GO—BUT SHE'S SO RELIGIOUS AND OLD-FASHIONED.



...SHE WOULD NEVER ALLOW ME TO GO TO A BACHELOR'S APARTMENT!



OH, MY PARENTS WOULD LIKE YOU TO COME TO DINNER TOMORROW NIGHT.

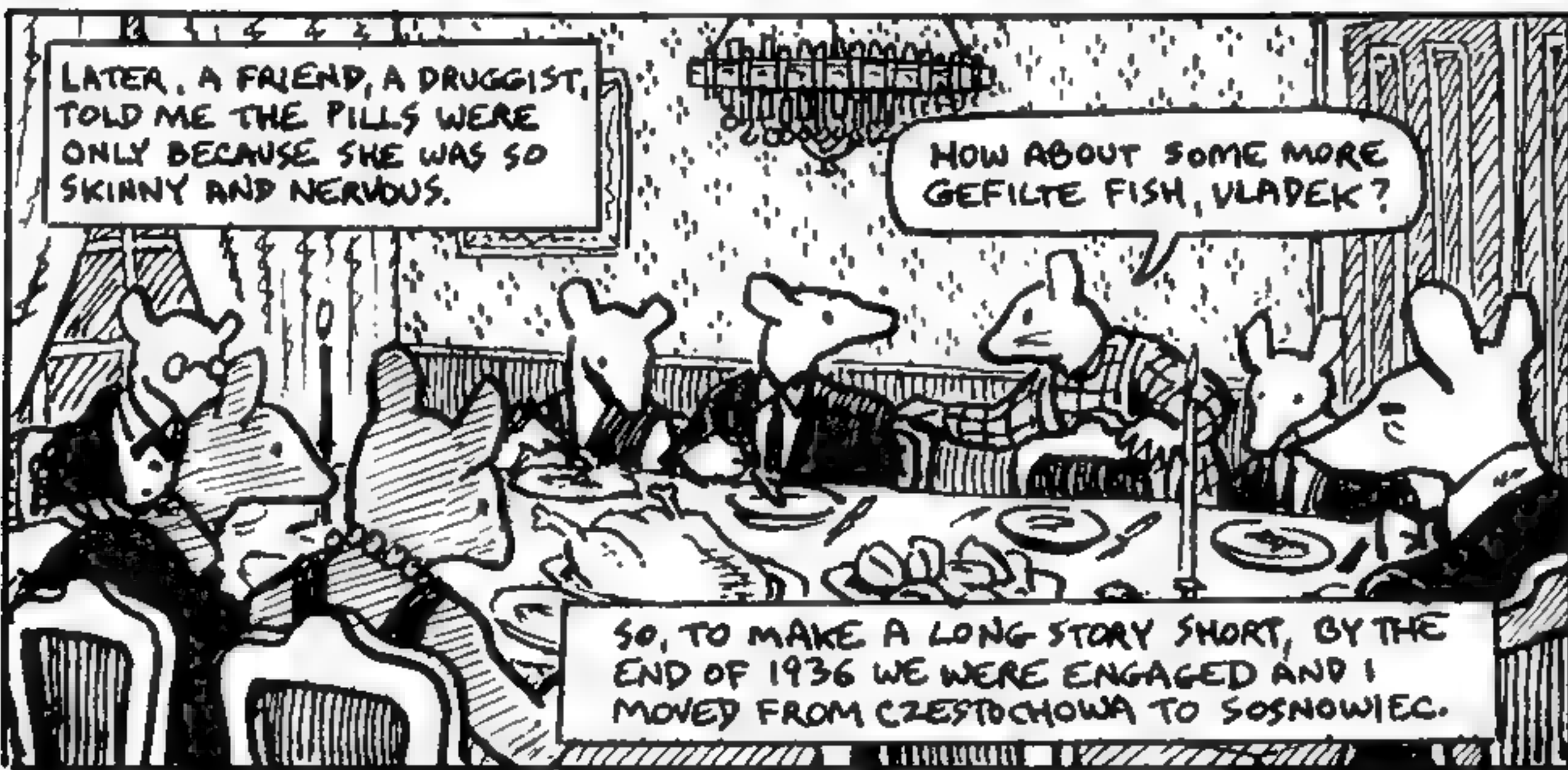
THE ZYLBERBERG FAMILY WAS VERY WELL OFF—MILLIONAIRES!

ANJA'S PARENTS WERE ANXIOUS SHE SHOULD BE MARRIED. SHE WAS 24; I WAS THEN 30.

THE ZYLBERBERGS HAD A HOSIERY FACTORY—ONE OF THE BIGGEST IN POLAND... BUT WHEN I CAME IN TO THEIR HOUSE IT WAS SO LIKE A KING CAME...



TO SEE WHAT A HOUSEKEEPER SHE WAS, I PEEKED INTO ANJA'S CLOSET.



ACH! HERE I FORGOT TO TELL SOMETHING FROM BEFORE I MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC BUT AFTER OUR ENGAGEMENT WAS MADE.



ONE EVENING THE BELL RANG ...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I'M ON MY WAY OUT.



I-I'LL COME WITH YOU.

NO, YOU CAN'T COME WI-

PLEASE VLADK!



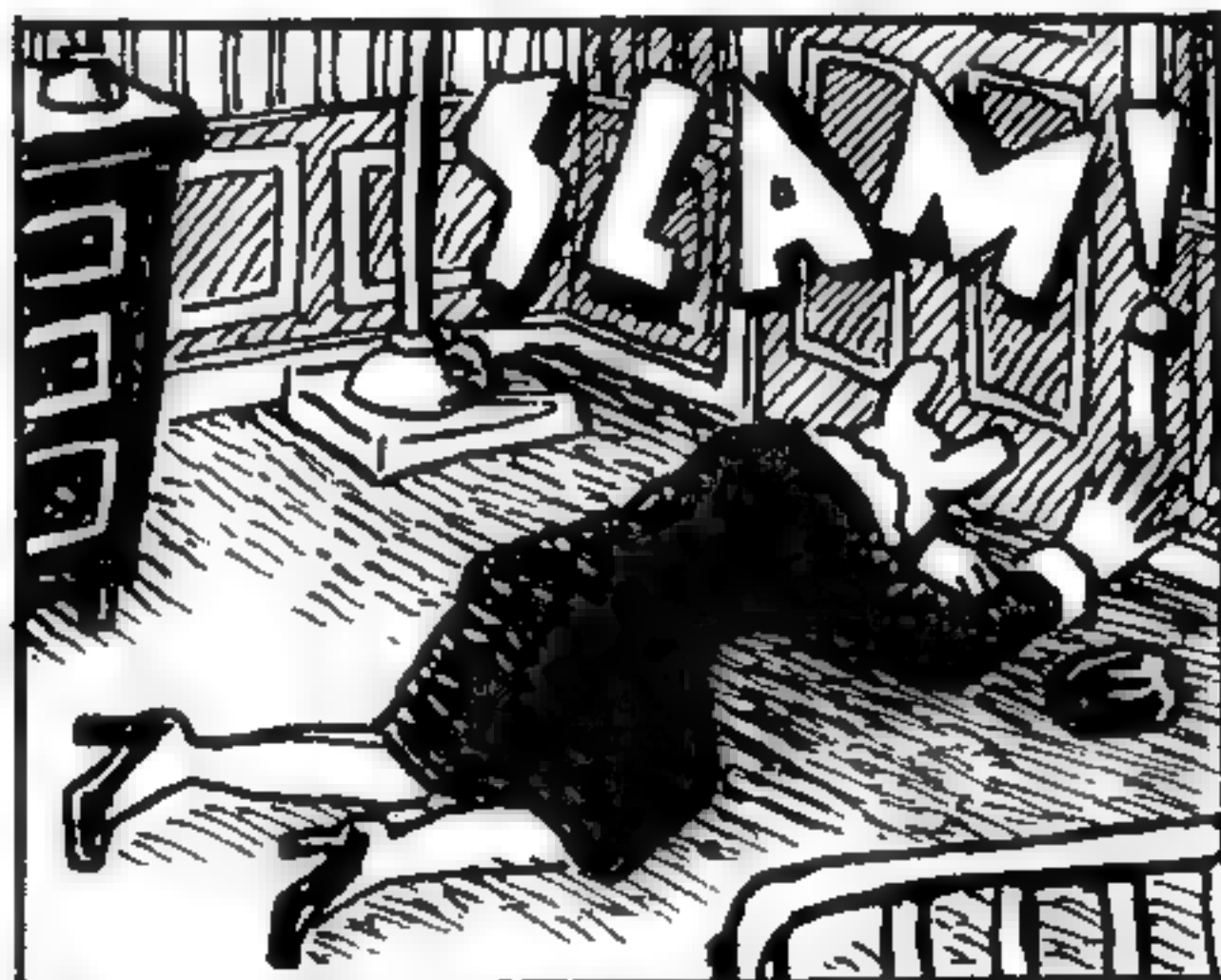
SHE FELL ON THE FLOOR AND HELD STRONG MY LEGS.



DON'T RUN AWAY!

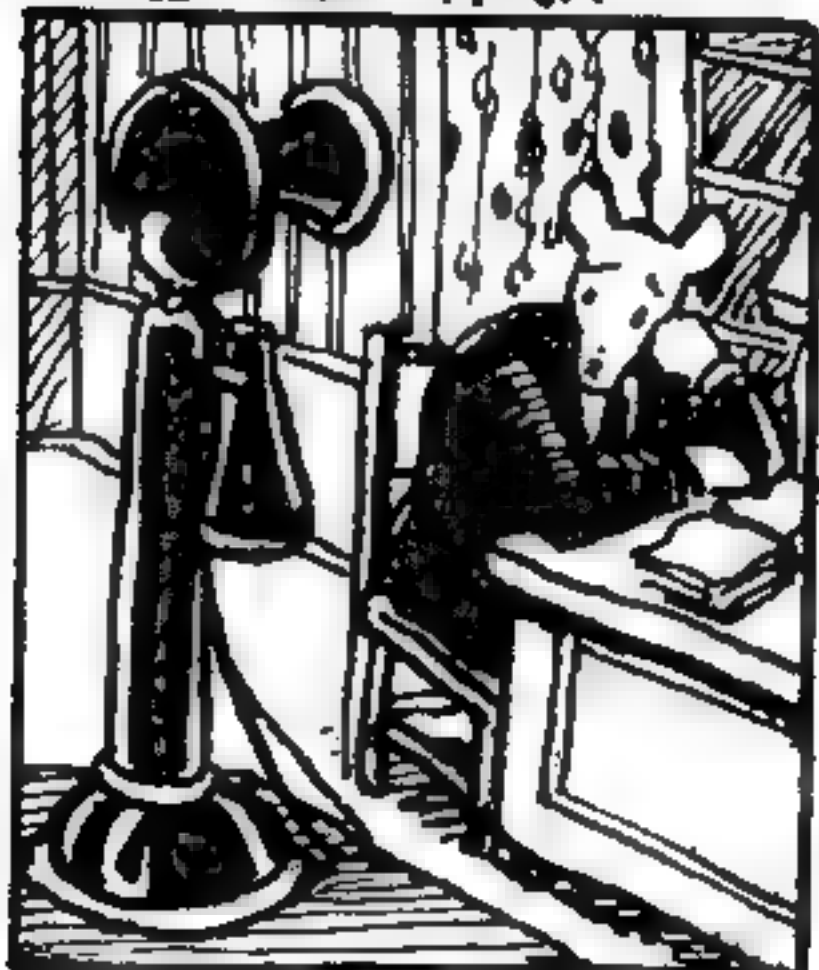


I SAW NOW THAT I WENT TOO FAR WITH HER.



I RAN OUT TO MY FRIEND WHAT INTRODUCED US. HE WENT TO CALM HER DOWN AND TOOK HER HOME.

I DIDN'T HEAR MORE
FROM LUCIA - BUT
ALSO I STOPPED HEAR-
ING FROM ANJA ...



NO TELEPHONE CALLS,
NO LETTERS, NOTHING!
WHAT HAPPENED?



SHE SAYS SHE WON'T
SPEAK TO YOU!



SHE GOT A LETTER FROM SOME-
ONE IN CZESTOCHOWA. MY GOD!
IT SAYS THE WORST THINGS IN
THE WORLD ABOUT YOU!



WELL, I CAN'T CONVINCE HER
ON THE PHONE. I'LL COME
DOWN BY TRAIN ON FRIDAY
AFTER WORK.



IT WASN'T EVEN A
HOLIDAY, BUT I WENT
ANYWAY TO SOSNOWIEC.



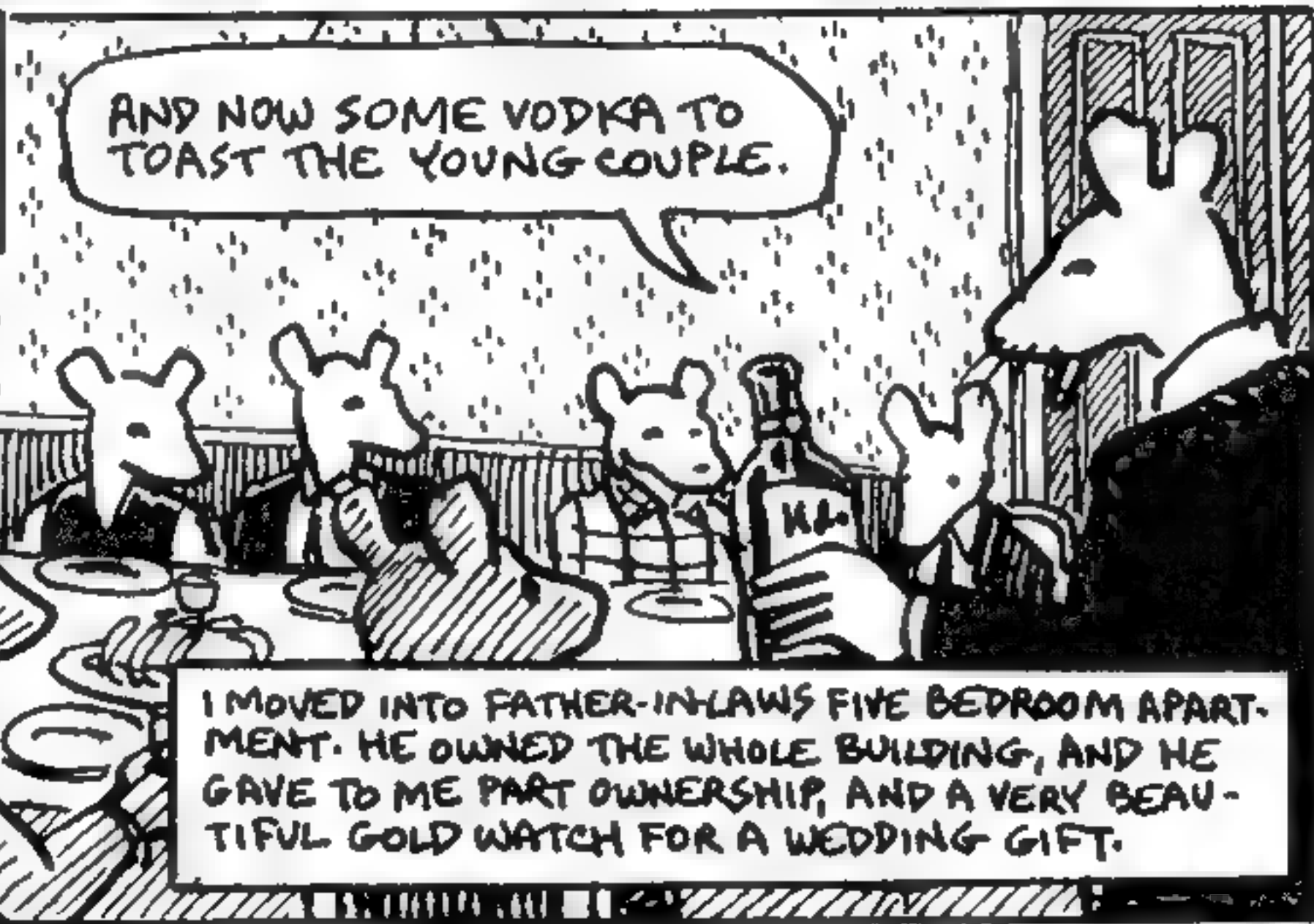
SO, TELL ME, ANJA - WHAT HAVE
I DONE THAT'S SO HORRIBLE?

YOU SHOULD KNOW -
JUST READ
THIS!





SO I MOVED TO SOSNOWIEC AT THE END OF 1936; AND FEBRUARY 14, 1937 WE WERE MARRIED.



BUT THIS WHAT I JUST TOLD YOU-ABOUT LUCIA
AND SO-I DON'T WANT YOU SHOULD WRITE THIS
IN YOUR BOOK.

WHAT? WHY NOT?

IT HAS NOTHING
TO DO WITH HITLER,
WITH THE HOLOCAUST!

BUT POP- IT'S GREAT MATERIAL.
IT MAKES EVERYTHING MORE
REAL - MORE HUMAN.

I WANT TO TELL YOUR
STORY, THE WAY IT
REALLY HAPPENED.

BUT THIS ISN'T
SO PROPER,
SO RESPECTFUL.

... I CAN TELL YOU OTHER STORIES,
BUT SUCH PRIVATE THINGS,
I DON'T WANT YOU SHOULD MENTION

OKAY, OKAY-
I PROMISE.

next: Chapter Two. THE HONEYMOON, 1937-1939.



3

BLASTING THE BUGS

3

BLASTING THE BUGS

Amy and her roommate Jordan had always hated insects. They hated the scaly creatures they always found crawling over the walls, sinks, and floors of their apartment. Their constant attempts to destroy the bugs were totally useless. At night, while trying to get to sleep, Amy could feel the creatures spying on her through cracks in the walls and floorboards. She could feel them crawling down the sides of her legs, biting her arms, nesting in her hair. Once, in the living room, she and Jordan found five or six enormous bugs standing in front of the doorway. They immediately sprayed them with bug spray. The bugs swerved unsteadily on their feet for a few seconds before they collapsed and died.

SEE CARD 4
THE BUGS' REVENGE
COLLECT ALL 88 CITY OF TERROR CARDS

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12 *THE SUPERMARKET LINE*

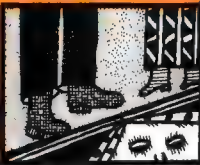
12

THE SUPERMARKET LINE

The next day was Saturday. Amy had to replace all the food her guests had eaten. At the supermarket she was greeted by blaring muzak. It made her feel confused and dizzy. She tried to remember what she was supposed to get. She headed for the meat department. The meat looked spoiled. Now she remembered she also had to cash a check. She waited in line for 45 minutes but they refused to cash it because of insufficient identification. She did have 3 dollars in her purse so she decided to buy a few things she needed. Then she found an aisle where there were only 13 people ahead of her. After an hour she began to feel faint. Four hours later she finally got out of the store.

SEE CARD 13
COLLAPSED ON THE STREET
COLLECT ALL 88 *CITY OF TERROR* CARDS

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17

MUGGED BY A DOG

17

MUGGED BY A DOG

After their apartment break-in, Jordan decided to get a dog. He went to the animal shelter and was led into a narrow room. Dour looking dogs and cats watched his movements as he paced back and forth trying to decide which dog to get. He had little money but owning a dog in the city almost seemed like a necessity. A bright-eyed german shepherd caught his attention. Soon he was on his way back home with the animal. For the first time he felt a real sense of security walking on the streets at night. Suddenly the dog pulled out a pistol which had been hidden under his fur. Unable to talk, the dog growled and pointed towards Jordan's pocket, making it totally clear what he wanted.

SEE CARD 18
EMERGENCY ROOM

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20

AGORAPHOBIA

20

AGORAPHOBIA

After Amy picked up Jordan at the hospital they went directly to the bus stop. It was an especially hot evening. There was an absolute mob of people on the street. Jordan held onto Amy's hand. He was afraid of being swept into the mass of hostile, unfriendly people who were surging down the street, their heads bent forward like cattle. He still felt really sick. He didn't know whether he could remain conscious much longer. He felt weak from the drugs given to him at the hospital. The horrible smell of hordes of sweating filthy bodies pressing against him began to make him nauseous. At last the bus appeared and within a few minutes they were back in the relative quiet of their apartment.

**SEE CARD 21
ISOLATION**

COLLECT ALL 88 CITY OF TERROR CARDS

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21

ISOLATION

21

ISOLATION

It had been a hard week-end for Amy. Jordan was still sick and asleep in his bedroom. She had been unable to sleep. Unpleasant thoughts kept crowding in her consciousness. She knew a lot of people in the city, but most of them disliked her. She had attempted to phone a few friends earlier in the evening but felt that she had been rebuffed by most of them. They probably sensed the intense depression she was experiencing and wanted no part of it. She paced around the apartment, occasionally switching on the TV. It was an impossible task for her to try to change any aspect of her life at this point. She decided it would be much easier just to take a sleeping pill.

SEE CARD 22
LATE FOR WORK

COLLECT ALL 88 CITY OF TERROR CARDS

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38

THREE-CARD MONTE

38

THREE-CARDS MONTE

That Monday Amy and Jordan realized their rent was overdue. They decided to go see their landlord and beg for more time. In front of his office was a man with a cardboard box running a 3-card monte game. They watched as he moved three cards around and people placed bets on which one was the queen. It occurred to Amy that maybe they could double their money. She put \$10 on a card. The man flipped it over. She won! She waited to be paid, but the man shouted "double or nothing!" Jordan told him to return their money. He screamed "you bastards here's your money." As they turned to leave, a bum brushed against Amy. Upstairs at their landlord's office, she discovered that her money was missing.

SEE CARD 39
EVICTED

COLLECT ALL 88 CITY OF TERROR CARDS

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42 ***NO PARKING ANYTIME***

42

NO PARKING ANYTIME

The next morning Amy woke up feeling piercing pains in her chest. She called her doctor and was given an appointment for 10:30. She hurried to her car and arrived shortly at her doctor's street. The pain in her chest seemed to be spreading now to her lower abdomen. She was breathing heavily, and there was no place to park. She was starting to feel dizzy. She knew she wouldn't find a space. Suddenly a car swerved in front of her. She felt too weak to step on the brakes. After the crash she could feel the steering wheel pressed against her chest. She was carried off on a stretcher and was relieved that at last she would be examined at the hospital even though she'd missed her doctor's appointment.

SEE CARD 43
EMERGENCY ROOM

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76

CHASED BY BUILDINGS

76

CHASED BY BUILDINGS

Jordan picked up Amy after work. It seemed like a good idea to take the short cut through the financial district. This part of the city was generally very quiet at night. You could feel the silence and the enormous weight of the tall buildings which, in the shadow, seemed to be almost leaning over. They turned a corner and started walking down a narrow alley. Suddenly they heard something moving. It sounded like bricks scraping together. Jordan turned around slowly and saw that they were being chased by four small office buildings. They started running as fast as they could. Luckily there was a subway stop nearby. The buildings were unable to get downstairs due to their enormous size.

SEE CARD 77

HURT BY FALLING BRICKS

COLLECT ALL 88 CITY OF TERROR CARDS

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A Pyramid Scan



C2C • Quality • CBZ